SELECT

FABLES,

In THREE PARTS.

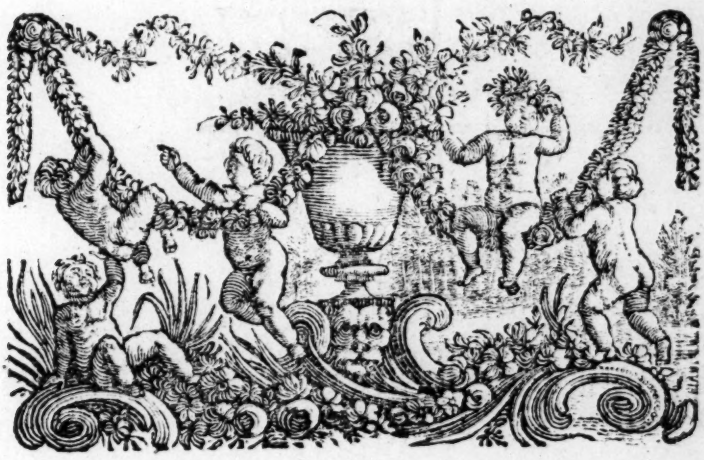
Part I. FABLES extracted from DODSLEY's.
Part II. FABLES with REFLECTIONS, in Proſe and Verſe.
Part III. FABLES in VERSE.

To which are prefixed,

The LIFE of ÆSOP; and an ESSAY upon FABLE.

A New EDITION, improved.

——— ——— ——— ——— *Is not the earth*
With various living creatures, *and the air*
Repleniſhed, and all thoſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? Knoweſt thou not
Their language and their ways? They alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly: with theſe
Find paſtime. Paradiſe Loſt, b. 8. l. 370.



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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

LIFE of ÆSOP.

ÆSOP, according to the beſt accounts, was a native of Phrygia, a province of the *Leſſer Aſia*, and born in the city Cotiæum*. He was a perſon of a remarkable genius, and extraordinary character; for though he was born a ſlave, by the aſſiſtance of his *genius* and *virtue only*, he procured his own emancipation. By his ſage counſels, and judicious advice, he directed his countrymen to meaſures that ſecured their liberty; and by a ſingle Fable baffled the tyrannical projects of Crœſus, King of Lydia. The moſt part of writers agree, that his perſon was but unſeemly, though there are ſome of a contrary opinion†. It is probable that he was of a low, and diminutive ſtature, though agreeable in his complexion, and polite in his manners. It is however certain, that he had a great ſoul, and was endowed with extraordinary mental qualifications; his moral character approached to a degree of perfection, to which very few have attained. He appears to have have had a true ſenſe of morality, and a juſt diſcernment of right and wrong; his perceptions and feelings of truth were ſcrupulouſly nice, and the ſmalleſt deviation from rectitude impreſſed his mind with the greateſt antipathy. No conſiderations of private intereſt could warp his inclinations ſo as to ſeduce him from the paths of virtue; his principles were

* Suidas. † Alſop.

ſtedfaſt and determined, and truly habitual. He never employed his great wiſdom to ſerve the purpoſes of cunning; but, with an uncommon exactneſs, made his underſtanding a ſervant to truth. Hiſtorians have given many inſtances of his wit and ſhrewdneſs, which were always employed in the ſervice of *virtue*, *philanthropy*, and *benevolence*.

It cannot well be aſcertained who were his parents, though ſome have affirmed that his father was a ſhepherd*. He himſelf was undoubtedly a ſlave; his firſt maſter was an Athenian, whoſe name was Careſias. At Athens he learned the Greek language in perfection, and acquired a taſte for writing moral inſtructions, in the way of Fables, which was then the prevailing mode of teaching morals in Attica. His Fables are allegorical ſtories, delivered with an air of fiction, under various perſonifications, to convey truth to the mind in an agreeable manner. By telling a ſtory of a *Lion*, *Dog*, or a *Wolf*, the Fabuliſt deſcribes the manners and characters of men; and communicates inſtruction without ſeeming to aſſume the authority of a maſter or pedagogue. Æſop's ſituation, as a ſlave, might ſuggeſt this method to him; for what would have been ſcornfully rejected, if delivered in an authorative ſtile by a ſlave, was received with avidity in the form of a Fable.

Æſop had ſeveral maſters; his ſecond maſter was Xanthus, in whoſe ſervice he diſcovered great wiſdom and ſagacity in anſwering queſtions, and reconciling differences. By the following ſtratagem he made his maſter's wife return back, after ſhe had run away and left him, and effectually reconciled them: our Fabuliſt, then a ſlave, went to the market, and bought a great quantity of the beſt proviſions; which he publicly declared were in-

* Philoſtratus.

intended for the marriage of his maſter with a new ſpouſe. This report had its deſired effect, and the matter was amicably compoſed. The ſtory of his feaſt of *Neat Tongrege*, and his anſwer to a gardener, are ſcarcely worthy of relating. At a feaſt made on purpoſe to celebrate the return of his maſter's wife, he is ſaid to have ſerved the gueſts with ſeveral courſes of tongues, by which he intended to give a moral leſſon to his maſter and miſtreſs, who had by the too liberal uſe of their tongues occaſioned the difference which was now agreed.

The third maſter of Æſop was Idmon, who was ſirnamed the wiſe. Idmon was an inhabitant of the iſland of Samos. During Æſop's ſervitude with this maſter, he had a fellow ſervant called Rhodopis, who ſome affirm was his wife*. This does not at all appear credible, for there is no mention made of this among the Greek writers. This Rhodopis became afterwards very famous for her riches, and was celebrated all over Greece. Idmon is ſaid to have been ſo well pleaſed with Æſop, that after he had been ſome time in his ſervice, he emancipated him, and made him free. With the enjoyment of liberty, he acquired new reputation, and became celebrated for his wiſdom. He is by ſome compared to the Seven Sages of Greece, and accounted their equal in wiſdom. He had the honour to be acquainted with Solon and Chilo, and was equally admitted with them in the Court of Periander, the King of the Corinthians,—who was himſelf one of the Sages of Greece. He was much eſteemed by Crœſus, King of Lydia, and received into his Court at Sardis.—During his reſidence at Sardis, he gave proofs of his ſagacity, which aſtoniſhed the courtiers of Crœſus. This ambitious Prince having one day

* Pliny.

ſhewn his wiſe men his vaſt riches and magnificence, and the glory and ſplendour of his court, aſked them the queſtion, whom they thought the happieſt man? After ſeveral different anſwers given by all the wiſe men preſent, it came at laſt to Æſop to make his reply; who ſaid: *that Crœſus was as much happier than other men, as the fulneſs of the ſea was ſuperior to the rivers.* Whether this was ſpoken ironically, or in earneſt, does not appear ſo evident; but according to the ſevere morality of Æſop, it would rather appear to be a ſarcaſm, tho' it was otherwiſe underſtood by the King, and received as the greateſt compliment.—It wrought ſo much upon his vanity, that he exclaimed: *The Phrygian had hit the mark.* One thing which renders it probable that Æſop flattered Crœſus on this occaſion is his converſation with Solon, who at this time departed from the court of the King of Lydia. When they were upon the road, Æſop exclaims: *O Solon! either we muſt not ſpeak to Kings, or we muſt ſay what will pleaſe them.* Solon replied: *We ſhould either not ſpeak to Kings at all, or we ſhould give them good advice, and ſpeak truth.* This ſeems to be one inſtance in which Æſop is charged with flattery and diſſimulation. Some writers praiſe him for his complaiſance to ſo great a Prince; but it is rather a proof of his policy than his ordinary ſtrictneſs and integrity. There is another inſtance recorded by ſome Writers of the life of Æſop, of his complaiſance to Princes, even contrary to the liberties of the people. He is ſaid to have written a Fable in favour of the tyrant Piſiſtratus, which Phædrus has tranſlated; and proves that he was reconciled to tyranny. But this is no way evident —There are many Fables which are mingled with thoſe of Æſop, which are not his, yet have been fathered upon him; and it is not conſiſtent with

the

the other parts of his character and writings, to ſuppoſe that he would either flatter tyrants, or defend them. The authorities from whence theſe ſuppoſed facts are taken, are not to be depended upon.

In all other particulars, he appears to have proceeded upon the principles of wiſdom, as far as any of the Sages of Greece. When he was aſked by Chilo, one of the wiſe men: *What God was doing?* He replied with great adroitneſs: *That he was humbling the proud and exalting the humble.* He had juſt views of human nature; and aſſigned true reaſons for all its Phænomena. In an account of the paintings in the time of the Antonines, Philoſtratus informs us, that there is one of Æſop which makes a principal figure. The painter repreſents him before his own houſe, with the geniuſes approaching him with a ſort of adulating pleaſure, as the inventor of Fables: they are painted as adorning him with wreaths and chaplets of flowers, and crowning him with olive branches.—His countenance appears in a ſmiling attitude, while his eyes ſeem fixed towards the ground, as if compoſing a Fable, with the ſame gaiety and good humour with which he uſually wrote. There is a group of men and beaſts placed around him, and amongſt the reſt the Fox, which makes a capital figure, as he does in the Fables. This picture does not repreſent Æſop in a decriped form, but ſets him forth with a mixture of gravity and good humour. The image of his mind is well drawn by Plutarch in *his feaſt of the Sages, at the court of Periander*, who himſelf was one of the Seven. It was at this feaſt that Æſop repeats his Fable *of the Wolf and the Shepherds*, to ſhew that the company were guilty of the ſame fault. From Plutarch's account, it is manifeſt that Æſop's converſation was pleaſant and witty, but yet delicate. He was ſatirical without diſobliging, and the poignancy of his

his wit was ſmoothed with good nature and good ſenſe.

The writer of his life prefixed to Dodſley's Fables, compares him to Dean Swift, but with very little propriety; for he has a delicacy in all his wit, which the Dean of St Patrick's was a total ſtranger to; and what is more ſtrange, he had nearly as much chriſtianity.

It has been doubted if he was the inventor of Fables; but it is certain, he was the firſt that brought that ſpecies of writing into reputation. Archilochus is ſaid to have written Fables one hundred years before him;* but it would appear, that thoſe ſtories were not written for poſterity like thoſe of Æſop. The Fables of Æſop were written in proſe, though the images that are in them afford good ſcope for a poet, of which Phædrus has given an elegant ſpecimen. Æſop writes with great ſimplicity, elegance, and neatneſs; the ſchemes of his Fables are natural, the ſentiments juſt, and the concluſions moral. Quintilian recommends his Fables as a firſt book for children†: and, when Plato had ſent all the poets into exile, he allows Æſop a reſidence in his commonwealth‡. The Athenians were good judges of literary merit, and erected a noble ſtatue for Æſop, to perpetuate his memory, which was ſculped by the famous Lyſippus.

The great excellency of Æſop's manner of writing is, that he blends the pleaſing and the inſtructive ſo well, as to inſtruct and pleaſe at once. Horace is much indebted to him for a plan of writing, and has formed a rule from this famous fabuliſt:

Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci;
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
De Arte Poet. ver. 343.

* Priſcian. † Inſtitut. Orat. 1. c. 9. ‡ de Repub. Lib. 2.

I wiſh I could conceal the exit of this great Fabuliſt, and Moral Writer. He was accuſed by the Delphians of ſacrilege, and convicted by an act of the greateſt villainy that ever was invented. They concealed among his baggage, at his departure, ſome golden veſſels conſecrated to Apollo, and then diſpatched meſſengers to ſearch his baggage. Upon this he was accuſed of theft and ſacrilege, condemned and precipitated over a rock. Thus ended the famous Æſop, whoſe Fables have immortalized his memory, and will hand down his name to the lateſt poſterity.

An Essay upon FABLE.

FABLE is the method of conveying truth under the form of an Allegory. The ſenſe of a Fable is entirely different from the literal meaning of the words that are uſed to compoſe it; and yet the real intention thereof is viſible and manifeſt, otherwiſe the Fable is not well compoſed. The ſenſe of a Fable of the moral kind, ought always to be obvious at firſt view, that the inſtruction intended to be given, may have as early an effect as poſſible.

The chief thing to be conſidered in a Fable is the *action*, which conveys the moral or truth deſigned for inſtruction. There ought only to be one action in a Fable, which muſt appear through the whole; otherwiſe it will be liable to admit of different interpretations, and be the ſame as a riddle, and have no effect. *Clearneſs*, *Unity*, and *Probability*, are incidents eſſentially neceſſary in a moral Fable. If a Fable be not ſo plain as to point out the ſenſe of the writer clearly, but admit of

different interpretations, it does not anſwer the true deſign thereof. If the incidents tend to convey different ideas, then the reader will be at a loſs to underſtand the chief intention of the author. All the various incidents ought manifeſtly to unite in one deſign, and point out one clear and perſpicuous truth. Many of the modern Fables labour under this defect; the incidents do not manifeſtly tend to point out the moral. Fontaine's Fable of the two pigeons, and Croxal's ſtory of the coach wheel, are of this ſort.

The incidents of a Fable ought alſo to have *a real foundation in nature.* This rule may be infringed by aſcribing to creatures appetites and paſſions, that are not conſiſtent with their known characters. "A Fox ſhould not be ſaid to long for Grapes*". The rule of Horace will hold univerſally.

Sed non ut placidis cœant immitia: non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
Delphinum Sylvis appingit Fluctibus aprum.
HORACE. l. 13.

To join the wild with creatures that are tame,
Serpents with birds, or tygers with the lamb;
Paint whales in woods, and wild boars in the ſea,
Ah what a motley piece the whole would be!
Crea-

* This alludes to the well known Fable of *the Fox and the Grapes*; which however abſurd it may appear in this part of the world, is not ſo in the Eaſt, for Dr Haſſelquiſt in his travels, p. 184, obſerves, that, "the Fox is an animal common "in *Paleſtine*—and that there is plenty of them near the Con- "vent of St John in the Deſert, about vintage time; and they "deſtroy all the vines unleſs they are ſtrictly watched." To the ſame effect *Solomon* ſaith in the *Canticles* ii. 15. "*Take* "*us the Foxes, the little Foxes that ſpoil the Vines: for our* "*vines have tender grapes.*" Therefore this ancient Apologue is very properly reſtored, without prejudice to nature or common ſenſe.

Creatures different in their nature muſt not be aſſociated in a juſt Fable. The lamb muſt not be made to travel with the Fox, nor the Wolf and the Sheep to feed or aſſociate together; for all this is unnatural, and can never be rendered a *probable* object of belief. The incidents in a Fable ought alſo to be few, leſt by crouding circumſtances too cloſe, the whole appear confuſed, and perplex the mind.

The next thing to be conſidered in Fable is the *imagery* or *characters*; theſe may either be men, beaſts, or inanimate beings. All theſe have been introduced by the ancient Fabuliſts. In all perſonifications the rules of analogy are to be obſerved; in thoſe things wherein man and other creatures have no ſimilitude, no true image can be formed in what reſpects human ſociety. The perſons and characters aſſumed in Fables, ought therefore to have a likeneſs to the things to which they are compared. All nature may ſerve to furniſh a Fabuliſt with machinery. Mountains, rivers, trees, animals, and even inviſible powers may anſwer his purpoſe; but, in the uſe of all ſorts of machinery, a proper regard muſt always be held to analogy. When language is attributed to animals, they muſt not be made to ſpeak in a ſtile which bears no ſimilitude to ſome property in their nature; an owl muſt not be made to ſing like a nightingale; nor ſhould a raven be made the ſymbol of an orator. When beaſts are made the repreſentations of men, there ought always to be ſomething in their nature that bears a ſimilitude to their character. The ſame may be ſaid of things inanimate; a ſtrong man may be compared to a mountain, but it would be prepoſterous to make the ſame compariſon of a dwarff. Vices and virtues ought in the ſame manner to be delineated in Fable; a proud man may be compared to an high hill, a humble perſon to a low

low valley. This is authoriſed by the writings of the Old Teſtament: *The high mountains ſhall be brought low, and every valley ſhall be exalted.*

When human actions are attributed to inviſible powers, or eſpecially to the Deity, they ought to be ſuch as are worthy of thoſe ideas, which are generally received concerning him. In this, Homer is very faulty; for he exalts his men almoſt to Gods, and brings down his Gods to the level of beaſts.

As for the ſtile of Fable, ſimplicity is the greateſt excellence; that familiar manner of ſpeech in which we converſe is beſt ſuited for the purpoſes of Fable. This manner of writing is more difficult to attain, than is generally imagined; it requires a particular taſte, and is harder to imitate than the ſublime itſelf. The ſtile of a Fable muſt always be adopted to the characters which are introduced: for, it would be abſurd to make the eagle ſpeak in the ſame ſtile with the bat; or the King of the foreſt, expreſs himſelf in the language of the mouſe. But in all theſe particulars, nature will be the beſt guide; and where this is deficient, no art can ſupply the want of it.

FA-

FABLES, &c.

FABLE I.

The Miller, *his* Son, *and their* Aſs.

'Tis better to purſue the dictates of one's own reaſon, than attempt to pleaſe all mankind.

A MILLER and his Son were driving their Aſs to market, in order to ſell him: and that he might get thither freſh and in good condition, they drove him on gently before them. They had not proceeded far, when they met a company of travellers. Sure, ſay they, you are mighty careful of your Aſs: methinks one of you might as well get up and ride, as ſuffer him to

walk on at his eaſe, while you trudge after on foot. In compliance with this advice, the Old Man ſet his Son upon the beaſt. And now, they had ſcarce advanced a quarter of a mile farther, before they met another company. You idle young rogue, ſaid one of the party, why don't you get down, and let your poor Father ride? Upon this, the Old Man made his Son diſmount, and got up himſelf. While they were marching in this manner, a third company began to inſult the Father. You hard-hearted unnatural wretch, ſay they, how can you ſuffer that poor lad to wade through the dirt, while you, like an alderman, ride at your eaſe? The good-natured Miller ſtood corrected, and immediately took his Son up behind him. And now the next man they met exclaimed with more vehemence and indignation than all the reſt—Was there ever ſuch a couple of lazy boobies! to overload in ſo unconſcionable a manner, a poor dumb creature, who is far leſs able to carry them than they are to carry him! The complying Old Man would have been half inclined to make the trial, had not experience by this time ſufficiently convinced him, that there cannot be a more fruitleſs attempt, than to endeavour to pleaſe all mankind.

FABLE II.

The Fox *and the* Bramble.

We ſhould bear with patience a ſmall evil, when it is connected with a greater good.

A FOX cloſely purſued by a pack of dogs took ſhelter under the covert of a Bramble. He rejoiced in this aſylum, and for a while was very happy: but ſoon found, that if he attempted to ſtir, he was wounded by thorns and prickles on every ſide. However, making a virtue of neceſſity, he forebore to complain; and comforted himſelf, with reflecting, that no bliſs is perfect; that good and evil are mixed, and flow from the ſame fountain. Theſe briars indeed, ſaid he, will tear my ſkin a little, yet they keep off the dogs. For the ſake of the good then, let me bear the evil with patience: each bitter has its ſweet, and theſe brambles, though they wound my fleſh, preſerve my life from danger.

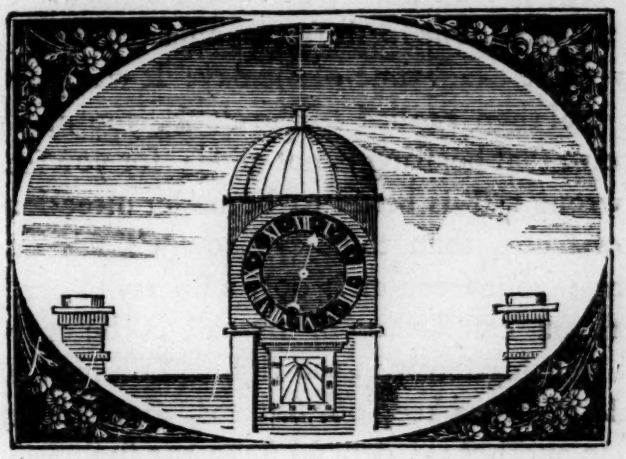
FABLE III.

The Butterfly *and the* Roſe.

We exclaim loudly againſt that inconſtancy in another to which we give occaſion by our own.

A FINE powdered Butterfly fell in love with a beautiful Roſe, who expanded her charms in a neighbouring parterre. Matters were ſoon adjuſted between them, and they mutually vowed eternal fidelity. The Butterfly perfectly ſatisfied with the ſucceſs of his amour, took a tender leave of his miſtreſs, and did not return again till noon. What! ſaid the Roſe, when ſhe ſaw him approaching, is the ardent paſſion you vowed, ſo ſoon extinguiſhed? It is an age ſince you paid me a viſit. But no wonder: for I obſerved you courting by turns every flower in the garden. You little coquet, replied the Butterfly, it well becomes *you* truly, to reproach me with my gallantries; when in fact I only copy the example which you yourſelf have ſet me. For, not to mention

mention the ſatisfaction with which you admitted the kiſſes of the fragrant Zephyr, did I not ſee you diſplaying your charms to the bee, the fly, the waſp, and, in ſhort, encouraging and receiving the addreſſes of every buzzing inſect that fluttered within your view? If you will be a coquet, you muſt expect to find me inconſtant.



FABLE IV.

The Clock *and the* Dial.

There is no abſolute independency in the world: every one depends in his ſtation upon ſome above him, and that if this order was taken away, there would be nothing except error and confuſion in the univerſe.

A CLOCK, which ſerved for many years to repeat the hours and point out time, happened to fall into converſation with a Dial, which alſo ſerved when the ſun ſhone to tell what was the time of day. It happened to be in a cloudy forenoon, when the ſun did not ſhine. Says

the clock to the dial, what a mean ſlavery do you undergo; you cannot tell the hour without the ſun pleaſes to inform you, and now the half of the day is paſt, and you know not what o'clock it is: I can tell the hour at any time, and would not be in ſuch a dependent ſtate as you are in for the world: Night and day are both alike to me: It is juſt now half an hour paſt twelve o'clock. Upon this the ſun ſhone forth from under the cloud, and ſhewed the exact time of the day: It was juſt one. The dial then replied to the clock, you may now perceive that boaſting is not good; for you ſee you are wrong: It is better to be under direction and follow truth, than to be eye to one's ſelf and go wrong; your freedom is only a liberty to err, and what you call ſlavery in my caſe is the only method of being freely in the right: You ſee that we ſhould all of us keep our ſtations, and depend upon one another; I depend upon the ſun, and you depend upon me; for if I did not ſerve to regulate your motions, you ſee you would for ever go wrong.

FABLE V.

The Tortoiſe *and the two* Crows.

Curioſity often excites thoſe people to hazardous undertakings, whom vanity and indiſcretion render totally unfit for them.

VANITY and idle curioſity are qualities which generally prove deſtructive to thoſe who ſuffer themſelves to be governed by them.

A Tortoiſe, weary of paſſing her days in the ſame obſcure corner, conceived a wonderful inclination to viſit foreign countries. Two Crows, whom the ſimple Tortoiſe acquainted with her intention, undertook to oblige her upon the occaſion. Accordingly they told her, that if ſhe would faſten her mouth to the middle of a pole, they would take the two ends, and tranſport her whitherſoever ſhe choſe to be conveyed. The Tortoiſe approved of the expedient; and every thing being prepared, the Crows began their flight with her. They had not travelled long in the air, when they were

were met by a Magpie, who enquiring what they were bearing along, they replied the queen of the Tortoiſes. The Tortoiſe, vain of the new and unmerited appellation, was going to confirm the title, when opening her mouth for that purpoſe, ſhe let go her hold, and was daſhed to pieces by her fall.

FABLE VI.

The Country-Maid *and the* Milk Pail.

When we dwell much on diſtant and chimerical advantages, we neglect our preſent buſineſs, and are expoſed to real misfortunes.

WHEN men ſuffer their imagination to amuſe them with the proſpect of diſtant and uncertain improvements of their condition, they frequently ſuſtain real loſſes, by their inattention to thoſe affairs in which they are immediately concerned.

A Country Maid was walking very deliberately with a pail of milk upon her head, when ſhe fell into

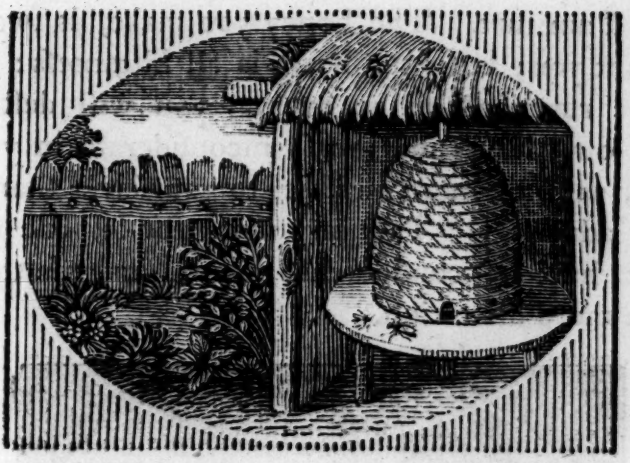
into the following train of reflections: The money for which I ſhall ſell this milk, will enable me to increaſe my ſtock of eggs to three hundred. Theſe eggs, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be deſtroyed by vermin, will produce at leaſt two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Chriſtmas, when poultry always bear a good price: ſo that by May-day I cannot fail of having money enough to purchaſe a gown. Green—let me conſider—yes, green becomes my complexion beſt, and green it ſhall be. In this dreſs I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will ſtrive to have me for a partner; but I ſhall perhaps refuſe every one of them, and with an air of diſdain toſs from them. Tranſported with this triumphant thought, ſhe could not forbear acting with her head what thus paſſed in her imagination, when down came the pail of milk, and with it all her imaginary happineſs.

FABLE VII.

The Spider *and the* Silkworm.

He that is employed in works of uſe generally advantages himſelf or others; while he who toils alone for fame muſt often expect to loſe his labour.

HOW vainly we promiſe ourſelves, that our flimzy productions will be rewarded with immortal honour! A Spider, buſied in ſpreading his web from one ſide of a room to the other, was aſked by an induſtrious Silkworm, to what end he ſpent ſo much time and labour, in making ſuch a number of lines and circles? The Spider angrily replied, Do not diſturb me, thou ignorant thing: I tranſmit my ingenuity to poſterity, and fame is the object of my wiſhes. Juſt as he had ſpoken, a chambermaid, coming into the room to feed her Silkworms, ſaw the Spider at his work; and with one ſtroke of her broom, ſwept him away, and deſtroyed at once his labours and his hope of fame.



FABLE VIII.

The Bee *and the* Fly.

The greateſt genius with a vindictive temper is far ſurpaſt in point of happineſs by men of talents leſs conſiderable.

A BEE obſerving a Fly friſking about her hive, aſked him, in a very paſſionate tone, what he did there? Is it for ſuch ſcoundrels as you, ſaid ſhe, to intrude into the company of the queens of the air? You have great reaſon, truly, replied the Fly, to be out of humour: I am ſure they muſt be mad, who would have any concern with ſo quarrelſome a nation. And why ſo? thou ſaucy malapert, returned the enraged Bee; we have the beſt laws, and are governed by the beſt policy in the world. We feed upon the moſt fragrant flowers, and all our buſineſs is to make honey: honey, which equals nectar, thou taſteleſs wretch, who liveſt upon nothing but putrefaction and excrement. We live as we can, rejoined the Fly: poverty, I hope, is no crime; but paſſion is one,

one, I am ſure. The honey you make, is ſweet, I grant you; but your heart is all bitterneſs: for to be revenged on an enemy, you will deſtroy your own life; and are ſo inconſiderate in your rage, as to do more miſchief to yourſelves than to your adverſary. Take my word for it, one had better have leſs conſiderable talents, and uſe them with more diſcretion.

FABLE IX.

The Huron *and the* Frenchman.

Cuſtom has a mighty effect upon mankind, and more differences ariſe in character from cuſtom than from natural cauſes. Perhaps all men are in the ſtate they ſhould be in; they ſhould therefore live contented.

AN airy Frenchman happened to meet a Huron upon the Miſſiſſipi, as he went with his bow and ſhafts to ſeek proviſion for his family. Says Monſieur to the ſavage, you have a very toilſome life of it, who, when other people ſit by the fire-

ſide,

ſide, enjoying the benefit of good food and good company, are obliged to traverſe the woods in the midſt of ſnow and ſtorms to preſerve a wretched exiſtence. How come you by your food? replies the Huron: Does it rain from the clouds to you? No, ſays the Frenchman; we work in ſummer, and make proviſion for winter, and, during the cold months, ſit by the fire and enjoy ourſelves. For the ſame reaſon, ſays the Huron, do we lay up proviſions in winter, that we may reſt in ſummer when the days are hot: Your enjoyments are confined within the walls of a houſe, and by the ſide of a fire, but ours are more extenſive; we aſſemble upon the mountains and in the woods in ſummer for pleaſure, and our delights are to obſerve the works of nature; the ſun ſerves us inſtead of fire to warm us, and we are never at a loſs for houſes while the woods remain. This is the ſeaſon when we lay up our ſtore, and it ſerves us in ſummer till winter return: We are accuſtomed to endure the cold, and our exerciſe keeps us from feeling it to exceſs. At night the ſkins of wild beaſts keep us from the cold till the morning dawn, and then we purſue the ſame employments. Were we not to live in this manner, the wild beaſts would ſo encreaſe, that they would become our maſters; but our neceſſity of having food and cloathing prevents them from encreaſing to very great numbers. What you account pleaſure, would be none to us; and your manner of life appears as ridiculous to the Hurons, as ours appears to you. You reckon us

Idolators, becauſe we pay adoration to the riſing ſun; but you miſunderſtand us; we conſider that light to be a ſymbol of the great Author of Nature, and only worſhip him through this luminary. We do not underſtand your manner of worſhip, which to us appears abundantly abſurd; for the Deity is no more like images of gold and ſilver, than he is like the ſun. The ſun is a more glorious effect of his power and goodneſs; for he ſerves many excellent purpoſes, and we could not live without him; but your ſymbols appear to have no uſe. The Frenchman could make no reply, and the Huron proceeded in his hunting.

F A-

FABLE X.

Genius, Virtue, *and* Reputation.

There are few things ſo irreparably loſt, as Reputation.

GENIUS, Virtue, and Reputation, three intimate friends, agreed to travel over the iſland of Great Britain, to ſee whatever might be worthy of obſervation. But as ſome misfortune, ſaid they, may happen to ſeparate us; let us conſider before we ſet out, by what means we may find each other again. Should it be my ill fate, ſaid Genius, to be ſevered from you, my aſſociates, which heaven forbid, you may find me kneeling in devotion before the tomb of Shakeſpear; or wrapt in ſome grove where Milton talked with angels; or muſing in the grotto where Pope caught inſpiration. Virtue, with a ſigh, acknowledged that her friends were not very numerous: but were I to loſe you, ſhe cried, with whom I am at preſent ſo happily

united; I ſhould chuſe to take ſanctuary in the temples of religion, in the places of royalty, or in the ſtately domes of miniſters of ſtate: but as it may be my ill-fortune to be there denied admittance, enquire for ſome cottage where contentment has a bower, and there you will certainly find me. Ah! my dear companions, ſaid Reputation very earneſtly, you, I perceive, when miſſing, may poſſibly be recovered; but take care, I intreat you, always to keep ſight of me, for if I am once loſt, I am never to be retrieved.

FABLE XI.

Induſtry *and* Sloth.

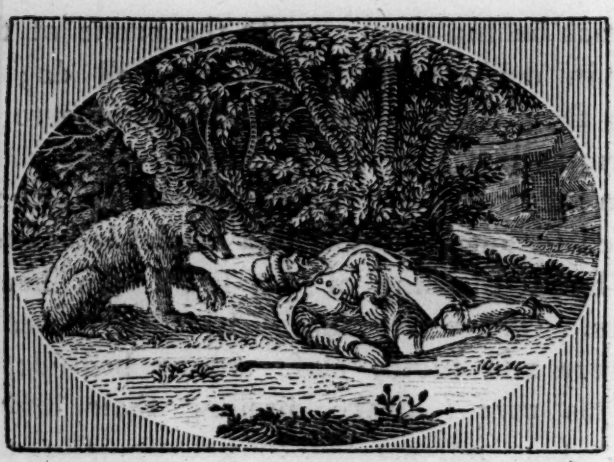
Our term of life does not allow time for long protracted deliberations.

HOW many live in the world as uſeleſs, as if they had never been born! They paſs through life like a bird through the air, and leave

no

no track behind them; waſte the prime of their days in deliberating what they ſhall do; and bring them to a period, without coming to any determination.

An indolent young man, being aſked why he lay in bed ſo long, jocoſely and careleſsly anſwered ——Every morning of my life I am hearing cauſes. I have two fine girls, their names are Induſtry and Sloth, cloſe at my bed-ſide, as ſoon as ever I awake, preſſing their different ſuits. One intreats me to get up, the other perſuades me to lie ſtill: and then they alternately give me various reaſons, why I ſhould riſe, and why I ſhould not. This detains me ſo long, as it is the duty of an impartial judge to hear all that can be ſaid on either ſide, that before the pleadings are over, it is time to go to dinner.



FABLE XII.

The Hermit *and the* Bear.

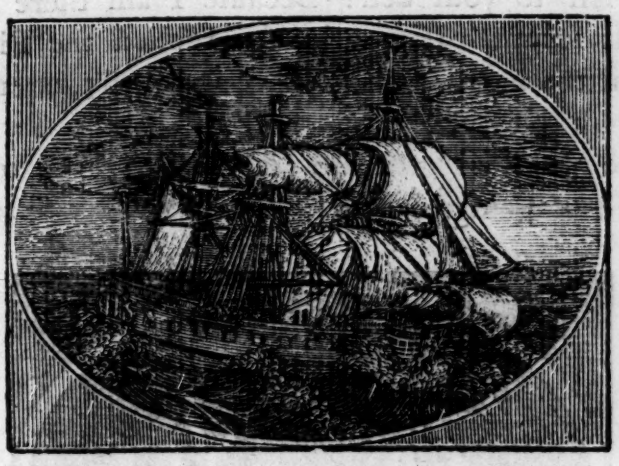
The random zeal of inconſiderate friends is often as hurtful as the wrath of enemies.

AN imprudent friend often does as much miſchief by his too great zeal, as the worſt enemy could effect by his malice.

A certain Hermit having done a good office to a Bear, the grateful creature was ſo ſenſible of his obligation, that he begged to be admitted as the guardian and companion of his ſolitude. The Hermit willingly accepted his offer, and conducted him to his cell, where they paſſed their time together in an amicable manner. One very hot day, the Hermit having laid him down to ſleep, the officious Bear employed himſelf in driving away the flies from his patron's face. But in ſpite of all his care, one of the flies perpetually returned to the attack, and at laſt ſettled upon the Hermit's noſe. Now I ſhall have you

moſt

moſt certainly, ſaid the Bear; and with the beſt intentions imaginable, gave him a violent blow on the face; which very effectually indeed demoliſhed the Fly, but at the ſame time moſt terribly bruiſed the face of his benefactor.



FABLE XIII.

The Paſſenger *and the* Pilot.

We are no where out of the reach of providence, either to puniſh or to protect us.

IT had blown a violent ſtorm at ſea, and the whole crew of a large veſſel were in imminent danger of ſhipwreck. After the rolling of the waves were ſomewhat abated, a certain Paſſenger, who had never been at ſea before, obſerving the Pilot to have appeared wholly unconcerned even in their greateſt danger, had the curioſity to aſk him what death his father died. What death? ſaid the Pilot, why he periſhed at Sea, as my grandfather did before him. And

are

are you not afraid of truſting yourſelf to an element that has thus proved fatal to your family? Afraid! by no means; why we muſt all die: is not your father dead? Yes, but he died in his bed. And why then are you not afraid of truſting yourſelf to your bed! Becauſe I am there perfectly ſecure. It may be ſo, replied the Pilot; but if the hand of Providence is equally extended over all places, there is no more reaſon for me to be afraid of going to ſea, than for you to be afraid of going to bed.

FABLE XIV.

The partial Judge.

The injuries we do, and thoſe we ſuffer, are ſeldom weighed in the ſame ſcales.

A FARMER came to a neighbouring Lawyer, expreſſing great concern for an accident which he ſaid had juſt happened. One of your oxen, continued he, has been gored by an unlucky

lucky bull of mine, and I ſhall be glad to know how I am to make you a reparation. Thou art a very honeſt fellow, replied the Lawyer, and wilt not think it unreaſonable that I expect one of thy oxen in return. It is no more than juſtice, quoth the Farmer, to be ſure; but what did I ſay!—I miſtake—It is your bull that has killed one of my oxen. Indeed! ſays the Lawyer, that alters the caſe: I muſt enquire into the affair; and if—And *if!* ſaid the Farmer—the buſineſs I find would have been concluded without an *if*, had you been as ready to do juſtice to others as to exact it from them.

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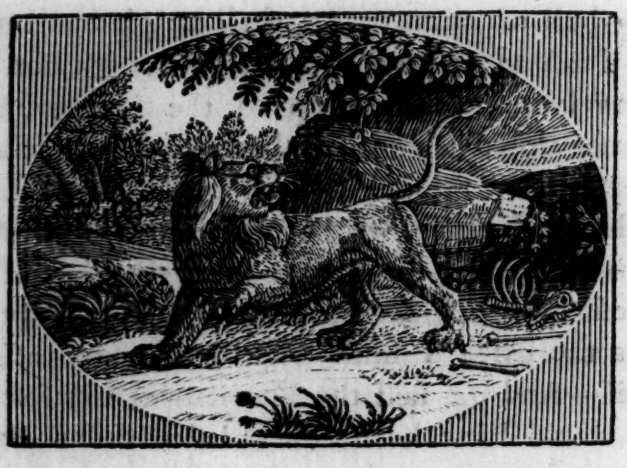


FABLE XV.

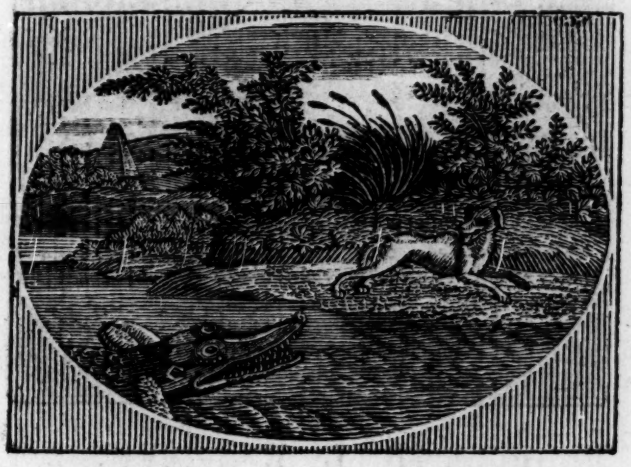
The Lion *and the* Gnat.

Little minds are ſo much elevated by any advantage gained over their ſuperiors, that they are often thrown off their guard againſt a ſudden change of fortune.

AVAUNT! thou paltry, contemptible inſect! ſaid a proud Lion one day to a Gnat that was friſking about in the air near his den. The Gnat, enraged at this unprovoked inſult, vowed revenge, and immediately darted into the Lion's ear. After having ſufficiently teized him in that quarter, ſhe quitted her ſtation and retired under his belly: and from thence made her laſt and moſt formidable attack in his noſtrils, where ſtinging him almoſt to madneſs, the Lion at length fell down, utterly ſpent with rage, vexation, and pain. The Gnat having thus abundantly gratified her reſentment, flew off in great exultation: but in the heedleſs tranſports of her ſuc-

ſucceſs, not ſufficiently attending to her own ſecurity, ſhe found herſelf unexpectedly entangled in the web of a ſpider; who, ruſhing out inſtantly upon her, put an end to her triumph and her life.

This fable inſtructs us, never to ſuffer ſucceſs ſo far to tranſport us, as to throw us off our guard againſt a reverſe of fortune.



FABLE XVI.

The Dog *and the* Crocodile.

'Tis ever dangerous to be long converſant with perſons of a bad character.

WE can never be too carefully guarded againſt a connection with perſons of an ill character.

As a dog was courſing on the banks of the Nile, he grew thirſty; but, fearing to be ſeized by the monſters of that river, he would not ſtop to ſatiate his draught, but lapped as he ran. A Cro-

Crocodile raiſing his head above the ſurface of the water, aſked him, why he was in ſuch a hurry? he had often, he ſaid, wiſhed for his acquaintance, and ſhould be glad to embrace the preſent opportunity. You do me great honour, returned the Dog, but it is to avoid ſuch companions as you that I am in ſo much haſte.

FABLE XVII.

The Wolfe *in* Diſguiſe.

There would be little chance of detecting hypocriſy, were it not always addicted to over act its part.

DESIGNING hypocrites frequently lay themſelves open to diſcovery, by over-acting their parts.

A Wolfe, who by frequent viſits to a flock of ſheep in his neighbourhood, began to be extremely well known to them, thought it expedient, for the more ſucceſsfully carrying on his depredations, to appear in a new character. To this end he diſguiſed himſelf in a ſhepherd's habit;

habit; and reſting his fore feet upon a ſtick, which ſerved him by way of crook, he ſoftly made his approaches towards the fold. It happened that the ſhepherd and his dog were both of them extended on the graſs, faſt aſleep; ſo that he would certainly have ſucceeded in his project, if he had not imprudently attempted to imitate the ſhepherd's voice. The horrid noiſe awakened them both: when the Wolf encumbered with his diſguiſe, and finding it impoſſible either to reſiſt or to flee, yielded up his life an eaſy prey to the ſhepherd's dog.

FABLE XVIII.

The Aſs *and his* Maſter.

Avarice often miſſes its point, thro' the means it uſes to ſecure it.

A DILIGENT Aſs, daily loaded beyond his ſtrength by a ſevere Maſter, whom he had long ſerved, and who kept him at very ſhort com-

mons,

mons, happened one day in his old age, to be oppreſſed with a more than ordinary burthen of earthen-ware. His ſtrength being much impaired, and the road deep and uneven, he unfortunately made a trip, and unable to recover himſelf, fell down and broke all the veſſels to pieces. His Maſter, tranſported with rage, began to beat him moſt unmercifully. Againſt whom the poor Aſs, lifting up his head as he lay on the ground, thus ſtrongly remonſtrated: Unfeeling wretch! to thy own avaritious cruelty, in firſt pinching me of food, and then loading me beyond my ſtrength, thou oweſt the misfortune which thou ſo unjuſtly imputeſt to me.

FABLE XIX.

The Eagle *and the* Crow.

A falſe eſtimate of our own abilities ever expoſes us to ridicule, and ſometimes to danger.

TO miſtake our own talents, or over-rate our abilities, is always ridiculous, and ſometimes dangerous.

An Eagle, from the top of a high mountain, making a ſtoop at a lamb, pounced it, and bore it away to her young. A crow, who had built her neſt in a cedar near the foot of the rock, obſerving what paſſed, was ambitious of performing the ſame exploit: and darting from her neſt, fixed her talons in the fleece of another lamb. But neither able to move her prey, nor to diſentangle her feet, ſhe was taken by the ſhepherd, and carried away for his children to play with; who eagerly enquiring what bird it was:—An

hour ago, ſaid he, ſhe fancied herſelf an eagle; however, I ſuppoſe, ſhe is by this time convinced that ſhe is but a crow.

FABLE XX.

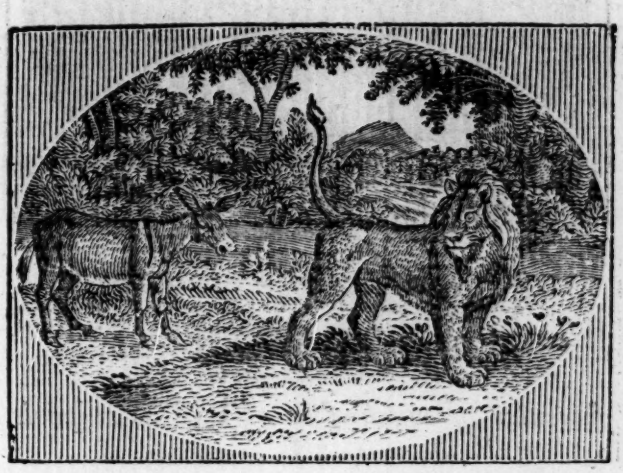
The Lion, *the* Tyger, *and the* Fox.

The intemperate rage of clients gives the lawyer an opportunity of ſeizing the property in diſpute.

A LION and a Tyger jointly ſeized on a young fawn, which they immediately killed. This they had no ſooner performed, than they fell a fighting, in order to decide whoſe property it ſhould be. The battle was ſo bloody, and ſo obſtinate, that they were both compelled, thro' wearineſs and loſs of blood, to deſiſt; and lay down by mutual conſent, totally diſabled. At this inſtant, a Fox unluckily came by; who perceiving their ſituation, made bold to ſeize the conteſted prey, and bore it off unmoleſted. As ſoon as the Lion could recover his breath —How

fooliſh,

fooliſh, ſaid he, has been our conduct! Inſtead of being contented as we ought, with our reſpective ſhares; our ſenſeleſs rage has rendered us unable to prevent this raſcally Fox from defrauding us of the whole.



FABLE XXI.

The Lion *and the* Aſs.

A total neglect is the beſt return the generous can make to the ſcurrility of the baſe.

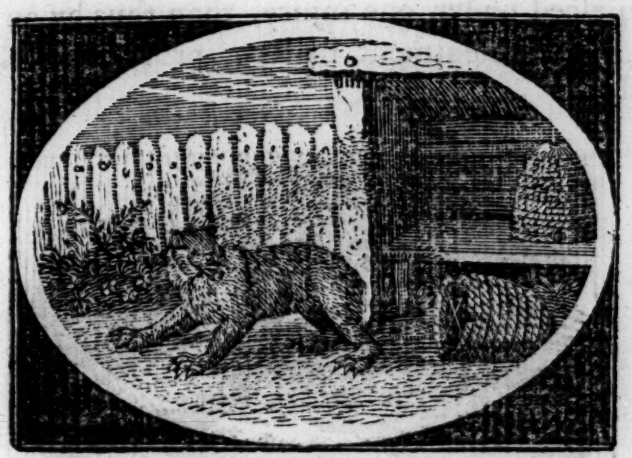
A CONCEITED Aſs had once the impertinence to bray forth ſome contemptuous ſpeeches againſt the Lion. The ſuddenneſs of the inſult, at firſt raiſed ſome emotions of wrath in his breaſt; but turning his head and perceiving from whence it came, they immediately ſubſided; and he very ſedately walked on, without deigning to honour the contemptible creature, even ſo much as with an angry word.

FABLE XXII.

The Trumpeter.

The fomenter of miſchief is at leaſt as culpable as he who puts it in execution.

A TRUMPETER in a certain army happened to be taken priſoner. He was ordered immediately to execution; but pleaded, in excuſe for himſelf, that it was unjuſt a perſon ſhould ſuffer death, who far from an intention of miſchief, did not even wear an offenſive weapon. So much the rather, replied one of the enemy, ſhalt thou die; ſince without any deſign of fighting thyſelf, thou exciteſt others to the bloody buſineſs: for he that is the abetter of a bad action, is at leaſt equally guilty with him that commits it.



FABLE XXIII.

The Bear *and the* Bees.

'Twere more prudent to acquieſce under an injury from a ſingle perſon, than by an act of vengeance to bring upon us the reſentment of a whole community.

A BEAR happened to be ſtung by a Bee, and the pain was ſo acute, that in the madneſs of revenge he ran into the garden and overturned the hive. This outrage provoked their anger to a high degree, and brought the fury of the whole ſwarm upon him. They attacked him with ſuch violence, that his life was in danger, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that he made his eſcape, wounded from head to tail. In this deſperate condition lamenting his misfortunes, and licking his ſores, he could not forbear reflecting how much more adviſable it had been to have patiently ac-

acquieſced under one injury, than thus by an unprofitable reſentment to have provoked a thouſand.

FABLE XXIV.

The Oak *and the* Willow.

The courage of meeting death in an honourable cauſe is more commendable, than any addreſs or artifice we can make uſe of to evade it.

A CONCEITED Willow had once the vanity to challenge his mighty neighbour the Oak, to a trial of ſtrength. It was to be determined by the next ſtorm; and Æolus was addreſſed by both parties, to exert his moſt powerful efforts. This was no ſooner aſked than granted; and a violent hurricane aroſe: when the pliant Willow, bending from the blaſt, or ſhrinking under her, evaded all its force; while the generous Oak, diſdaining to give way, oppoſed its fury, and was torn up by the roots. Immediately the Willow began to exult,

exult, and to claim the victory; when thus the fallen Oak interrupted his exultation: Calleſt thou this a trial of ſtrength? Poor wretch! not to thy ſtrength, but weakneſs; not to thy boldly facing danger, but meanly ſkulking from it, thou oweſt thy preſent ſafety. I am an Oak, though fallen; thou ſtill a Willow, though unhurt: but who, except ſo mean a wretch as thyſelf, would prefer an ignominious life, preſerved by craft or cowardice, to the glory of meeting death in an honourable cauſe.

FABLE XXV.

The Bear *and the two* Friends.

Cowards are incapable of true Friendſhip.

TWO Friends, ſetting out together upon a journey which led through a dangerous foreſt, mutually promiſed to aſſiſt each other, if they ſhould happen to be aſſaulted. They had not proceeded far, before they perceived a Bear making

making towards them with great rage. There were no hopes in flight; but one of them, being very active, ſprung up into a tree; upon which the other throwing himſelf flat on the ground, held his breath, and pretended to be dead; rememb'ring to have heard it aſſerted, that this creature will not prey upon a dead carcaſe. The Bear came up, and after ſmelling to him for ſome time, left him, and went on. When he was fairly out of ſight and hearing, the hero from the tree calls out——Well, my friend, what ſaid the Bear? He ſeemed to whiſper you very cloſely. He did ſo, replied the other, and gave me this good piece of advice; never to aſſociate with a wretch, who in the hour of danger will deſert his friend.

FABLE XXVI.

The Waſps *and the* Bees.

'Tis a folly to arrogate works to ourſelves, of which we are by no means capable.

PRETENDERS of every kind are beſt detected by appealing to their works.

Some honey-combs being claimed by a ſwarm of Waſps, the right owners proteſted againſt their demand, and the cauſe was referred to a Hornet. Witneſſes being examined, they depoſed that certain winged creatures, who had a loud hum, were of a yellowiſh colour, and ſome what like Bees, were obſerved a conſiderable time hovering about the place where this neſt was found. But this did not ſufficiently decide the queſtion; for theſe characteriſtics, the Hornet obſerved, agreed no leſs with the Bees than with the Waſps. At length a ſenſible old Bee offered to put the matter upon this deciſive iſſue: Let a place be appointed by the court, ſaid he, for the plaintiffs and

and defendants to work in : It will then ſoon appear which of us are capable of forming ſuch regular cells, and afterwards of filling them with ſo delicious a fluid. The Waſps, refuſing to agree to this propoſal, ſufficiently convinced the judge on which ſide the right lay; and he decreed the honey-combs acccordingly.

FABLE XXVII.

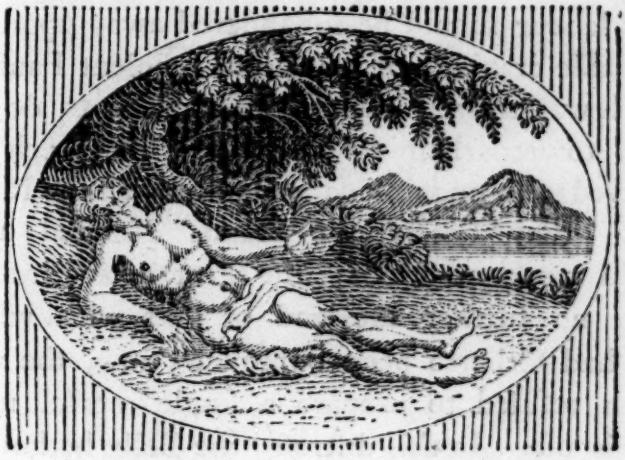
Fortune *and the* School-boy.

We are always ready to cenſure Fortune for the ill effects of our own careleſsneſs.

A SCHOOL-BOY, fatigued with play, threw himſelf down by the brink of a deep pit, where he fell faſt aſleep. Fortune happening to paſs by, ſaw him in this dangerous ſituation, and kindly gave him a tap on the ſhoulder: My dear child, ſaid ſhe, if you had fallen into this pit, I ſhould have borne the blame; though in fact, the acci-

accident would have been wholly owing to your own careleſſneſs.

Misfortunes, ſaid a celebrated Cardinal, is but another word for imprudence. The maxim is by no means abſolutely true: certain, however, it is, that mankind ſuffer more evils from their own imprudence, than from events which it is not in their power to controul.



FABLE XXVIII.

The Belly *and the* Limbs.

It is a folly even to wiſh to withhold our part from the ſupport of civil government.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, a Roman Conſul, being deputed by the ſenate to appeaſe a dangerous tumult and ſedition of the people, who refuſed to pay the taxes neceſſary for carrying on the buſineſs of the ſtate; convinced them of their folly, by delivering to them the following fable:

My friends and countrymen, ſaid he, attend to my words. It once happened that the Members of the human body, taking ſome exception at the conduct of the Belly, reſolved no longer to grant him the uſual ſupplies. The Tongue firſt, in a ſeditious ſpeech, aggravated their grievances; and after highly extolling the activity and diligence of the Hands and Feet, ſet forth how hard and unreaſonable it was, that the fruits of their labour ſhould be ſquandered away upon the inſatiable cravings of a fat and indolent Paunch, which was entirely uſeleſs, and unable to do any thing towards helping himſelf. This ſpeech was received with unanimous applauſe by all the Members. Immediately the Hands declared they would work no more; the Feet determined to carry no further the load of guts with which they had hitherto been oppreſſed; nay, the very Teeth refuſed to prepare a ſingle morſel more for his uſe. In this diſtreſs, the Belly bethought them to conſider maturely, and not foment ſo ſenſeleſs a rebellion. There is none of you, ſays he, can be ignorant that whatſoever you beſtow upon me, is immediately converted to your uſe, and diſperſed by me for the good of you all into every Limb. But he remonſtrated in vain; for during the clamours of paſſion, the voice of reaſon is always diſregarded. It being therefore impoſſible for him to quiet the tumult, he ſtarved for want of their aſſiſtance, and the body waſted away to a ſkeleton. The Limbs grown weak and languid, were ſenſible at laſt of their error, and would fain have returned to

their

their reſpective duties; but it was now too late, death had taken poſſeſſion of the whole, and they all periſhed together.

FABLE XXIX.

The Wolf *and the* Lamb.

They who do not feel the ſentiments of humanity will ſeldom liſten to the pleas of reaſon.

WHEN cruelty and injuſtice are armed with power, and determined on oppreſſion, the ſtrongeſt pleas of innocence are preferred in vain.

A Wolf and a Lamb were accidentally quenching their thirſt together at the ſame rivulet. The Wolf ſtood towards the head of the ſtream, and the Lamb at ſome diſtance below. The injurious beaſt reſolved on a quarrel, fiercely demands—How dare you diſturb the water which I am drinking? The poor Lamb, all trembling, replies, how, I beſeech you, can that poſſibly be the caſe, ſince the current ſets from you to me?

Diſconcerted by the force of truth, he changes the accuſation. Six months ago, ſays he, you vilely ſlandered me. Impoſſible, returns the Lamb, for I was not then born. No matter, it was your father then, or ſome of your relations; and immediately ſeizing the innocent Lamb, he tore him to pieces.

FABLE XXX.

The Daw *with borrowed* Feathers.

To aim at figure by the means either of borrowed wit, or borrowed money, generally ſubjects us at leaſt to ten-fold ridicule.

WHEN a pert young templar, or city apprentice, ſets up for a fine gentleman, with the aſſiſtance of an embroidered waiſtcoat and Dreſden ruffles, but without one qualification proper to the character, how frequently does it happen, that he is laughed at by his equals, and deſpiſed by thoſe whom he preſumed to imitate!

A pragmatic Jackdaw was vain enough to imagine, that he wanted nothing but the coloured plumes, to render him as elegant a bird as the Peacock: puffed up with this wiſe conceit, he dreſſed himſelf with a ſufficient quantity of their moſt beautiful feathers, and in this borrowed garb, forſaking his old companions, endeavoured to paſs for a Peacock; but he no ſooner attempted to aſſociate with theſe genteel creatures, than an affected ſtrut betrayed the vain pretender. The offended Peacocks, plucking from him their degraded feathers, ſoon ſtriped him of his finery, reduced him to a mere Jackdaw, and drove him back to his brethren; by whom he was now equally deſpiſed, and juſtly puniſhed with deriſion and contempt.

FABLE XXXI.

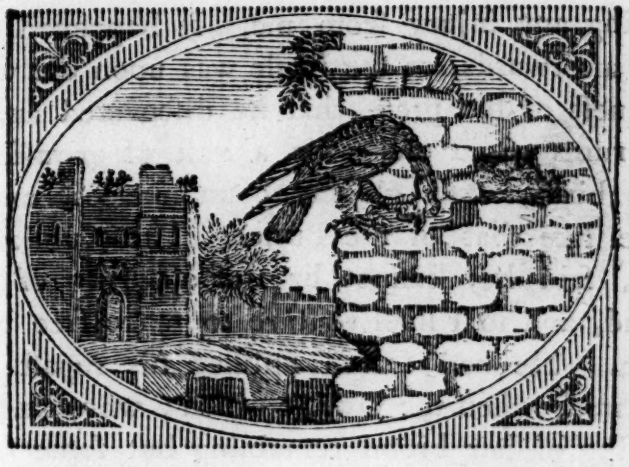
The Wolf *and the* Shepherds.

We ſeverely cenſure that in others, which we ourſelves practiſe without ſcruple.

HOW apt are men to condemn in others, what they practiſe themſelves without ſcruple!

A Wolf, ſays Plutarch, peeping into a hut, where a company of Shepherds were regaling themſelves with a joint of mutton; Lord, ſaid he, what a clamour would theſe men have raiſed, if they had catched *me* at ſuch a banquet!

FA-



FABLE XXXII.

The Eagle *and the* Owl.

The partiality of parents often makes themſelves ridiculous, and their children unhappy.

AN Eagle and an Owl having entered into a league of mutual amity, one of the articles of their treaty was, that the former ſhould not prey upon the younglings of the latter. But tell me, ſaid the Owl, ſhould you know my little ones, if you were to ſee them? Indeed I ſhould not, replied the Eagle; but if you deſcribe them to me, it will be ſufficient. You are to obſerve then, returned the Owl, in the firſt place, that the charming creatures are perfectly well ſhaped; in the next, that there is a remarkable ſweetneſs and vivacity in their countenances; and then there is ſomething in their voices ſo peculiarly melodious.—'Tis enough, interrupted the Eagle; by theſe marks I cannot fail of diſtinguiſhing them: and you may depend upon their never receiving

ceiving any injury from me. It happened not long afterwards, as the Eagle was upon the wing in queſt of his prey, that he diſcovered amidſt the ruins of an old caſtle a neſt of grim-faced ugly birds, with gloomy countenances, and a voice like that of the Furies. Theſe undoubtedly, ſaid he, cannot be the offspring of my friend, and ſo I ſhall venture to make free with them. He had ſcarce finiſhed his repaſt and departed, when the Owl returned; who, finding nothing of her brood remaining but ſome fragments of the mangled carcaſes, broke out into the moſt bitter exclamations againſt the cruel and perfidious author of her calamity. A neighbouring Bat, who over-heard her lamentations, and had been witneſs to what had paſſed between her and the Eagle, very gravely told her, that ſhe had nobody to blame for this misfortune but herſelf: whoſe blind prejudices in favour of her children, had prompted her to give ſuch a deſcription of them, as did not reſemble them in any one ſingle feature or quality.

Parents ſhould very carefully guard againſt that weak partiality towards their children, which renders them blind to their failings and imperfections: as no diſpoſition is more likely to prove prejudicial to their future welfare.

FABLE XXXIII.

The ſick Lion, *the* Fox, *and the* Wolf.

Men, who meditate miſchief, ſuggeſt the ſame to others; and generally pay dear for their froward gratifications.

A LION, having ſurfeited himſelf with feaſting too luxuriouſly on the carcaſe of a wild boar, was ſeized with a violent and dangerous diſorder. The beaſts of the foreſt flocked in great numbers to pay their reſpects to him upon the occaſion, and ſcarce one was abſent except the Fox. The Wolf, an ill-natured and malicious beaſt, ſeized this opportunity to accuſe the Fox of pride, ingratitude, and diſaffection to his majeſty. In the midſt of his invective, the Fox entered; who having heard part of the Wolf's accuſation, and obſerving the Lion's countenance to be kindled into wrath, thus adroitly excuſed himſelf, and retorted upon his accuſer. I ſee many

many here, who with mere lip ſervice have pretended to ſhew you their loyalty; but for my part, from the moment I heard of your majeſty's illneſs, neglecting uſeleſs compliments, I employed myſelf day and night to enquire among the moſt learned phyſicians, an infallible remedy for your diſeaſe, and have at length happily been informed of one. It is a plaiſter made of part of a Wolf's ſkin, taken warm from his back, and laid to your majeſty's ſtomach. This remedy was no ſooner propoſed, than it was determined that the experiment ſhould be tried: and whilſt the operation was performing, the Fox, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, whiſpered this uſeful maxim in the Wolf's ear—If you would be ſafe from harm yourſelf, learn for the future not to meditate miſchief againſt others.

FABLE XXXIV.

The Blind Man *and the* Lame.

The wants and weakneſſes of individuals form the connections of ſociety.

A Blind man, being ſtopped in a bad piece of road, meets with a Lame man, and intreats him to guide him through the difficulty he was got into. How can I do that, replied the Lame man, ſince I am ſcarce able to drag myſelf along? but as you appear to be very ſtrong, if you will carry me, we will ſeek our fortunes together. It will then be my intereſt to warn you of any thing that may obſtruct your way; your feet ſhall be my feet, and my eyes yours. With all my heart, returned the Blind Man; let us render each other our mutual ſervices. So taking his lame companion on his back, they by means of their union travelled on with ſafety and pleaſure.

FABLE XXXV.

The Lion, *the* Bear, *the* Monkey, *and the* Fox.

It is often more prudent to ſuppreſs our ſentiments, than either to flatter or to rail.

THE Tyrant of the foreſt iſſued a proclamation, commanding all his ſubjects to repair immediately to his royal den. Among the reſt, the Bear made his appearance; but pretending to be offended with the ſteams which iſſued from the monarch's apartments, he was imprudent enough to hold his noſe in his majeſty's preſence. This inſolence was ſo highly reſented, that the Lion in a rage laid him dead at his feet. The Monkey, obſerving what had paſſed, trembled for his carcaſe; and attempted to conciliate favour by the moſt abject flattery. He began with proteſting, that for his part he thought the apartments were perfumed with Arabian ſpices; and exclaiming againſt the rudeneſs of the Bear, admired the beauty of his majeſty's paws, ſo happily formed,

formed, he ſaid, to correct the inſolence of clowns. This fulſome adulation, inſtead of being received as he expected, proved no leſs offenſive than the rudeneſs of the bear: and the courtly Monkey was in like manner extended by the ſide of Sir Bruin. And now his majeſty caſt his eye upon the Fox. Well, Reynard, ſaid he, and what ſcent do you diſcover here? Great prince, replied the cautious Fox, my noſe was never eſteemed my moſt diſtinguiſhing ſenſe; and at preſent I would by no means venture to give my opinion, as I have unfortunately got a terrible cold.

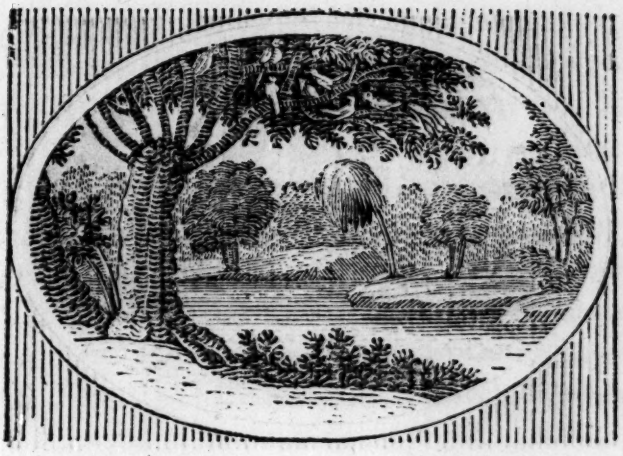
FABLE XXXVI.

The two Horſes.

The object of our pride is often the cauſe of our misfortunes.

TWO Horſes were travelling the road together; one loaded with a ſack of flour, the other with a ſum of money. The latter, proud

of his ſplendid burthen, toſſed up his head with an air of conſcious ſuperiority, and every now and then caſt a look of contempt upon his humble companion. In paſſing through a wood, they were met by a gang of highwaymen, who immediately ſeized upon the horſe that was carrying the treaſure: but the ſpirited ſtead not being altogether diſpoſed to ſtand ſo quietly as was neceſſary for their purpoſe, they beat him moſt unmercifully, and after plundering him of his boaſted load, left him to lament at his leiſure the cruel bruiſes he had received. Friend, ſaid his deſpiſed companion to him, (who had now reaſon to triumph in his turn) diſtinguiſhed poſts are often dangerous to thoſe who poſſeſs them: if you had ſerved a miller, as I do, you might have travelled the road unmoleſted.



FABLE XXXVII.

The Mock-bird.

Ridicule appears with a very ill grace, in perſons who poſſeſs no one talent beſide.

THERE is a certain bird in the Weſt Indies, which has the faculty of mimicking the notes of every other ſongſter, without being able himſelf to add any original ſtrains to the concert. As one of theſe Mock-birds was diſplaying his talent of ridicule among the branches of a venerable wood: 'Tis very well, ſaid a little warbler, ſpeaking in the name of all the reſt, we grant you that our muſic is not without its faults: but why will you not favour us with a ſtrain of your own?

FABLE XXXVIII.

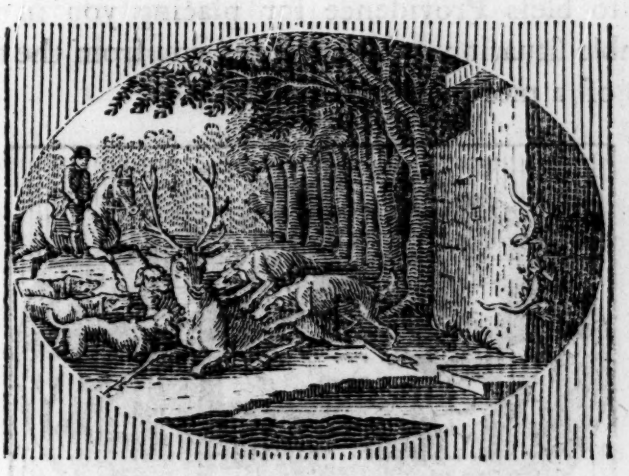
The Ant *and the* Caterpillar.

Boys of no very promiſing appearance often become the greateſt men.

AS a Caterpillar was advancing very ſlowly along one of the alleys of a beautiful garden, he was met by a pert lively Ant, who toſſing up her head with a ſcornful air, cried, Prithee get out of the way, thou poor creeping animal, and do not preſume to obſtruct the paths of thy ſuperiors, by wriggling along the road, and beſmearing the walks appropriated to their footſteps. Poor creature! thou lookeſt like a thing half made, which nature not liking threw by unfiniſhed. I could almoſt pity thee, methinks; but it is beneath one of my quality to talk to ſuch mean creatures as thou art: and ſo, poor crawling wretch, adieu.

The humble Caterpillar ſtruck dumb with this diſdainful language, retired, went to work, wound

wound himſelf up in a ſilken cell, and at the appointed time came out a beautiful Butterfly. Juſt as he was ſallying forth, he obſerved the ſcornful Ant paſſing by. Proud inſect, ſaid he, ſtop a moment, and learn from the circumſtances in which you now ſee me, never to deſpiſe any one for that condition, in which Providence has thought fit to place him; as there is none ſo mean, but may one day, either in this ſtate or in a better, be exalted above thoſe who looked down upon him with unmerited contempt.



FABLE XXXIX.

The two Lizards.

The ſuperior ſafety of an obſcure and humble ſtation, is a balance for the honours of high and envied life.

AS two Lizards were baſking under a ſouth wall, How contemptible, ſaid one of them, is our condition! We exiſt, 'tis true, but that is all: for we hold no ſort of rank in the creation,

and are utterly unnoticed by the world. Curſed obſcurity! Why was I not rather born a ſtag, to range at large, the pride and glory of ſome royal foreſt? It happened, that in the midſt of theſe unjuſt murmurs, a pack of hounds was heard in full cry after the very creature he was envying, who being quite ſpent with the chace, was torn in pieces by the dogs in ſight of our two Lizards. And is this the lordly ſtag, whoſe place in the creation you wiſh to hold? ſaid the wiſer Lizard to his complaining friend: Let his ſad fate teach you to bleſs Providence for placing you in that humble ſituation, which ſecures you from the dangers of a more elevated rank.

FABLE XL.

Jupiter's Lottery.

Folly, paſſing with men for wiſdom, makes each contented with his own ſhare of underſtanding.

JUPITER, in order to pleaſe mankind, directed Mercury to give notice that he had eſtabliſhed

bliſhed a Lottery, in which there were no blanks; and that amongſt a variety of other valuable chances, Wiſdom was the higheſt prize. It was Jupiter's command, that in this Lottery ſome of the gods ſhould alſo become adventurers. The tickets being diſpoſed of, and the wheels placed, Mercury was employed to preſide at the drawing. It happened that the beſt prize fell to Minerva: upon which a general murmur ran through the aſſembly, and hints were thrown out that Jupiter had uſed ſome unfair practices to ſecure this deſirable lot to his daughter. Jupiter, that he might at once both puniſh and ſilence theſe impious clamours of the human race, preſented them with Folly in the place of Wiſdom; with which they went away perfectly well contented. And from that time the greateſt Fools have always looked upon themſelves as the wiſeſt men.

FABLE XLI.

The Snipe Shooter.

We often miſs our point by dividing our attention.

AS a ſportſman ranged the fields with his gun, attended by an experienced old Spaniel, he happened to ſpring a Snipe; and almoſt at the ſame inſtant, a covey of Partridges. Surprized at the accident, and divided in his aim, he let fly too indeterminately, and by this means miſſed them *both*. Ah, my good maſter, ſaid the Spaniel, you ſhould never have two aims at once. Had you not been dazzled and ſeduced by the luxurious hope of Partridge, you would moſt probably have ſecured your Snipe.

FABLE XLII.

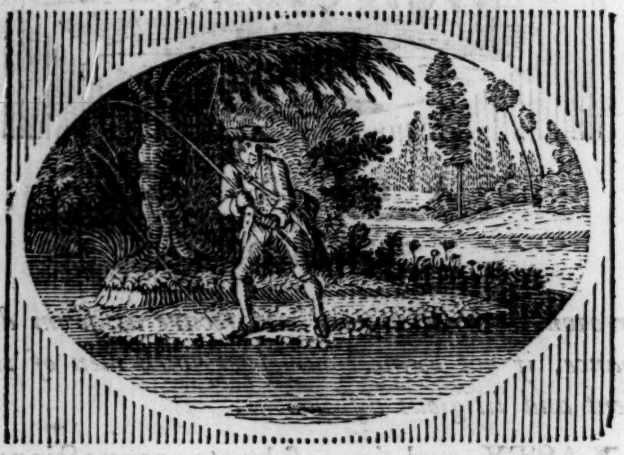
The two Dogs.

Our own moderation will not ſecure us from diſturbance, if we connect ourſelves with men of turbulent and litigious diſpoſitions.

HASTY and inconſiderate connections are generally attended with great diſadvantages: and much of every man's good or ill fortune depends upon the choice he makes of his friends.

A good-natured Spaniel overtook a ſurly Maſtiff, as he was travelling upon the high road. Tray, although an entire ſtranger to Tyger, very civilly accoſted him: And if it would be no interruption, he ſaid, he ſhould be glad to bear him company on his way. Tyger, who happened not to be altogether in ſo growling a mood as uſual, accepted the propoſal; and they very amicably purſued their journey together. In the midſt of their converſation they arrived at the next village, where Tyger began to diſplay his malignant diſpoſition,

poſition, by an unprovoked attack upon every dog he met. The villagers immediately ſallied forth with great indignation to reſcue their reſpective favourites; and falling upon our two friends without diſtinction or mercy, poor Tray was moſt cruelly treated, for no other reaſon but his being found in bad company.



FABLE XLIII.

The Trouts *and the* Gudgeon.

A perſon can hardly be deemed too cautious, where the firſt miſtake is irretrievable, or fatal.

A Fiſherman in the month of May ſtood angling on the banks of the Thames with an artificial fly. He threw his bait with ſo much art, that a young Trout was ruſhing towards it, when ſhe was prevented by her mother. Never, ſaid ſhe, my child, be too precipitate, where there is a poſſibility of danger. Take due time to conſider, before you riſk an action that *may* be

be fatal. How know you whether yon appearance be *indeed* a fly, or the ſnare of an enemy? Let ſome one elſe make the experiment *before* you. If it be a fly, he very probably will elude the firſt attack: and the ſecond may be made, if not with ſucceſs, at leaſt with ſafety.—She had no ſooner uttered this caution, than a Gudgeon ſeized upon the pretended fly, and became an example to the giddy daughter, of the great importance of her mother's counſel.

FABLE XLIV.

The Sun *and the* Wind.

Gentle means, on many occaſions, are more effectual than violent ones.

PHOEBUS and Æolus had once a diſpute which of them could ſooneſt prevail with a certain traveller to part with his cloak. Æolus began the attack, and aſſaulted him with great violence. But the man wrapping his cloak ſtill

cloſer

cloſer about him, doubled his efforts to keep it, and went on his way. And now, Phœbus darted his warm inſinuating rays, which melting the traveller by degrees, at length obliged him to throw aſide that cloak which all the rage of Æolus could not compel him to reſign. Learn hence, ſaid Phœbus to the bluſtering god, that ſoft and gentle means will often accompliſh, what force and fury can never effect.

FABLE XLV.

The Boy *and the* Nettle.

There are certain perſons who require to be treated rather with ſpirit and reſolution, than either tenderneſs or delicacy.

A Little Boy playing in the fields, chanced to be ſtung by a Nettle, and came crying to his father: he told him, he had been hurt by that naſty weed ſeveral times before; that he was always afraid of it; and that now he did but juſt touch

touch it, as lightly as poſſible, when he was ſo ſeverely ſtung. Child, ſays he, your touching it ſo gently and timorouſly is the very *reaſon* of its hurting you. A Nettle may be handled ſafely, if you do it with courage and reſolution; if you ſeize it boldly and gripe it faſt, be aſſured it will never ſting you: and you will meet with many ſorts of perſons, as well as things in the world, which ought to be treated in the very ſame manner.

FABLE XLVI.

The Beggar *and his* Dog.

'Tis miſery to depend upon patrons, whoſe circumſtances make their charity neceſſary at home.

A Beggar and his Dog ſate at the gate of a noble Courtier, and was preparing to make a meal on a bowl of fragments from the Kitchen maid. A poor Dependant of his Lordſhip's, who had been ſharing the ſingular favour of a dinner

at the Steward's table, was ſtruck with the appearance, and ſtopped a little to obſerve them. The Beggar, hungry and voracious as any Courtier in Chriſtendom, ſeized with greedineſs the choiceſt morſels, and ſwallowed them himſelf; the reſidue was divided into portions for his children. A ſcrag was thruſt into one pocket for honeſt Jack, a cruſt into another for baſhful Tom, and a luncheon of cheeſe was wrapt up with care for the little favourite of his hopeful family. In ſhort, if any thing was thrown to the Dog, it was a bone ſo cloſely picked, that it ſcarce afforded a pittance to keep life and ſoul together. How exactly alike, ſaid the Dependant, is this poor Dog's caſe and mine! He is watching for a dinner from a maſter who cannot ſpare it; I for a place from a needy Lord, whoſe wants perhaps are greater than my own, and whoſe relations more clamorous than any of this Beggar's brats. Shrewdly was it ſaid by an ingenious writer, a *Courtier's Dependant* is a *Beggar's Dog*.

FA-

FABLE XLVII.

The Fox *and the* Stork.

We ſhould always reflect, before we rally another, whether we can bear to have the jeſt retorted.

THE Fox, though in general more inclined to roguery than wit, had once a ſtrong inclination to play the wag with his neighbour the Stork. He accordingly invited her to dinner in great form; but when it came upon the table, the Stork found it conſiſted entirely of different ſoups, ſerved up in broad ſhallow diſhes, ſo that ſhe could only dip in the end of her bill, but could not poſſibly ſatisfy her hunger. The Fox lapped it up very readily, and every now and then, addreſſing himſelf to his gueſt, deſired to know how ſhe liked her entertainment; hoped that every thing was ſeaſoned to her mind; and proteſted he was very ſorry to ſee her eat ſo ſparingly. The Stork, perceiving ſhe was played

upon, took no notice of it, but pretended to like every diſh extremely; and at parting preſſed the Fox ſo earneſtly to return her viſit, that he could not in civility refuſe. The day arrived, and he repaired to his appointment; but to his great mortification, when dinner appeared, he found it compoſed of minced meat, ſerved up in long narrow-necked glaſſes; ſo that he was only tantalized with the ſight of what it was impoſſible for him to taſte. The Stork thruſt in her long bill, and helped herſelf very plentifully; then turning to Reynard, who was eagerly licking the outſide of a jar where ſome ſauce had been ſpilled—I am very glad ſaid ſhe ſmiling, that you ſeem to have ſo good an appetite; I hope you will make as hearty a dinner at my table as I did the other day at yours. Reynard hung down his head, and looked very much diſpleaſed.——Nay, nay, ſaid the Stork, don't pretend to be out of humour about the matter; they that cannot take a jeſt, ſhould never make one.

FA-

FABLE XLVIII.

The Trees and the Bramble.

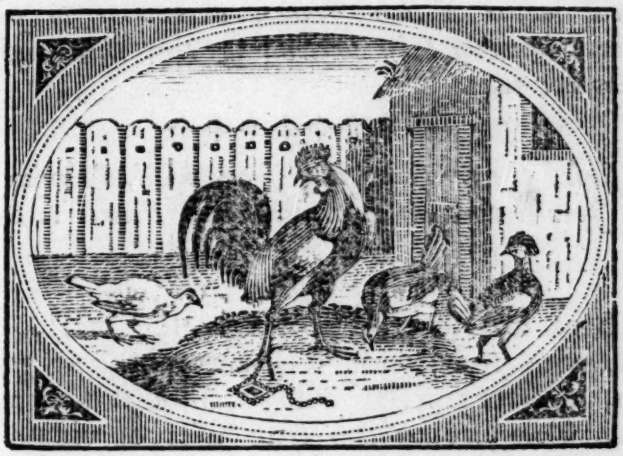
The moſt worthleſs perſons are generally the moſt preſuming.

THE Iſraelites, ever murmuring and diſcontented under the reign of Jehovah, were deſirous of having a king, like the reſt of the nations. They offered the kingdom to Gideon their deliverer; to him, and to his poſterity after him: he generouſly refuſed their offer, and reminded them, that Jehovah was their king. When Gideon was dead, Abimelech, his ſon by a concubine, ſlew all his other ſons to the number of ſeventy, Jotham alone eſcaping; and by the aſſiſtance of the Shechemites, made himſelf king. Jotham, to repreſent to them their folly, and to ſhew them, that the moſt deſerving are generally the leaſt ambitious, whereas the worthleſs graſp at power with eagerneſs, and exerciſe it with inſolence and tyranny, ſpake to them in the following manner:

Hearken unto me, ye men of Shechem, ſo may God hearken unto you. The trees grown weary of the ſtate of freedom and equality in which God had placed them, conſulted together to chuſe and to anoint a king over them: and they ſaid to the Olive-tree, Reign thou over us. But the Olive-tree ſaid unto them, ſhall I quit my fatneſs wherewith God and man is honoured, to diſquiet myſelf with the cares of government, and to rule over the trees? And they ſaid unto the Fig-tree, Come thou, and reign over us. But the Fig-tree ſaid unto them, Shall I bid adieu to my ſweetneſs and my pleaſant fruit; to take upon me the painful charge of royalty, and to be ſet over the trees? Then ſaid the trees unto the Vine, Come thou, and reign over us. But the Vine ſaid alſo unto them, Shall I leave my wine which honoureth God and cheareth man, to bring upon myſelf nothing but trouble and anxiety, and to become king of the trees? we are happy in our preſent lot: ſeek ſome other to reign over you. Then ſaid all the trees unto the Bramble, Come thou and reign over us. And the Bramble ſaid unto them, I will be your king; come ye all under my ſhadow, and be ſafe; obey me, and I will grant you my protection. But if you obey me not, out of the Bramble ſhall come forth a fire, which ſhall devour even the cedars of Lebanon.

PART II.

FABLES, with REFLECTIONS.



FABLE I.

The Cock *and the* Jewel.

A Briſk young Cock, in company with two or three pullets, his miſtreſſes, raking upon a Dunghill for ſomething to entertain them with, happened to ſcratch up a jewel; he knew what it was well enough, for it ſparkled with an exceeding bright luſtre; but, not knowing what to do with it, endeavoured to cover his ignorance under a gay contempt. So, ſhrugging up his wings, ſhaking his head, and putting on a grimace, he expreſſed himſelf to this purpoſe: Indeed, you are a very fine thing; but I know not any buſineſs you have here. I make no ſcruple of declaring that my taſte lies quite another way; and I had rather have one grain of dear, delicious barley, than all the jewels under the ſun.

MORALS.

Several very pretty fellows, who are as great ſtrangers to the true uſes of virtue and knowledge as the Cock upon the Dunghill is to the real value of the Jewel, endeavour to palliate their ignorance by pretending that their taſte lies another way.

To fools, the treaſures dug from wiſdom's mine
Are Jewels thrown to Cocks, and Pearls to Swine.

REFLECTION.

There are ſeveral people in the world, that paſs, with ſome, for well-accompliſhed gentlemen, and very pretty fellows, though they are as great ſtrangers to the true uſes of virtue and knowledge, as the Cock upon the dunghill is to the real value of the jewel. He palliates his ignorance by pretending that his taſte lies another way: But whatever gallant airs people may give themſelves upon theſe occaſions, without diſpute, the ſolid advantages of virtue, and the durable pleaſures of learning, are as much to be preferred before other objects of the ſenſes, as the fineſt brilliant diamond is above a barley corn. The greateſt blockheads would appear to underſtand, what at the ſame time they affect to deſpiſe; and nobody yet was ever ſo vicious as to have the impudence to declare in public, that virtue was not a fine thing.

But ſtill, among the idle, ſauntering, young fellows of the age, who have leaſure, as well to cultivate and improve the faculties of the mind, as to dreſs and embelliſh the body; how many are there, who ſpend their days in raking after new ſcenes of debauchery, in compariſon of thoſe few who know how to reliſh more reaſonable

ble entertainments! Honeſt, undeſigning good ſenſe is ſo unfaſhionable, that he muſt be a bold man, who at this time of day, attempts to bring it into eſteem.

How diſappointed is the youth, who, in the midſt of his amorous purſuits, endeavouring to plunder an outſide of bloom and beauty, finds a treaſure of impenetrable virtue concealed within! And why may it not be ſaid, how delighted are the fair ſex, when, from among a crowd of empty, frolic, conceited admirers, they find out and diſtinguiſh with their good opinion, a man of ſenſe, with a plain, unaffected perſon, which, at firſt ſight, they did not like!

FABLE II.

The City Mouſe and Country Mouſe.

A Country Mouſe invited a City Siſter of her's to a collation, where ſhe ſpared for nothing that the place afforded; as mouldy cruſts, cheeſe-parings, muſty oatmeal, ruſty bacon, and the like. The City Dame was too well bred to find fault with her entertainment; but yet repreſented,

ſented, that ſuch a life was unworthy of a merit like her's; and letting her know how ſplendidly ſhe liv'd, invited her to accompany her to town. The Country Mouſe conſented, and away they trudged together, and about midnight got to their journey's end. The City Mouſe ſhewed her friend the larder, the pantry, the kitchen, and other offices where ſhe laid her ſtores; and after this carried her into the parlour, where they found, yet upon the table, the relicks of a mighty entertainment of that very night. The City Mouſe carved her companion of what ſhe liked beſt, and ſo to it they fell upon a velvet couch. The Country Mouſe who had never ſeen or heard of ſuch doings before, bleſs'd herſelf at the change of her condition; when, as ill luck would have it, all on a ſudden the doors flew open, and in comes a crew of noiſy ſervants of both ſexes, to feaſt upon the dainties that were left. This put the poor mice to their wits end how to ſave their ſkins; the ſtranger eſpecially, who had never been in ſuch danger before: But ſhe made a ſhift, however, for the preſent to ſlink into a corner, where ſhe lay trembling and panting till the company went away. As ſoon as ever the houſe was quiet again: Well! my Court Siſter, ſays ſhe, if this be the ſauce to your rich meats, I'll e'en back to my cottage, and my mouldy cheeſe again; for I had much rather lie nibbling of cruſts, without fear or hazard in my own hole, than be miſtreſs of all the delicacies in the world, and ſubject to ſuch terrifying alarms and dangers.

MORALS.

This fable ſhews the difference between a Court and a Country Life: The delights, innocence, and ſecurity of the one, compared with the anxiety, voluptuouſneſs, and hazards of the other.

Heav'n in one mould the kindred fate has caſt
Of men of dignity and mice of taſte;
Traps, dangers, terrors are alike their lot:
Scar'd if they 'ſcape, and worry'd if they're caught.

REFLECTION.

How infinitely ſuperior are the delights of a private life, to the noiſe and buſtle of a public one! Innocence, ſecurity, meditation, good air, health, and unbroken reſt, are the bleſſings of the one; while the rages of luſt and wine, noiſe, hurry, circumvention, falſehood, treachery, confuſion, and ill health, are the conſtant attendants of the other.

The ſplendor and luxury of a court are but a poor recompence for the ſlaviſh attendances, the invidious competitions, and the mortal diſappointments that accompany it. The uncertain favour of Princes, and the envy of thoſe who judge by hearſay or appearance, without either reaſon or truth, make even the beſt ſort of court lives miſerable. To ſay nothing of the innumerable temptations, vices, and exceſſes of a life of pomp and pleaſure. Let a man but ſet the pleaſing of his palate againſt the ſurfeits of gluttony and exceſs; the ſtarving of his mind againſt a pamper'd carcaſe; the reſtleſs importunities of tale-bearers and back-friends againſt fair words and profeſſions, only from the teeth outwards; let him, I ſay, but ſet the one in balance againſt the other, and he

he ſhall find himſelf miſerable, even in the very height of his delights. To ſay all in a word; Let him but ſet the comforts of a life ſpent in noiſe, formality, and tumult, againſt the bleſſings of a retreat with competency and freedom, and then caſt up his account.

What man then, that is not ſtark mad, will voluntarily expoſe himſelf to the imperious brow-beatings and ſcorns of great men! To have a dagger ſtruck to his heart in an embrace! To be torn to pieces by calumny; nay, to be a knave in his own defence! For the honeſter, the more dangerous in a vicious age, and where it is a crime not to be like the company. Men of that character are not to be read and underſtood by their words, but by their intereſts; their promiſes and proteſtations are no longer binding, than while they are profitable to them.

After all, to keep the fable more cloſely in view, let a man, with the Country-Mouſe, reflect on the peace and ſafety of rural retirement, and prefer, if he can, the inſecurity, noiſe, and hurry of a more exalted fortune.

FABLE III.

The Fox *and the* Crow.

A CROW having taken a piece of cheeſe out of a cottage window, flew up into a high tree with it, in order to eat it. Which a Fox obſerving, came and ſat underneath, and began to compliment the Crow upon the ſubject of her beauty. I proteſt, ſays he, I never obſerved it before, but your feathers are of a more delicate white than any that ever I ſaw in my life! Ah! what a fine ſhape and graceful turn of body is there! And I make no queſtion but you have a tolerable voice. If it is but as fine as your complexion, I do not know a bird that can pretend to ſtand in competition with you. The Crow, tickled with this very civil language, neſtled and riggled about, and hardly knew where ſhe was; but thinking the Fox a little dubious as to the particular of her voice, and having a mind to ſet him right in that matter, began to ſing, and, in

the ſame inſtant, let the cheeſe drop out of her mouth;—which the Fox preſently chopt up, and then bade him remember, that whatever he had ſaid of his beauty, he had ſpoken nothing yet of his brains.

MORALS.

There is hardly any man living that may not be wrought upon more or leſs by flattery; for we do all of us naturally overween in our own favour. But when it comes to be applied once to a vain fool, there is no end then can be propoſed to be attained by it, but may be effected.

"*It is a maxim in the ſchools,*
"*That* Flattery's the food of fools:"
And whoſo likes ſuch airy meat
Will ſoon have nothing elſe to eat.

REFLECTION.

Flattery in itſelf is an unmanly ſlaviſh vice; but it is much worſe yet for the alliance it has to hypocriſy; for while we make other people think better of *themſelves* than *they* deſerve, we make them think better of *us* too than *we* deſerve: For ſelf love and vanity on the one hand, aſſiſts the falſeneſs and confidence on the other, while it ſerves to confirm weak minds in the opinion they had of themſelves before, and makes them parties effectually in a conſpiracy to their own ruin. The only benefit or good of Flattery is this; that by hearing what we *are not*, we may be inſtructed what we *ought to be*. Yet how few are there among the whole race of mankind, who may be ſaid to be full proof againſt its attacks!

The

The groſs way by which it is managed by ſome ſilly practitioners, is enough to alarm the dulleſt apprehenſion, and make it to value itſelf upon the quickneſs of its inſight into the little plots of this nature. But, let the ambuſcade be diſpoſed with due judgment, and it will ſcarce fail of ſeizing the moſt guarded heart. How many are tickled to the laſt degree with the pleaſure of Flattery, even while they are applauded for their honeſt deteſtation of it! There is no way to baffle the force of this engine, but by every one's examining impartially for himſelf, the true eſtimate of his own qualities: If he deals ſincerely in the matter, nobody can tell ſo well as himſelf, what degree of eſteem ought to attend any of his actions; and therefore he ſhould be entirely eaſy, as to the opinion men are like to have of them in the world. If they attribute more to him than is his due, they are either deſigning or miſtaken; if they allow him leſs, they are envious, or, poſſibly, ſtill miſtaken; and, in either caſe, are to be deſpiſed, or diſregarded. For he that flatters without deſigning to make advantage of it, is a fool: And whoever encourages that Flattery which he has ſenſe enough to ſee through, is a vain coxcomb.

FABLE IV.

An Aſs, *an* Ape, *and a* Mole.

AN Aſs and an Ape were conferring on grievances. The Aſs complained mightily for want of horns, and the Ape was as much troubled for want of a tail. Hold your tongues, both of ye, ſays the Mole, and be thankful for what you have; for the poor blind Moles are in a worſe condition than either of ye.

FABLE V.

The Hares *and the* Frogs.

ONCE upon a time the Hares found themſelves mightily unſatisfied with the miſera-

ble condition they lived in. Here we live, ſays one of them, at the mercy of men, dogs, eagles, and I know not how many other creatures, which prey upon us at pleaſure; perpetually in freights, perpetually in danger; and therefore I am abſolutely of opinion, that we had better die once for all, than live at this rate in a continual dread that's worſe than death itſelf. The motion was ſeconded and debated, and a reſolution immediately taken, by one and all, to drown themſelves. The vote was no ſooner paſſed, but away they ſcudded with that determination to the next lake. Upon this hurry there leapt a whole ſhoal of Frogs from the Bank into the water, for fear of the Hares. Nay then, my maſters, ſays one of the graveſt of the company, pray let's have a little patience. Our condition, I find, is not altogether ſo bad as we fancy'd it; for there are thoſe, you ſee, that are as much afraid of us as we are of others.

MORALS of the two Fables.

There is no contending with the Orders and Decrees of Providence. He that makes us knows what is fitteſt for us; and every man's own lot (well underſtood and managed) is undoubtedly the beſt.

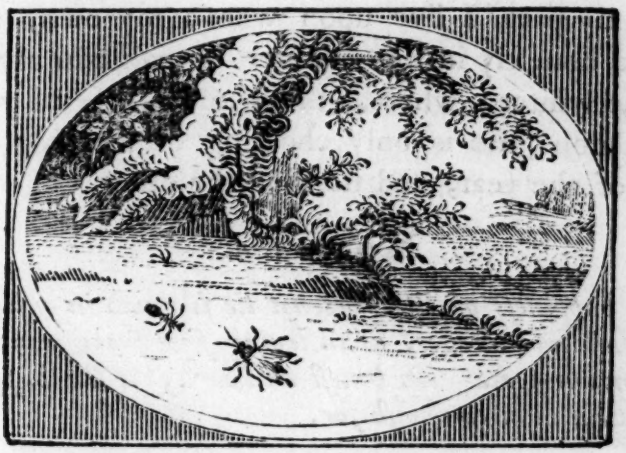
The miſeries of half mankind unknown,
Fools vainly think no ſorrows like their own:
But view the world, and you will learn to bear
Misfortunes well, ſince all men have their ſhare.

Reflection.

Since nature provides for the neceſſities of all creatures, and for the well-being of every one in its kind; and ſince it is not in the power of any creature to make itſelf other than what by Providence it was deſign'd to be; what a madneſs is it to wiſh ourſelves other than what we are; and what we muſt continue to be! every atom of the creation has its place aſſigned: every creature has its proper figure, and there is no diſputing with him that made it ſo. *Why have I not this?* and, *why have I not that?* are queſtions for a Philoſopher of *Bedlam* to aſk; and we may as well cavil at the motions of the heavens, the viciſſitude of day and night, and the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons, as expoſtulate with Providence upon any of the reſt of God's works. The *Aſs* would have *horns*, the *Ape* would have a *tail*, and the *Hares* would be free from thoſe terrors, which, timid as they are, they give to others: but the *Mole* on the one hand, and the *Frogs* on the other, ſhew that there are others as miſerable as themſelves.

It may ſeem to be a kind of a malicious ſatisfaction, that one man derives from the misfortune of another. But the philoſophy of this reflection ſtands upon another ground; for our comfort does not ariſe from other people being miſerable, but from this inference upon the balance, that we ſuffer only the lot of human nature: and as we are happy or miſerable, compared with others; ſo other people are miſerable or happy, compared with us; by which juſtice of Providence, we come to be convinced of the ſin, and the miſtake, of our ingratitude. What would not a man give to be eaſed of the gout, or the ſtone? or, ſuppoſing an incurable poverty on the

the one hand, and an incurable malady on the other, why ſhould not the poor man think himſelf happier in his rags, than the other in his purple? but the rich man envies the poor man's *health*, without conſidering his *want*; and the poor man envies the other's *treaſure*, without conſidering his *diſeaſes*. What is an ill name in the world, to a good conſcience within one's ſelf; and how much leſs miſerable, upon the wheel, is one man that is innocent, than another under the ſame torture that is guilty? the only way for Hares and Aſſes, is to be thankful what they are, and what they have, and not to grumble at the lot that they muſt bear in ſpite of their teeth.



FABLE VI.

An Ant *and* Fly.

WHERE's the honour, or the pleaſure in the world, ſays the Fly, in a diſpute for pre-eminence with the Ant, that I have not my part in? Are not all temples and places open to me? Am not I the taſter to gods and princes in

in all their ſacrifices and entertainments? And all this without either money or pains? I trample upon crowns, and kiſs what ladies lips I pleaſe. And what have you now to pretend to all this while? Vain boaſter! ſays the Ant, doſt thou not know the difference between the acceſs of a *gueſt*, and that of an *intruder*? for people are ſo far from liking your company, that they kill you as ſoon as they catch you. You are a plague to them where-ever you come. Your very breath has maggots in it; and for the kiſs you brag of, what is it but the perfume of the laſt dunghill you touched upon, once remov'd? For my part, I live upon what's my own, and work honeſtly in the ſummer to maintain myſelf in the winter; whereas the whole courſe of your ſcandalous life is only cheating or ſharping one half of the year, and ſtarving the other.

MORALS.

The happineſs of life does not lie ſo much in enjoying ſmall advantages, as in living free from great inconveniences. An honeſt mediocrity is the happieſt ſtate a man can wiſh for.

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Pert coxcombs, pleas'd with buzzing round the fair,
Laugh at the low mechanic's thrifty care;
While he with juſter ſcorn may well deride
Their folly, meanneſs, indolence, and pride.

REFLECTION.

This fable marks out to us the difference betwixt the empty vanity or oſtentation, and the ſub-

ſubſtantial ornaments of virtue. A man can hardly fancy to himſelf a truer image of a plain, honeſt, country ſimplicity, than the Ant's part of the dialogue in this fable. She takes pains for what ſhe eats; wrongs nobody; and ſo creates no enemies; ſhe wants nothing; and ſhe boaſts of nothing; lives contented with her own, and enjoys all with a good conſcience. This emblem recommends to us the bleſſings of a virtuous privacy, according to the juſt meaſures of right nature, and, in few words, comprizes the ſum of a happy ſtate.

The Fly, on the contrary, leads a lazy, voluptuous, ſcandalous, ſharking life; is hated whereever ſhe comes, and in perpetual fears and dangers. She juſtly may be compared with the worthleſs part of mankind, who paſs through the world without being of any ſervice in it; and without acquiring the leaſt reputation, ſeldom fail of adding pride to all their other failings, and behave with haughtineſs and arrogance towards thoſe, who contribute to the comfort and happineſs of ſociety. They treat induſtrious perſons as wretched drudges, appointed to labour for a poor ſubſiſtence; while heaven has provided every thing for their own uſe, though they of all others, leaſt deſerve it. But the worthy and induſtrious may always comfort themſelves with this reflection, that the pride and extravagance of theſe idle creatures will at laſt bring them to ſhame and want, while their own honeſt labours will ſecure to them a life of plenty and affluence.

It is true ſhe flutters from place to place from feaſt to feaſt, brags of her intereſt at court, and of ladies favours: and what is this miſerable inſect at laſt, but the very picture of one of our ordinary trencher Eſquires, that

ſpends

ſpends his time in hopping from the table of one great man to that of another, only to pick up ſcraps of intelligence, and to ſpoil good company! at other times officiouſly ſkipping up and down from levee to levee, and endeavouring to make himſelf neceſſary, where ever he thinks fit to be troubleſome.

FABLE VII.

A Horſe *and an* Aſs.

A Proud pamper'd Horſe bedeck'd with gaudy trappings, met in his courſe a poor creeping Aſs, under a heavy burden, that had chopt into the ſame track with him. Why, how now, ſirrah, ſays he, do you not ſee by theſe arms and trappings to what maſter I belong? and do you not underſtand, that when I have that maſter of mine upon my back, the whole weight of the ſtate reſts upon my ſhoulders? out of the way, thou ſlaviſh inſolent animal, or I'll tread thee to dirt. The wretched aſs immediately ſlunk aſide, with this

this envious reflection between his teeth, *what would I give to change conditions with that happy creature there!* this fancy would not out of the head of him, till it was his hap, a little while after, to ſee this very horſe doing drudgery in a common dung-cart. Why, how now, friend, ſays the Aſs, how comes this about? only the chance of war, ſays the other: I was a General's horſe, you muſt know; and my maſter carried me into a battle, where I was hack'd and maim'd; and you have here before your eyes the cataſtrophe of my fortune.

Morals.

This Fable ſhews the folly, and the fate, of pride and arrogance; and the miſtake of placing happineſs in any thing that may be taken away; as alſo the bleſſing of freedom in a mean eſtate.

Proud of the cloaths, with which you are equipt,
You of your pride may eaſily be ſtript.

Reflection.

People would never envy the pomp and ſplendor of greatneſs, if they did but conſider either the cares and dangers that go along with it, or the bleſſings of peace and ſecurity in a middle condition. No man can be truly happy, who is not every hour of his life prepared for the worſt that can befal him. Now this is a ſtate of tranquility never to be attained, but by keeping perpetually in our thoughts the certainty of death, and the lubricity of fortune; and by delivering ourſelves from the anxiety of hopes and fears.

It falls naturally within the proſpect of this fiction to treat of the wickedneſs of a preſumptuous arrogance; the fate that attends it; the riſe of it; and the means of either preventing or ſuppreſſing it; the folly of it; the wretched and ridiculous eſtate of a proud man, and the weakneſs of that envy that is grounded upon the miſtaken happineſs of human life.

The folly both of the Horſe and Aſs may be conſidered here; the one in placing his happineſs upon any thing that could be taken away; and the other, in envying that miſtaken happineſs, under the abuſe of the ſame ſplendid illuſion and impoſture. What ſignify gay furniture, and a pampered carcaſe, or any other outward appearance, without an intrinſic value of worth and virtue? what ſignify beauty, ſtrength, youth, fortune, embroidered furniture, gaudy boſſes, or any of thoſe temporary and uncertain ſatisfactions that may be taken from us with the very next breath we draw? what aſſurance can any man have of a poſſeſſion that every turn of ſtate, every puff of air, every change of humour, and the leaſt of a million of common caſualties may deprive him of?

Moreover, the envy of the aſs was a double folly; for he miſtakes both the Horſe's condition and his own. 'Tis madneſs to envy any creature, that may in a moment become miſerable; or for any advantage that may in a moment be taken from him. The Aſs envies the Horſe to-day; and, in ſome few days more, the Horſe comes to envy him: wherefore let no man deſpair, ſo long as it is in the power either of death, or of chance, to remove the burden. Nothing but moderation, and greatneſs of mind, can make either a proſperous or an adverſe fortune eaſy to us. The only way to be happy is to ſubmit to

our

our lot; for no man can be properly ſaid to be miſerable, that is not wanting to himſelf. It is certainly true, that many a poor cobler has a merrier heart in his ſtall, than a prince in his palace.

FABLE VIII.

An Huſbandman *and* Stork.

A Poor innocent Stork had the ill hap to be taken in a net that was laid for geeſe and cranes. The Stork's plea for herſelf was ſimplicity and piety, the love ſhe bore to mankind, her duty to her parents, and the ſervice ſhe did in picking up venomous creatures. This may be all true, ſays the Huſbandman, for what I know, but as you have been taken with ill company, you muſt expect to ſuffer with it.

MORALS.

Our fortune and reputation require us to keep good company; for as we may be eaſily perverted by the force of bad examples, wiſe men will judge of us

by the company we keep. What ſays the proverb? Birds of a feather will flock together.

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The youth to temperance in vain pretends,
Who goes to taverns, and makes rakes his friends;
As maidens, who would live without a ſtain,
Should never chuſe to lodge in Drury-Lane.

REFLECTION.

The world will always form an idea of the character of every man from his aſſociates. Nor is this rule founded on wrong principles; for, generally ſpeaking, thoſe who are conſtant companions, are either drawn together from a ſimilitude of manners, or from ſuch a ſimilitude to each other by daily commerce and continual converſation.

If bad company had nothing elſe to make us ſhun and avoid it, this, methinks, might be ſufficient, *that it infects and taints a man's reputation to as great a degree as if he were thoroughly verſed in the wickedneſs of the whole gang.* What is it to me, if the thief, who robs me of my money, gives part of it to build a church? Is he ever the leſs a thief? Shall a woman's going to prayers twice a day, ſave her reputation, if ſhe is known to be a malicious lying goſſip? No, ſuch mixtures of religion and ſin make the offence but the more flagrant, as they convince us, that it was not committed out of ignorance. Indeed, there is no living without being guilty of ſome faults, more or leſs; which the world ought to be good-natured enough to overlook, in conſideration of the general frailty of mankind, when they are not too groſs and too abundant. But, when we are ſo abandoned to ſtupidity, and a neglect of our reputation, as to keep bad company, however little we may be criminal in reality, we muſt expect the ſame cenſure and puniſhment as is due to the moſt notorious of our companions.

FA-

FABLE IX.

The Dog *and the* Shadow.

A DOG, croſſing a little rivulet with a piece of fleſh in his mouth, ſaw his own ſhadow repreſented in the clear mirrour of the limpid ſtream; and believing it to be another Dog, who was carrying another piece of fleſh, he could not forbear catching at it; but was ſo far from getting any thing by his greedy deſign, that he dropt the piece he had in his mouth, which immediately ſunk to the bottom, and was irrecoverably loſt.

MORALS.

Exceſſive greedineſs moſtly in the end miſſes what it aims at; diſorderly appetites ſeldom obtain what they would have; paſſions miſlead men, and often bring them into great ſtraits and inconveniences, through heedleſſneſs and negligence.

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Baſe is the man who pines amidſt his ſtore,
And fat with plenty, griping, covets more:
But doubly vile, by av'rice when betray'd,
He quits the ſubſtance for an empty ſhade.

It

Reflection.

It is wiſely decreed, that vice ſhould carry its own puniſhment along with it. Therefore he that catches at more than belongs to him, juſtly deſerves to loſe what he has; yet nothing is more common, and, at the ſame time, more pernicious, than this ſelfiſh principle. It prevails from the king to the peaſant; and all orders and degrees of men are, more or leſs, infected with it. Great monarchs have been drawn in, by this greedy humour, to graſp at the dominions of their neighbours; not that they wanted any thing more to feed their luxury, but to gratify their inſatiable appetite for vain glory. If the Kings of *Perſia* could have been contented with their own vaſt territories, they had not loſt all *Aſia*, for the ſake of a little petty ſtate of *Greece*. And *France*, with all its glory, has, ere now, been reduced to the laſt extremity by the ſame unjuſt incroachments.

He that thinks he ſees another's eſtate in a pack of cards, or a box and dice, and ventures his own in the purſuit of it, ſhould not repine, if he finds himſelf a beggar in the end.

FABLE X.

A Peacock *and a* Crane.

AS a Peacock and a Crane were in company together, the Peacock ſpread his tail, and challenged the other to ſhew him ſuch a fan of feathers. You brag of your plumes, ſays the Crane, that are fair indeed to the eye, but fit for nothing but to attract the eyes of children and fools. Do as I do, if you can; and then, with a ſuitable contempt, he ſprings up into the air, leaving the gaping Peacock. ſtaring after him till his eyes ached.

MORALS.

There cannot be a greater ſign of a weak mind, than a perſon's valuing himſelf on a gaudy outſide; whether it be on the beauties of perſon, or the ſtill vainer pride of fine cloaths.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.

Reflection.

It is very abſurd to ſlight or inſult another upon his wanting a property which we poſſeſs; for he may, for any thing we know, have as juſt reaſon to triumph over us, by being maſter of ſome good quality, of which we are incapable. But, in regard to the fable before us, that which the Peacock values himſelf upon, the glitter and finery of dreſs, is one of the moſt trifling conſiderations in nature; and what a man of ſenſe would be aſhamed to reckon even as the leaſt part of merit. Indeed, children, and thoſe people who think much about the ſame pitch with them, are apt to be taken with varniſh and tinſel: But they who examine by the ſcale of common-ſenſe, muſt find ſomething of weight and ſubſtance, before they can be perſuaded to ſet a value. The mind, which is ſtored with virtuous and rational ſentiments; and the behaviour, which ſpeaks complacence and humility, ſtamps an eſtimate upon the poſſeſſor, which all judicious ſpectators are ready to admire and acknowledge. But if there be any merit in an embroidered coat, a brocade waiſtcoat, a ſhoe, a ſtocking, or a ſword-knot, the perſon who wears them has the leaſt claim to it; let it be aſcribed where it juſtly belongs, to the ſeveral artiſans who wrought and diſpoſed the materials of which they conſiſt. This moral is not intended to derogate any thing from the magnificence of fine cloaths and rich equipages, which, as times and circumſtances require, may be uſed with decency and propriety enough: But one cannot help being concerned, leſt any worth ſhould be affixed to them more than their own intrinſic value.

FABLE XI.

A Boy *and falſe* Alarms.

A Shepherd's Boy kept his ſheep upon a common, and in ſport and wantonneſs had gotten a roguiſh trick of crying, a wolf! a wolf! when there was no ſuch matter, and fooling the country people with falſe alarms. He had been at this ſport ſo many times in jeſt, that they would not believe him at laſt, when he was in earneſt; and ſo the wolves broke in upon the flock, and worried the ſheep without reſiſtance.

MORALS.

This fable ſhews us the dangerous conſequences of an improper and unſeaſonable fooling. The old moral obſerves, that a common lyar ſhall not be believ'd, even when he ſpeaks true.

Rank lies repeated, oft and oft detected,
Makes truth itſelf for a rank lie ſuſpected.

RE-

Reflection.

It is not every man's talent to know when and how to caſt out a pleaſant word, with ſuch a regard to modeſty and reſpect, as not to tranſgreſs the true and fair allowances of wit, good nature, and good breeding. The ſkill and faculty of governing this freedom within the terms of ſobriety and diſcretion, goes a great way in the character of an agreeable companion: for that which we call raillery, in this ſenſe, is the very ſauce of civil entertainment; and without ſome ſuch tincture of urbanity, even in matters the moſt ſerious, the good humour falters, for want of refreſhment and relief: but there is a *medium* yet betwixt *all-fool* and *all-philoſopher*: I mean a proper and diſcreet mixture, that in ſome ſort partakes of both, and renders wiſdom itſelf ſo much the more grateful and effectual. The gravity, in ſhort of the one, is enlivened with the ſpirit and quickneſs of the other; and the gaiety of a diverting word ſerves as a vehicle to convey the force of the intent and meaning of it.

The Shepherd's Boy, in ſhort, to come cloſer to the fable, went too far upon a topic he did not underſtand. And he that is detected for being a notorious lyar, beſides the ignominy and reproach of the thing, incurs this miſchief, That he will ſcarce be able to get any one to believe him again, as long as he lives. However true our complaint may be, or how much ſoever it may be for our intereſt to have it believed, yet, if we have been frequently caught tripping before, we ſhall hardly be able to gain credit to what we relate afterwards. Tho' mankind are generally ſtupid enough to be often impoſed upon, yet few are ſo ſenſeleſs as to believe a notorious lyar, or to truſt a cheat upon record. Theſe

little

little ſhams, when found out, are ſufficiently prejudicial to the intereſt of every private perſon who practiſes them. But, when we are alarmed with imaginary dangers in reſpect of the public, till the cry grows quite ſtale and threadbare, how can it be expected we ſhould know when to guard ourſelves againſt real ones.

FABLE XII.

A Father *and his* Sons.

A Very honeſt man happened to have a contentious brood of children. He call'd for a rod, and bade them try one after another, with all their force if they could break it. They try'd, and could not. Well, ſays he, unbind it now, and take every twig of it apart, and ſee what you can do that way. They did ſo, and with great eaſe, by one and one, they ſnapp'd it all to pieces. This, ſays he, is the true emblem of your condition: keep together, and you are ſafe; divide, and you are undone.

MORALS.

The breach of unity puts the world into a ſtate of war, and turns every man's hand againſt his brother; but ſo long as that band holds, it is the ſtrength of all the ſeveral parts of it gathered into one, and is not eaſily ſubdued.

Diſtreſs and ruin on diviſions wait,
But union is the bond of ev'ry ſtate;
Diſloyalty's a plague, diſſention's worſe,
And parties, where they rage, a kingdom's curſe.

REFLECTION.

This fable imitates the force of union, and the danger of diviſion. Inteſtine commotions have deſtroyed many a powerful ſtate; and it is as ruinous in private affairs as it is in public. A divided family can no more ſtand, than a divided commonwealth; for every individual ſuffers in the neglect of a common ſafety. It is a ſtrange thing, that men ſhould not do that under the government of rational ſpirit, and a natural prudence, which wolves and bears do by the impulſe of an animal inſtinct. For they, we ſee, will make head, one and all, againſt a common enemy; whereas the generality of mankind lie pecking at one another, till one by one they are all torn to pieces, never conſidering (as this fable teaches) the neceſſity and benefits of union.

FABLE XIII.

The Sick Father *and his* Children.

A Countryman who had lived handſomely in the world upon his honeſt labour and induſtry, was deſirous his Sons ſhould do ſo after him; and being now upon his death-bed, my dear children, ſays he, I reckon myſelf bound to tell you before I depart, that there is a conſiderable treaſure hid in my vineyard; wherefore pray be ſure to dig, and ſearch narrowly for it, when I am gone. The Father dies, and the Sons fall immediately to work upon the vineyard. They turned it up over and over, and not one penny of money to be found there; but the profit of the next vintage expounded the riddle.

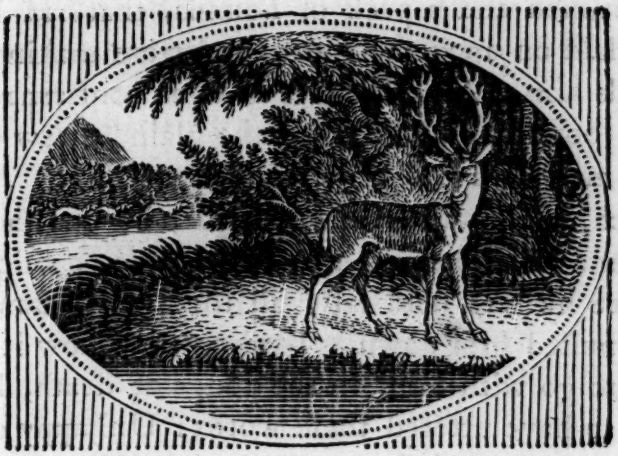
MORALS.

Good counſel is the beſt legacy a Father can leave to a Child; and it is ſtill the better, when it is ſo wrapt up, as to beget a curioſity as well as an inclination to follow it.

Aſſiduous pains the ſwelling coffers fill,
And all may make their fortune, if they will.

REFLECTION.

There is no wealth like that which comes by the bleſſing of God upon honeſt labour and warrantable induſtry. Here is an incitement to an induſtrious courſe of life, by a conſideration of the profit, the innocence, and the virtue of ſuch an application. There is one great comfort in hand, beſide the hope and aſſurance of more to come. It was a touch of art in the Father to cover his meaning in ſuch a manner as to create a curioſity and an earneſt deſire in his ſons to find it out. And it was a treble advantage to them beſides; for there was health in the exerciſe, profit in the diſcovery, and the comfort of a good conſcience in diſcharging the duty of a filial obedience.



FABLE XIV.

The Stag *looking into the* Water.

A STAG that had been drinking at a clear ſpring, ſaw himſelf in the water; and, pleaſed with the proſpect, ſtood afterwards for ſome time contemplating and ſurveying his ſhape and features, from head to foot. Ah! ſays he, what a glorious pair of branching horns are there! how gracefully do thoſe antlers hang over my forehead, and give an agreeable turn to my whole face! If ſome other parts of my body were but proportionable to them, I would turn my back to nobody; but I have a ſet of ſuch legs as really makes me aſhamed to ſee them. People may talk what they pleaſe of their conveniences, and what great need we ſtand in of them, upon ſeveral occaſions; but for my part, I find them ſo very ſlender and unſightly, that I had as lief have none at all. While he was giving himſelf theſe airs, he was alarmed with the noiſe of ſome

Huntſmen and a pack of hounds, that had been juſt laid on upon the ſcent, and were making towards him. Away he flies in ſome conſternation, and, bounding nimbly over the plain, threw dogs and men at a vaſt diſtance behind him. After which, taking a very thick copſe, he had the ill-fortune to be intangled by his horns in a thicket; where he was held faſt, till the hounds came in and pulled him down. Finding now how it was like to go with him, in the pangs of death, he is ſaid to have uttered theſe words: Unhappy creature that I am! I am too late convinced, that, what I prided myſelf in, has been the cauſe of my undoing; and what I ſo much diſliked, was the only thing that could have ſaved me.

MORALS.

We ſhould examine things deliberately, and candidly conſider their real uſefulneſs before we place our eſteem on them; otherwiſe like the fooliſh Stag, we may happen to admire thoſe accompliſhments which are of no real uſe, and often prove prejudicial to us, while we deſpiſe thoſe things, on which our ſafety may depend.

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Virtue deſpis'd, the beauty views her face,
And pleas'd beholds an angel in her glaſs;
But loſt at length, to ſhame and want reſign'd,
Mourns ſhe ne'er ſought the beauty of the mind.

REFLECTION.

Perhaps we cannot apply this better, than by ſuppoſing the fable to be a parable; which may be

be thus explained. The Deer, viewing itſelf in the water, is a beautiful young lady at her looking-glaſs. She can't help being ſenſible of the charms which lie blooming in every feature of her face. She moiſtens her lips, languiſhes with her eyes, adjuſts every lock of her hair with the niceſt exactneſs, gives an agreeable attitude to her whole body: And then, with a ſoft ſigh, ſays to herſelf, Ah! how happy might I be, in a daily crowd of admirers, if it were not for the cenſoriouſneſs of the age! When I view that face, where nature, to give her her due, has been liberal enough of charms, how eaſy ſhould I be, if it were not for that ſlender particular, my honour. The odious idea of that comes acroſs all my happy moments, and brings a mortification with it that damps my moſt flattering tender hopes. Oh! that there were no ſuch thing in the world! In the midſt of theſe ſoliloquies, ſhe is interrupted by the voice of her lover, who enters her chamber ſinging a rigadoon air; and, introducing his diſcourſe in a familiar eaſy manner, takes occaſion to launch out in praiſe of her beauty, ſees ſhe is pleaſed with it, ſnatches her hand, kiſſes it in a tranſport; and in ſhort, purſues his point ſo cloſe, that ſhe is not able to diſengage herſelf from him. But, when the conſequence of all this approaches, in an agony of grief and ſhame, ſhe fetches a deep ſigh, and ſays, "Ah! how miſtaken have I been! "the virtue I ſlighted might have ſaved me; but "the beauty I prized ſo much has been my un-"doing."

FABLE XV.

The Countryman *and the* Snake.

A Villager, in a frosty, snowy, winter, found a Snake under a hedge, almost dead with cold. He could not help having compassion for the poor creature, so brought it home, and laid it upon the hearth near the fire; but it had not lain there long before (being revived with the heat) it began to erect itself, and fly at his wife and children, filling the whole cottage with dreadful hissings. The countryman hearing an outcry, and perceiving what the matter was, catched up a mattock, and soon dispatched him, upbraiding him at the same time in these words: "Is this, vile wretch, the reward you make to "him that saved your life? Die, as you deserve; "but a single death is too good for you."

MORALS.

MORALS.

It is no ſtrange thing to ſee a reprobate fool throw his poiſonous language about againſt thoſe, who are ſo inadvertent as to concern themſelves with him.

Evil for good, relentleſs to beſtow,
Is all the gratitude th' unworthy know:
Mercy to ſuch ſhould be with caution ſhewn;
Saving a villain's life, you riſk your own.

REFLECTION.

'Tis the nature of ingrates to return evil for good; and the moraliſts in all ages have inceſſantly declaimed againſt the enormity of this crime, concluding *that they who are capable of hurting their benefactors, are not fit to live in a community; being ſuch, as the natural ties of parent, friend, or country, are too weak to reſtrain within the bounds of ſociety.* Indeed the ſin of ingratitude is ſo deteſtable, that, as none but the moſt inhuman temper can be guilty of it, ſo, in writing to men, there is no occaſion to uſe many words, either in expoſing the vice itſelf, or diſſuading people from the commiſſion of it. Therefore it is not likely that a perſon of *Æſop*'s ſagacity would have compiled this fable, without having ſomething elſe in view, beſides this trite and obvious ſubject. He certainly intended to put us in mind, *That, as none but a poor ſilly clown would go to take up a Snake and cheriſh it, ſo, we ſhall be very negligent and ill-adviſed, if, in doing good offices, we do not take care to beſtow our benevolence upon proper objects.* It was not at all unnatural in the Snake

to hiſs, and brandiſh his tongue, and fly at the firſt that came near him; as ſoon at the perſon that ſaved his life as any other; indeed more likely, becauſe nobody elſe had ſo much to do with him. Nor is it ſtrange at any time to ſee a reprobate fool throwing his poiſonous language about, and committing his extravagances, againſt thoſe, more eſpecially, who are ſo inadvertent as to concern themſelves with him. The ſnake and the reprobate will not appear extraordinary in their malevolence: But the ſenſible part of mankind cannot help thinking thoſe guilty of great indiſcretion, who receive either of them into their protection.

FABLE XVI.

A Gnat *and a* Bee.

A Gnat, half ſtarv'd with cold and hunger, went one froſty morning to a Bee-hive, to beg a charity; and offer'd to teach muſic in the Bee's family, for her diet and lodging. The Bee very civily deſired to be excuſed: for, ſays ſhe, I bring up all my children to my own trade, that they

they may be able to get their living by their induſtry; and I am ſure I am right; for ſee what that muſic, which you would teach my children, has brought you yourſelf to!

MORALS.

Induſtry ought to be diligently inculcated in the minds of children of all ranks and degrees: for who ſtands ſo ſure, as to ſay he is exempt from the viciſſitudes of this uncertain life?

The wretch who works not for his daily bread,
Sighs and complains, but ought not to be fed.
Think, when you ſee ſtout beggars on their ſtand,
The lazy are the locuſts of the land.

REFLECTION.

The many unhappy perſons whom we daily ſee ſinging up and down in order to divert other people, though with very heavy hearts of their own, ſhould warn all thoſe who have the education of children, how neceſſary it is to bring them up to induſtry and buſineſs, be their preſent proſpects ever ſo hopeful; that ſo, upon any unexpected diſaſter, they might be able to turn their hands to a courſe which might procure them an honeſt livelihood.

The Gnat in the fable, we may further obſerve, is very like many inconſiderate perſons in life: They gaily buz about in the *ſummer of proſperity*, and think of nothing but their preſent enjoyments: but when the *winter of adverſity* comes, they poorly creep about, and ſupplicate the induſtrious inhabitants of every *Bee-hive*, charitably to relieve thoſe

thoſe wants which they have brought upon themſelves; and often deſervedly meet the repulſe, and the ſting, which the Bee gives to the Gnat in the fable. We have ſeen many a doted-on child, who has been brought up to ſinging, dancing, and all the gay delights of this world, and yet has been forced to ſhut up the laſt ſcene of a miſerable life, in want and beggary; which had been prevented, if they had been early taught the value of induſtry and independency, and the means, by the former, of attaining the latter.

FABLE XVII.

Mercury *and the* Woodman.

A Man was felling a tree on the bank of a river; and by chance let his hatchet ſlip out of his hand, which dropt into the water, and immediately ſunk to the bottom. Being therefore in great diſtreſs for the loſs of his tool, he ſat down and bemoaned himſelf moſt lamentably. Upon this, *Mercury* appeared to him, and, being informed of the cauſe of his complaint,

dived

dived to the bottom of the river, and coming up again, ſhewed the man a golden hatchet, demanding if that were his. He denied that it was. Upon which *Mercury* dived a ſecond time, and brought up a ſilver one. The man refuſed it, alledging likewiſe that this was not his. He dived a third time, and fetched up the individual hatchet the man had loſt; upon ſight of which the poor wretch was overjoyed, and took it with all humility and thankfulneſs. *Mercury* was ſo pleaſed with the fellow's honeſty, that he gave him the other two into the bargain, as a reward for his juſt dealing. The man goes to his companions, and giving them an account of what had happened, one of them went preſently to the river's ſide, and let his hatchet fall deſignedly into the ſtream. Then ſitting down upon the bank, he fell a weeping and lamenting, as if he had been really and ſorely afflicted. *Mercury* appeared as before, and diving, brought him up a golden hatchet, aſking if that was the hatchet he loſt. Tranſported at the precious metal, he anſwered, yes; and went to ſnatch it greedily. But the god deteſting his abominable impudence, not only refuſed to give him that, but would not ſo much as let him have his own hatchet again.

MORALS.

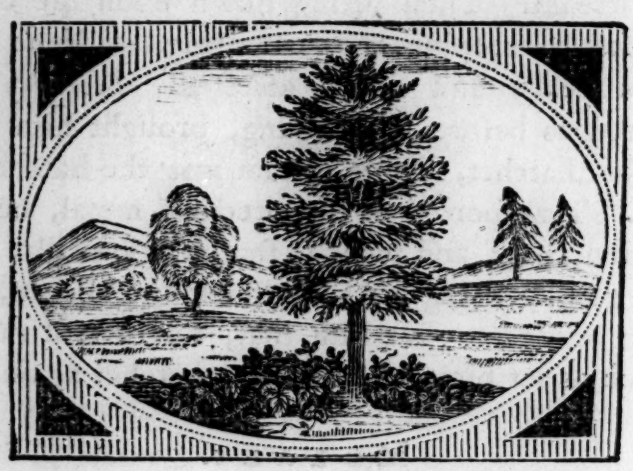
Honeſty is the beſt policy; religion abſolutely requires it of its votaries: and the honeſt man, provided his other talents are not deficient, always carries the preference in our eſteem, before any other, in whatever buſineſs he employs himſelf.

Truth,

Truth, ſacred truth, ſhall flouriſh and prevail,
While all the arts of fraud and falſhood fail;
The flimſy cheat wiſe judges ſoon deſcry;
Sure thoſe will rob, *who ſcruple not to* lie.

Reflection.

Notwithſtanding the proneneſs of mankind to do evil, and the account which ſome find in playing the knave, yet there cannot be invented a more true and reaſonable maxim, than that by which we are aſſured that *honeſty is the beſt policy*. If we conſider it in reſpect to the other world, there never was a religion but ſtrictly required it of its votaries: If we examine it upon account of this, we ſhall find that the honeſt man, provided his other talents are not deficient, always carries the preference in our eſteem, before any other, in whatever buſineſs he thinks fit to employ himſelf.



FABLE XVIII.

The Fir *and a* Bramble.

MY head, ſays the boaſting Fir-tree to the humble Bramble, is advanced among the ſtars;

ſtars; I furniſh beams for palaces, and maſts for ſhipping; the very ſweat of my body is a ſovereign remedy for the ſick and wounded: whereas thou, O raſcally Bramble, runneſt creeping in the dirt, and art good for nothing in the world but miſchief. I pretend not to vie with thee, ſaid the Bramble, in the points thou glorieſt in. But, not to inſiſt upon it, that he who made thee a lofty Fir, could have made thee an humble Bramble, I pray thee tell me, when the Carpenter comes next with the ax into the wood, to fell timber, whether thou hadſt not rather be a Bramble than a Fir-tree?

MORALS.

Poverty ſecures a man from many dangers; whereas the rich and the mighty are the mark of malice and croſs fortune; and ſtill the higher they are, the nearer the thunder.

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Minions of fortune, pillars of the ſtate,
Round your exalted heads what tempeſts low'r!
While peace ſecure, and ſoft contentment wait
On the calm manſions of the humble poor.

REFLECTION.

The anſwer of the humble Bramble to the proud Fir-tree is ſo pathetic, that it may of itſelf ſerve for a very good moral to this fable. Nothing of God's works is ſo mean as to be deſpiſed, and nothing ſo lofty but it may be humbled; nay, and the greater the height the greater the danger. For a proud great man to deſpiſe an humble

humble little one, when Providence can ſo eaſily exalt the one, and abaſe the other, and has not for the merit of the one, or the demerit of the other, conferred the reſpective conditions, is a moſt inexcuſable arrogance: and hiſtory has given numberleſs inſtances, where the overgrown Fir, though a prime Miniſter, or great Prince, in the very height of its pride, has been forced to ſubmit to the executioner's ax, while the humble Bramble, or contented poor man, has continued ſafe and unhurt in his lowly obſcurity. We may further obſerve on this fable, that there is no ſtate of life but has its mixture of good and evil. The Fir may boaſt of the uſes to which it is put, and of its ſtrength and ſtature; but then it has not to boaſt of the creeping Bramble's ſafety; for the value of the one tempts the Carpenter's ax, while the poverty of the other makes it little worth any one's while to moleſt it. Upon the whole matter, we may add, *That as pride or arrogance is a vice that ſeldom eſcapes without a puniſhment; ſo humility is a virtue that hardly ever goes without a bleſſing.*

FABLE XIX.

The Fox *and the* Countryman.

A FOX being hard hunted, and having run a long chace, was quite tired. At laſt he ſpied a country fellow in a wood, to whom he applied for refuge, intreating that he would give him leave to hide himſelf in his cottage, 'till the hounds were gone by. The man conſented, and the Fox went and covered himſelf up cloſe in a corner of the hovel. Preſently the hunters came up, and enquired of the man, if he had ſeen the Fox. No, ſays he, I have not ſeen him indeed: But all the while he pointed with his finger to the place where the Fox was hid. However, the hunters did not underſtand him, but called off their hounds, and went another way. Soon after, the Fox, creeping out of his hole, was going to ſneak off; when the man, calling after him, aſked him, if that was his manners, to go away without thanking his benefactor, to whoſe

fidelity he owed his life. *Reynard*, who had peeped all the while, and ſeen what paſſed, anſwered, I know what obligations I have to you well enough; and I aſſure you, if your actions had but been agreeable to your words, I ſhould have endeavoured, however incapable of it, to have returned you ſuitable thanks.

Morals.

To appear in another's intereſt, while underhand, we are giving intelligence to their enemies, is treacherous, knaviſh, and baſe.

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Thus by the knave, in worldly guile adept,
Vows are perform'd, and promiſes are kept:
True to the form, and fearful of offence,
Good ſoul! he ſwerves from nothing but the ſenſe.

Reflection.

Sincerity is a moſt beautiful virtue: but there are ſome, whoſe natures are ſo poor-ſpirited and cowardly, that they are not capable of exerting it. Indeed, unleſs a man be ſteady and conſtant in all his actions, he will hardly deſerve the name of ſincere. An open enemy, though more violent and terrible, is not, however, ſo odious and deteſtable as a falſe friend. To pretend to keep another's councel, and appear in their intereſt, while underhand we are giving intelligence to their enemies, is treacherous, knaviſh, and baſe. There are ſome people in the world very dextrous at this kind of defamation; and can, while they ſeem moſt vehement in the commendation

dation or defence of a friend, throw out a hint which ſhall ſtab their reputation deeper than the moſt malicious weapon, brandiſhed at them in a public manner, could have been capable of doing.

FABLE XX.

A one-eyed Stag.

A One-ey'd Stag that was afraid of the Huntſmen at land, kept a watch that way, and fed with his blind-ſide towards an arm of the ſea, where he thought there was no danger. In this hope of ſecurity, he was ſhot, by a ball from a boat, and ſo ended his days with this lamentation: Here I am deſtroyed, ſays he, where I reckoned myſelf to be ſafe on the one hand; and no evil has befallen me, where I moſt dreaded it, on the other. But it is my comfort that I intended the beſt.

MORALS.

We are liable to many accidents that no care or foreſight can prevent: but we are to provide however the beſt we can againſt them, and leave the reſt to Providence.

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The man whom we fear, and ſuſpect for a chear,
Can hardly delude us with art and deceit;
But he, in whoſe faith we ſecurely confide,
May come round with inpunity on our blind ſide.

REFLECTION.

We are many times preſerved or deſtroyed by thoſe accidents or counſels that in all probability ſhould have had quite contrary effects. But yet it is our part to act according to reaſon, and commit ourſelves to Heaven for the reſt. The wiſeſt of men have their *follies* or *blind ſides*, and have their enemies too, who watch to take advantage of their weakneſs. It behoves us therefore to look to ourſelves on the *blind ſide*, as the part that lies moſt expoſed to an attack. And yet, when we have done our beſt to prevent miſchief, the very precaution itſelf ſerves many times to contribute to our ruin. In ſhort, the ways and workings of Providence are unſearchable, and it is not in the power of human prudence to obviate all the accidents of life.

FABLE XXI.

A Shepherd *and a young* Wolf.

A Shepherd took a Wolf's ſucking Whelp, and trained it up with his Dogs. The Whelp fed with them, grew up with them, and whenſoever they went out upon the chace of a Wolf, the Whelp would be ſure to make one. It fell out ſometimes that the Wolf eſcaped; but this domeſtic Wolf would be ſtill hunting on, after the Dogs had given over the chace, till he came up to his true brethren, where he took part of the prey with them, and then went back again to his maſter. And when he could come in for no ſnacks with the Wolves, he would now and then make free, by the bye, with a ſtraggling Sheep out of the flock. He carried on this trade for a while; but at laſt he was caught in the fact, and hanged by his injured maſter.

MORALS.

Men naturally faiſe and treacherous are no more to be reclaimed than Wolves. Benefits but augment their power to do miſchief, and they never fail to make uſe of it to the prejudice of their benefactors.

The knave profeſt may ſeem a gen'rous foe,
Deſerves a rope, yet claims our pity too;
But dragg'd to light, and ſtript of his diſguiſe,
The ſneaking hypocrite unpitied dies.

REFLECTION.

Ill diſpoſitions may be diſſembled for a while, but nature is very hardly to be altered, either by counſel or education. It may do well enough for curioſity and experiment, to try how far ill-natured men, and other creatures, may be wrought upon by fair uſage and good breeding; but the inclination and cruelty of the dam will be hardly ever out of the Whelp. *Thruſt back nature with a pitch-fork*, ſays the poet, *and it will return.* This Fable is a true portrait of an ungrateful and treacherous mind, which, according to the proverb, *holds with the Hare, and runs with the Hound;* which pretends greater zeal than others, like the Wolf's Whelp in the chace, in the detection and purſuit of a common enemy; but at the ſame time divides ſpoils with him, and, rather than want an opportunity of doing miſchief, will prey privately upon the property he pretends to defend. Many ſuch inſtances we might give in public life; and there have been too many ſuch alſo in private life. The puniſhment ſo richly merited in the Fable is heartily to be wiſhed whenever they happen, and it is a pity it ſhould be wanted.

FA-

FABLE XXII.

Seamen *praying to* Saints.

IN a terrible tempeſt at ſea, one ſeaman took notice, that the reſt of his fellows were praying ſeverally to ſo many Saints. Have a care, my maſters, ſays he, what you do; for what if we ſhould all be drowned now before the meſſenger can deliver his errand? would it not be better, without going ſo far about, to pray to him that can ſave us without help.

MORALS.

A wiſe man will take the neareſt and ſureſt way to to obtain his end, and to commit no buſineſs of importance to a proxy, where he may do it himſelf.

Inactive wiſhes are but waſte of time,
And, without efforts, pray'rs themſelves a crime:
Vain are their hopes, who miracles expect,
And aſk from heaven what themſelves neglect.

REFLECTION.

Mankind, indolent and diſcontented, are very apt

apt to murmur at the diſpenſations of Providence, and to call for divine aſſiſtance to extricate them from their difficulties, when it is in their own power to accompliſh what they deſire. They, who will not ſtir a finger to promote their own intereſt, have little title to expect any foreign aſſiſtance: but when they have exerted their utmoſt ſkill and aſſiduity, their prayers, if there is need for them, will be enforced by every argument drawn from their own merit, and the compaſſion of thoſe to whom they make their application. Induſtry includes in itſelf this double bleſſing: It commonly enables us to gain the point we aim at; and in that caſe heightens the reliſh of our enjoyments, when we conſider that we have attained them by our own art and perſeverance: but if we ſhould happen to fail in our endeavours, it excites the pity of thoſe who are able to ſerve us; and gives a grace to our petitions for aſſiſtance and relief.

What needs any man make his court to the ſervant, ſays Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, when his acceſs is open to the maſter? and eſpecially when that maſter is as ready to give, as the petitioner to aſk.

With regard to ſecular matters, we are told a pleaſant ſtory of one of our princes King *Charles* II. He had often obſerved a country gentleman attending to ſpeak with one of his firſt miniſters; and once paſſing through the apartment where the gentleman happened to be alone, he aſked him his buſineſs. He told him, that he was attending upon his miniſter, as he had often done, for ſuch a poſt in his Majeſty's gift. The King aſked him, what he was to give for it to the miniſter? he ſaid 1000l. The King humorouſly told him, he ſhould have it, and bid him give him 500l. and keep t'other 500l. himſelf; and if he or his friends wanted any more ſuch bargains, he might apply to *himſelf* directly, and be ſerved at half price.

FA-

FABLE XXIII.

A Fox *that had loſt his* Tail.

A Fox taken in a trap was glad to compound for his neck, by leaving his tail behind him. It was ſo uncouth a ſight for a Fox to appear without a tail, that the very thought of it made him weary of his life: but, however, for the better countenance of the ſcandal, he got the *maſter and wardens of the Foxes company* to call a *court of aſſiſtants*, where he himſelf appeared, and made a learned diſcourſe upon the trouble, the uſeleſſneſs, and the indecency of Foxes wearing tails. He had no ſooner ſaid out his ſay, but up riſes a cunning Snap, then at the board, who deſired to be informed, whether the worthy member that moved againſt the wearing of tails, gave his advice for the advantage of thoſe that *had tails*, or to palliate the deformity and diſgrace of thoſe that *had none*.

MORALS.

MORALS.

It is the way of the world to give other people counsel for by-ends. But yet it is a hard matter to overrule a multitude to their own pain and loss.

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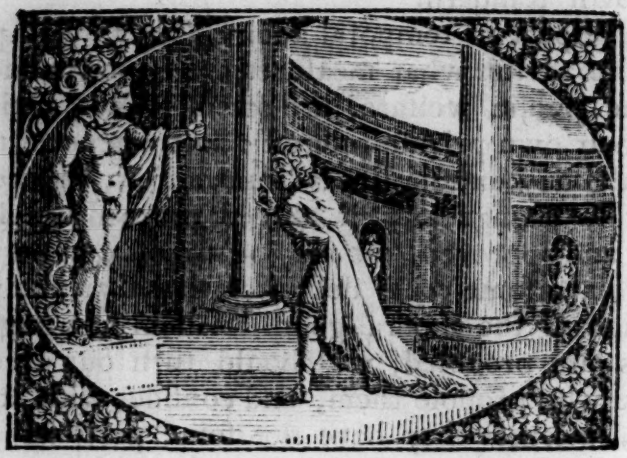
Gladly Sir Clumsy *would the world persuade,*
Not he, but all mankind are vilely made;
And might the purblind and the deaf advise,
'Twere better for to want both ear and eyes.

REFLECTION.

We may improve a doctrine from this, that every man has his *weak side*, either by mischance or by nature; and that he makes it his business to cover it too the best he can. In case of the worst, it is some sort of ease to have company in misfortune. It puts a man out of countenance to be in fashion by himself, and therefore the Fox acted cunningly to try if he could bring his fellow Foxes to put themselves into his mode. When we have carried a point as far as it will go, and can make no more of it, it is a stroke of art and philosophy, to look as if we did not so much as wish for a thing that is not to be had. Every man's present condition has somewhat to be said for it: if it be uneasy, the skill will be, either how to *mend* it, or how to *bear* it; but then there must be no clashing with the methods, the decrees, and the laws of nature. A man that has forfeited his honour and his conscience, seems to be much in the condition of the Fox here that had lost his tail; and oftentimes takes as much pains too, to persuade all his companions to follow his fashion, and be as corrupt as himself, that he

he may bring the reſt of the world down to his own ſtandard.

In reſpect to temporal affairs, They, who pretend to adviſe what meaſures are moſt conducive to the public welfare, are often guided entirely by their own private intereſt : but whenever they counſel any extraordinary innovations, or endeavour to change any eſtabliſhed proceedings long uſed and approved, we may be almoſt certain that they have ſome other deſign, rather than the promotion of the general good. When new regulations are propoſed, we ſhould turn our eyes on thoſe who propoſe them, and conſider with attention, whether they have not ſome perſonal motives for their conduct, and we ſhould be particularly cautious not to ſuffer ourſelves to be impoſed on by *fine ſpeeches* and *pretended patriotiſm* : for *he* who is *very ſollicitous* to bring about a ſcheme, not attended with any viſible advantage to the community, muſt only mean his own benefit ; or, like the Fox, when he has been caught himſelf in one trap, endeavour to catch us in another.



FABLE XXIV.

A Scoffer *puniſhed.*

A Preſumptuous Scoffer at things ſacred took a journey to *Delphi*, on purpoſe to try if he could put a trick upon *Apollo*. He carry'd a ſparrow in his hand under his coat, and told the God, *I have ſomething in my hand*, ſays he: *Is it dead or living*? If the oracle ſhould ſay it was dead, he could ſhew it alive; if living, it was but ſqueezing it, and then it was dead. He that ſaw the iniquity of his heart, gave him this anſwer: it ſhall e'en be which of the two thou pleaſeſt: for it is in thy choice to have it either the one or the other, as to the bird, but it is not in thy power as to thyſelf; and immediately ſtruck the bold ſcoffer dead, for a warning to others.

MORALS.

Presumption naturally lead people to infidelity, and that by insensible degrees to atheism: for when men have once cast off a reverence for religion, they are come within one step of laughing at it.

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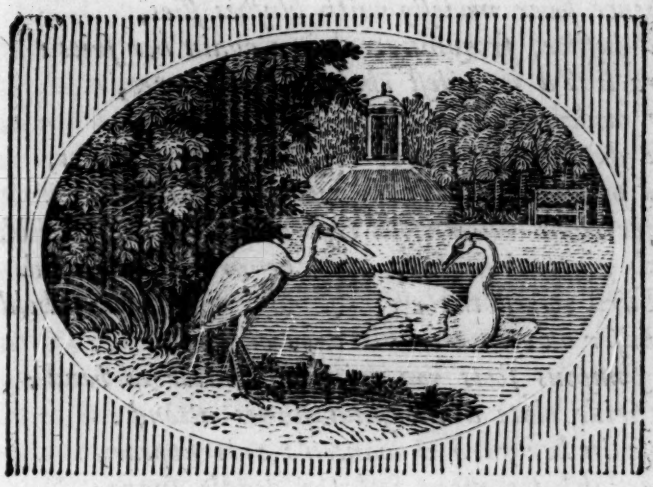
How weak the atheist's *argument, how odd,*
Who to be happy *first denies a* God:
Then with too little *faith* truth *to believe,*
Can show too much *an* error *to conceive.*
So inconsistent, *and his* folly *such,*
He trusts too little, *while he trusts too* much.
A foe profess'd to God-Almighty's *laws,*
Yet a blind bigot *in the* Devil's *cause;*
He from free-thinking *hopes to gain some light,*
Thinks free *on every subject but the* right;
A hint there is a God *raises a* doubt,
And prejudice *puts weaker* reason *out:*
Of reason *proud, by* passion *rul'd alone,*
Because he'd have no God, *concludes there's* none,
Thinks chance *with* blind effect *nice* order *brings,*
And harmony *from wild* confusion *springs,*
Springs of itself—*for all* spontaneous *grow,*
And the created *are* creators *too:*
Then Immortality *he'll disbelieve,*
Yet starts to think he cannot always live;
Dreading it true a future state *denies,*
And while he laughs at death, *with* fear he *dies,*
Despairing, *launches to some future state,*
Repents *his* folly, *but* repents *too* late.

REFLECTION.

There is no playing fast and loose with God Almighty, who sees the very thoughts of our

hearts. This way of fooling in holy things, is the very boldeſt ſort of impiety that can be practiſed. He that pretends to doubt of an all-knowing power, has as much right to doubt of an Almighty power too; and the bringing of one attribute in queſtion, opens the way to a diffidence of all the reſt. It would prevent a great deal of wickedneſs in the world, if men would but live and act in religious matters ſo as to own and to recognize the force and awe of a Deity in their *practices*, as well as in their *words*: but when they come to querying and riddling upon it, with an *If* it be ſo and ſo, the ſcandal of the ſuppoſition is not to be borne; for ſuch a way of ſeeming to affirm a thing, is but one remove from a flat denial of it. Such was the Scoffer's queſtion here to the oracle, which implies both the doubt of a divine omniſcience, and a curioſity to diſcover the truth of the matter, with a banter at the end of it; and ſo makes a conſummated wickedneſs; which we think completes the Fable, in making it end with ſo deſerved a puniſhment.



FABLE XXV.

A Swan *and a* Stork.

A Stork that was preſent at the ſong of a dying Swan told her, it was contrary to nature to ſing ſo much out of ſeaſon; and aſked her the reaſon of it. Why, ſays the Swan, I am now entering into a ſtate where I ſhall be no longer in danger of either ſnares, guns, or hunger; and who would not joy at ſuch a deliverance?

MORALS.

Death is a certain relief from all the difficulties, pains, and hazards of life.

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A VIEW *of* LIFE.

Look well, my friend, o'er life's amazing ſcene;
O'er the world's ſtage, how wild its tumults reign:
Behold the place, where meets each wanton gueſt,
Flows the wide bowl, and rings the empty jeſt;

Whence ſober modeſty with bluſhes flies,
And juſtice, frowning, claims again her ſkies:
Here link'd in vileſt chains of ſin agree,
The modern wit, and hell-bred debauchee:
Vile daring oaths diſgrace fair virtue's rules,
And pure religion is the mock of fools.
There thick with blood raſh murder points the blade,
Rich gluttons ſurfeit, and the drunkard's mad.
Turn round the eye, the wid'ning ſcene behold,
A miſer lovers o'er his bags of gold:
To pompous fools yon cringing flatterers bend;
On pride elate a thouſand ſlaves attend:
Looſe in her garb a wanton's arts appear,
And, ah! too many feel the deadly ſnare;
In revels loſt the wild adulterer lies,
Groans out a life, and ſunk in ruin dies.
Pale in her look, lo, where ſad envy ſtands,
And frowning malice waves her blood-ſtain'd hands:
Hence ſcandal flies, and where ſhe takes her aim,
Throws the ſwift dart, and wounds each honeſt name.
There ſilent merit conſtant vigils keeps,
Dragg'd thro' the world, and loſt in ſecret weeps;
Near her dear friendſhip feels the heavy chain,
And reputation bleeds at every vein.
Thrice happy he (few ſuch, alas! are found)
Who walks ſerene, and views the ſtorm around;
Bleſt in reflection ſilent treads the ſhore,
Calm, tho' wild billows laſh, rough torrents roar;
And when retir'd, ſafe from each worldly toil,
Can talk with Tully, or converſe with Boyle;
Then raviſh'd thought breaks thro' the bonds of night,
Burſts o'er the ſtars and dwells in boundleſs light:
Calm when he looks upon a bed of death,
Calm in the hour he yields his fluttering breath;
Calm when his God ſends nature's ſummons due,
Then turns, and ſmiling bids the world adieu.
Then ſinks to reſt, the ſoul's great charge is giv'n,
And guarding angels waft it into heav'n.

RE-

Reflection.

It is a great folly to fear that which it is impoſſible to avoid; and it is yet a greater folly to fear the remedy of all evils: for death cures all diſeaſes, and frees us from all cares. It is as great a folly again, not to prepare ourſelves, and provide for an inevitable fate. We are as ſure to go out of the world, as we are that ever we came into it; and nothing but the conſcience of a good life can ſupport us in that laſt extremity. The fiction of a Swan's ſinging at her death, does, in the moral, but adviſe and recommend it to us, to make ready for the chearful entertainment of our laſt hour, and to conſider with ourſelves, that if death be ſo welcome a relief even to animals, barely as a deliverance from the cares, miſeries, and dangers of a troubleſome life, how much a greater bleſſing ought all good men to account it then, that are not only freed by it from the ſnares, difficulties, and diſtractions of a wicked world, but put into poſſeſſion (over and above) of an everlaſting peace, and the fruition of joys that ſhall never have an end?

FABLE XXVI.

A Swallow *and a* Spider.

A Spider that obſerved a Swallow catching of flies, fell immediately to work upon a net to catch Swallows; for ſhe looked upon it as an encroachment upon her right: but the birds, without any difficulty, brake through the work, and flew away with the very net itſelf. Well, ſays the Spider, bird-catching is none of my talent, I perceive; and ſo ſhe returned to her old trade of catching flies again.

MORALS.

A wiſe man will not undertake any thing without means anſwerable to the end.

They who by imitations covet fame,
Oft incur dangers, and ſollicit ſhame;

For

For though the bright original we prize,
His abject imitator all deſpiſe.

REFLECTION.

Every man ſhould examine the ſtrength of his own mind with attention and impartiality, and not fondly flatter himſelf by meaſuring his own talents by the falſe ſtandard of the abilities of another. We can no more adopt the genius of another man, than aſſume his ſhape and perſon; and an imitation of his manner would no more become us, than his cloaths. Man is indeed an imitative animal; but whatever we take from general obſervation, without ſervilely copying the practice of any individual, becomes ſo mixed and incorporated with our notions that it may fairly be called our own. Almoſt every man has ſomething original in himſelf, which, if duly cultivated might perhaps procure him eſteem and applauſe; but if he neglects his natural talents, or perverts them by an abſurd imitation of others, he becomes an object of ridicule; eſpecially, if he attempts to perform things beyond the compaſs of his ſtrength or underſtanding.

FABLE XXVII.

A Dog, *a* Cock, *and a* Fox.

A Dog and a Cock took a journey together: The Dog kenneled in the body of a hollow tree, and the Cock roosted at night upon the boughs. The Cock crow'd about midnight (at his usual hour); which brought a Fox, that was abroad upon the hunt, immediately to the tree; and there he stood licking of his lips at the Cock, and wheedling him to get him down, he protested he never heard so angelical a voice since he was born; and what would not he do now, to hug the creature that had given him so admirable a serenade! Pray, says the Cock, speak to the porter below to open the door, and I'll come down to you: The Fox, little dreaming of the Dog so near, did as he was directed, and the Dog presently seized and worried him.

MORALS.

MORALS.

When a man has to do with an adverſary who is too crafty or too ſtrong for him, it is right to turn him off to his match.

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Happy the ready wit of men of parts,
Who on himſelf can turn the villain's arts!

REFLECTION.

Experience makes many a wiſe man of a fool, and ſecurity makes many a fool of a wiſe man. We have an inſtance of the former in the Cock's over-reaching the Fox; and of the other in the Fox's ſupine confidence, that made him ſo intent upon his prey, as to neglect his ſafety; and to fall himſelf into the pit that he had digged for another. It is much the ſame caſe in the world, when providence is pleaſed to confound the preſumptuous, the falſe, the mighty, and the blood-thirſty, by judgments of lice and frogs; that is to ſay, by the moſt deſpicable of inſtruments; and that frequently at a criſis of time, when they think themſelves ſure of the ſucceſs of their miſchievous projects.

FABLE XXVIII.

The Ants *and a* Grafshopper.

AS the Ants were airing their proviſions one winter, a hungry Graſshopper begged a charity of them. They told him, that he ſhould have wrought in ſummer, if he would not have wanted in winter. Well, ſays the Graſshopper, but I was not idle neither; for I ſung out the whole ſeaſon. Nay then, ſaid they, you'll e'en do well to make a merry year of it, and dance in winter to the tune that you ſung in ſummer.

MORALS.

Action and induſtry is the buſineſs of a wiſe and a good man, and nothing is ſo much to be deſpiſed as ſlothfulneſs. Go to the Ant thou ſluggard, *ſays the Royal Preacher*, conſider her ways, and be wiſe; *which in a few words ſums up the moral of this fable.*

O now,

O now, while health and vigour ſtill remain,
Toil, toil, my lads, to purchaſe honeſt gain!
Shun idleneſs! ſhun pleaſure's tempting ſnare!
A youth of revels breeds an age of care.

REFLECTION.

It is hard to ſay of lazineſs or luxury, whether it be the more ſcandalous, or the more dangerous evil. The very ſoul of the ſlothful does but lie drowzing in his body, and the whole man is totally given up to his ſenſes; whereas the profit and the comfort of induſtry are ſubſtantial, firm, and laſting; the bleſſings of ſecurity and plenty go along with it, and it is never out of ſeaſon. What is the Graſshopper's entertainment now, but a ſummer's ſong? A vain and empty pleaſure? Let it be underſtood, however, that we are not to paſs avarice upon the world under title of good-huſbandry and thrift, and thereby utterly to extinguiſh charity. We are indeed in the firſt place to conſult our own neceſſities; but we are then to conſider, in the ſecond, that the neceſſities of our neighbours have a chriſtian right to a part of what we have to ſpare.

The ſtreſs of this moral lies upon the preference of honeſt labour to idleneſs; and the refuſal of relief on the one hand, is intended only for a reproof to the inconſiderate loſs of opportunity on the other. This does not hinder yet, but that the Ants, out of their abundance, ought to have relieved the Graſshopper in her diſtreſs, though it was her own fault that brought her to it: for if one man's *faults* could diſcharge another man of his *duty*, there would be no longer any place left for the common offices of ſociety. To conclude, we have our failings, every one of us; and the improvidence of my neighbour muſt not make

make me inhuman. The Ant did well to reprove the Graſshopper for her ſlothfulneſs; but ſhe did ill, after that, to refuſe her charity in her diſtreſs.

FABLE XXIX.

The Bald Cavalier.

WHEN perriwigs were firſt uſed, and then chiefly to cover the defect of baldneſs, a certain Cavalier had one for that purpoſe, which paſſed for his own hair. But as he was one day riding out with ſome others a hunting, a ſudden puff of wind blew off both his wig and his hat, and ſet the company in a loud laugh at his bald pate. He, for his part, fell a laughing with the reſt, and ſaid, why, really, Gentlemen, this is merry enough; for how could I expect to keep other people's hair, who could not preſerve my own.

MORALS.

MORALS.

The edge of a jeſt is quite blunted and turned off when a man has preſence of mind to join in it againſt himſelf, or begin it.

****

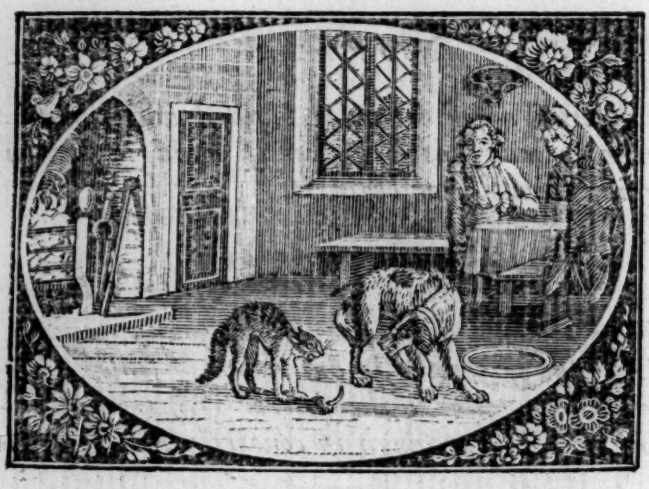
When the loud laugh prevails at your expence,
All want of temper is but want of ſenſe,
Would you diſarm the ſneerer of his jeſt,
Frown not, but laugh in concert with the reſt.

REFLECTION.

A frank eaſy way of openneſs and candour agrees beſt with all humours; and he that is over-ſolicitous to conceal a defect, often does as good as make proclamation of it. And it is a turn of art in many caſes, where a man lies open to ridicule, to anticipate the jeſt, and make ſport with himſelf firſt.

The epigram of *martial* upon a lady, who, in a caſe in point, was for hiding a defect like that of the bald Knight, and made uſe of falſe hair, carries with it the ſeverer ſting, as ſhe was willing and ſtudious to conceal it. The Poet, made *Engliſh*, ſays:

The golden hair that *Galla* wears,
Is her's: Who would have thought it?
She ſwears 'tis her's—And true ſhe ſwears,
For I know *where* ſhe *bought* it.



FABLE XXX.

A Dog *and a* Cat.

NEVER were two creatures better together than a Dog and a Cat brought up in the ſame houſe, from a Whelp and a Kitten; ſo kind, ſo gameſome and diverting, that it was half the entertainment of the family to ſee the gambols and love-tricks that paſſed betwixt them. Only it was obſerved, that ſtill at meal-times, when ſcraps fell from the table, or a bone was thrown to them, they would be ſnarling and ſpitting at one another under the table like the worſt of foes.

MORALS.

Self-intereſt is the bone that in ſome degree or other ſets all mortals together by the ears.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

NATURE *and* FRIENDSHIP.

Nature and friendſhip held in love ſincere,
Thyrſis and Damon to each other dear:
Not Albion's lands could boaſt her happier ſwains
*Than theſe, which Vecta's * beauteous iſle contains:*

* The Iſle of Wight.

But

But as the ſun, refulgent globe of light,
By miſts obſcur'd, may ſhine more dimly bright;
Or by ſome ſable cloud its luſtre veil'd,
Lie hid in darkneſs from the world conceal'd;
So every joy which mortals here can know,
Is damp'd by ſorrow, or is mix'd with woe:
Pleaſure entire, from all aſſaults ſecure,
To no one's granted, no one can enſure.
Ungovern'd paſſions to ſuch heights will riſe,
That friendſhip's ſelf oft falls a ſacrifice;
A fire is kindled in the human breaſt,
By words miſconſtru'd, or a ſimple jeſt;
As ſome one reliſh often ſpoils a feaſt:
Thus ſportful, friſking on the ſunny green,
Two lambkins loving are not ſeldom ſeen;
Off from the flock they to a diſtance ſtray,
And all a battle repreſent in play:
Till ſome unlucky thruſts rouſe up their rage,
Pretence is gone, in earneſt they engage.
Thoſe, whom ſhe ſung, the muſe reluctant ſees
Differ for cauſes trivial as theſe;
And full of anguiſh, ſighing and alone,
Pours out her deep-felt melancholy moan:
"Where dwelt their mutual fondneſs in that hour
"When love took leave, and kindneſs now no more?
"Alas! no more, in ſocial converſe join'd,
"Shall they partake the rapture of the mind?
"Placid content, ſhall fell diſguſt ſucceed,
"And vexing diſcord make enjoyment bleed?
"Forbid it heav'n! and to them gracious deign
"Their ſtrict agreeing harmony again!
"All jarring thoughts at utmoſt diſtance keep
"And bid the former in oblivion ſleep!"

REFLECTION.

Here is a perfect emblem of the practices and friendſhips of the world. We contract little likings,

likings, enter into agreeable converſations, and paſs away the time ſo merrily and kindly together, that one would think it impoſſible for any thing under the ſun to break the intereſt; and yet upon the throwing in any croſs intereſt among us, which is all one with the bone under the table; nay, upon a jealous thought, or a miſtaken word or look, all former bonds are cancelled, the league broken, and the farce concludes in biting and ſcratching one another's eyes out. The ſame figure will ſerve for princes and ſtates, public perſons and private, married and ſingle; people, in fine, of all profeſſions and pretences.

FABLE XXXI.

An Impertinent *and* Philoſopher.

A Certain pragmatical, gay, fluttering Coxcomb would needs make a viſit to a Philoſopher. He found him alone in his ſtudy, and fell a wondering how he could endure to lead ſo ſolitary a life. Sir, ſays the Philoſopher, you are exceedingly miſtaken, for I was in very good company till you came in. Mo-

MORALS.

What the noiſy and moſt numerous part of the world calls good company, is generally the moſt irkſome and inſipid thing in the world to a wiſe man; a mere round of folly and impertinence, and void of any kind of inſtruction or benefit to a reflecting mind. How preferable to ſuch a man muſt it be to converſe with the learned dead, rather than the unedifying and noiſy living?

"Swift *is obſcure, and* Addiſon *wants taſte,*
"Shakeſpeare *is low, and* Milton *all bombaſt*"—
Thus wit itſelf half-ſeeing fools condemn,
And ſenſe and genius are all dark to them.

REFLECTION.

It is one of the moſt vexatious mortifications, perhaps, of a ſober and ſtudious man's life, to have his thoughts diſordered, and the chain of his reaſon diſcompoſed, by the importunity of a tedious and impertinent viſit; eſpecially if it be from a fool of quality, where the ſtation of the man intitles him to all returns of good manners and reſpect. The drift of this fable is to tell us, that good books and good thoughts are the beſt company, and that they are miſtaken, who think a wiſe man can ever be alone. It prepares us alſo to expect interruptions and diſappointments, and to provide for them: but withal to take the beſt care we can to prevent the plague of ill company, by avoiding the occaſions of it. The linking of a man of brains and honeſty, with a lewd, inſipid companion, is effectually the emblem of that tyrant, who bound the living and the dead together; and yet this is it which the impertinent takes for the relief of ſolitude, and that he calls company.

FABLE XXXIII.

A Boar *and a* Fox.

AS a Boar was whetting his teeth againſt a tree, up comes a Fox to him. Pray, what do you mean by that? ſays he. I do it, ſays the Boar, to be in readineſs in caſe of an attack by an enemy. But, replies the Fox, I ſee no occaſion for it, for there is no enemy near you. Well, ſays the Boar, but I ſee occaſion for it; for when I come once to be ſet upon, it will be too late for me to be whetting when I ſhould be fighting.

MORALS.

A diſcreet man ſhould have a reſerve of every thing that is neceſſary beforehand, that when the time comes for him to make uſe of them, he may not be in a hurry and confuſion.

Wiſe

Wiſe are the people, who in peace prepare
Their fleets and armies for the diſtant war;
Who ne'er in treaties and conventions truſt,
Nor leave the ſword, though it be ſheath'd, to ruſt.

Reflection.

He that is not idle when he is at leiſure, may play with his buſineſs. A diſcreet man ſhould have a reſerve of every thing that is neceſſary before-hand; that when the time comes for him to make uſe of them, he may not be in a hurry and a confuſion. A wiſe General has not his men to diſcipline, or his ammunition to provide, when the trumpet ſounds *To Arms;* but ſets apart his times of exerciſe for one, and his magazines for the other, in the calm ſeaſon of peace. We hope to live to a good old age: Should we not then lay up a ſtore of conveniences againſt that time, when we ſhall be moſt in want of them, and leaſt able to procure them? We muſt die; nay, never ſtart; we muſt. Are there not ſome neceſſary things for us to tranſact before we depart; at leaſt, ſome trifle or other for us to bequeath, which a ſudden ſtroke may prevent us from doing? Sure there is. And if ſo, how inexcuſable ſhall we be, if we defer the execution of it, till the alarm comes upon us. *I did not think of it*, is an expreſſion unworthy a wiſe man's mouth; and was only intended for the uſe of fools.

FABLE XXXIV.

The Diſcontented Aſs.

AN Aſs in a hard winter, wiſhed for a little warm weather, and a mouthful of freſh graſs to nap upon, in exchange for a heartleſs truſs of ſtraw, and a cold lodging. In good time the warm weather and the freſh graſs came on; but ſo much toil and buſineſs along with it, that the Aſs grows quickly as ſick of the ſpring as he was of the winter. He next longs for ſummer; and when that comes, finds his toils and drudgery greater than in the ſpring; and then he fancies he ſhall never be well till autumn comes: but there again, what with carrying apples, grapes, fewel, winter proviſions, and ſuch like, he finds himſelf in a greater hurry than ever. In fine, when he has trod the circle of the year in a courſe of reſtleſs labour, his laſt prayer is for winter again, and that he may

may but take up his reſt where he began his complaint.

MORALS.

The life of an unſteady man runs away in a courſe of vain wiſhes, and unprofitable diſcontent: an unſettled mind can never be at reſt. There is no ſeaſon without its buſineſs.

On CONTENTMENT.

Contentment! ſweet propitious pow'r,
Thou ſoftner of the human woe,
Dear partner of the adverſe hour,
Whom happineſs is bound to know:
Charm'd by thy ſoft perſuaſive tongue,
The tortur'd ſoul takes comfort long,
And poverty is taught to find
New treaſures, hid before, to ſooth her ſuff'ring mind.
When infant Virtue firſt, from heav'n,
Jove to adverſity conſign'd,
Thou, as a conſtant mate, waſt giv'n,
And bad to eaſe her burden'd mind.
Soft pleaſing friend! thy ſweet'ning care
Taught her the rigid ſcourge to bear;
In Thee a part'ner of her grief ſhe found,
Whence healing comfort flow'd, like balm to ev'ry wound.
From thy ſweet ſmiles, abaſh'd retire
Self-tort'ring envy, and deſpair,
Fierce hopes, and covetous deſire,
And leave us calm 'midſt crowds of care.
Quick they depart, and with them fly
Falſe-pleaſure, and deluding joy;
By wild ambition cheriſh'd ſtill,
And ſeem awhile obedient to her tow'ring will.
Patience ſlow moving, and ſedate,
With piercing eye that views from far,
And hope, with future joys elate,
That gently drives her ſteady carr, *In*

In all thy labours acquieſce:
Humility, that chriſtian grace,
Still conſcious of her own defects,
And faith, believing maid, whom charity protects;
Fair goddeſs, with benignant ſmiles,
Thy modeſt votary aſſiſt,
If virtue recompence my toils,
'Tis impious dulneſs to deſiſt.
For me thy kindeſt beams prepare,
That I each harmleſs joy may ſhare,
And able wiſely to diſcern,
View providential care in every changing turn.
Bright power! retrieve my ſinking breaſt,
Deſcend and dwell ſole regent there,
Far hence be anxious thought diſtreſt,
Green jealouſy, and mute deſpair;
Teach me, with comfort, to enjoy
Life's competent benignity,
Not pamper'd with luxurious eaſe
To covet more and more, but thank kind heav'n for theſe.

Reflection.

There is no meaſure to be taken of an unſteady mind; but ſtill it is either too much or too little, too ſoon or too late. The love of novelty begets and increaſes the love of novelty; and the oftner we change, the more dangerous and troubleſome do we find this itch of variety to be. The Aſs was ſick of the winter; ſicker yet of the ſpring; more ſick ſtill of the ſummer; and ſickeſt of all of the autumn; till he is brought, in the end, to compound for his firſt condition again; and ſo take up with that for his ſatisfaction, which he reckoned upon before for his misfortune.

This it is, when fickle and fooliſh people will be preſcribing to, and refining upon the wiſe and gracious appointments of the Maker of the world.

world. They know not what they *are*, and they know not what they *would be*, any farther, than that they would not be what *they are*. Let their preſent ſtate in the world be what it will, there is ſtill ſomething or other in it that makes their lives weariſome: and they are as peeviſh company to themſelves too, as they are to their friends and neighbours; for there is not one circumſtance in nature, but they ſhall find matters to pick a quarrel at: the *preſent* is only the courſe of ſo many moments into time *to come:* were it not better then for people at firſt to ſit down contentedly in the poſt where Providence has placed them, and *to do their duty in that ſtate of life*, as they are early and excellently taught, *to which it has pleaſed God to call them*, than be forced to do it at laſt, by the dear bought experience of their follies?

This, however, we ſay, not to bar honeſt induſtry, or a ſober application to thoſe ſtudies or means that may probably contribute to the mending of a man's fortune; provided that he ſet up his reſolution before-hand, not to let himſelf down below the dignity of a wiſe man, be the iſſue of his endeavours what it will. For he that is not content at *preſent*, carries the ſame weakneſs along with him to the *next remove;* and whoever either paſſionately covets any thing that he has not, or feels himſelf glutted with a ſatiety of what he poſſeſſes, has already loſt his hold: ſo that, if we would be happy, we muſt fix upon ſome foundation that can never deceive us, and govern ourſelves by the meaſures of ſobriety and juſtice. All the reſt is but the Aſs's circulation of more and more anxiety and trouble.

FABLE XXXV.

The undutiful young Lion.

AMONG other good counſels that an old experienced Lion gave to his whelp, this was one; that he ſhould never contend with a man: for, ſays he, if ever you do, you'll be worſted. The little Lion gave his father the hearing, and kept the advice in his thought, but it never went near his heart. When he came to be grown up afterwards, and in the flower of his ſtrength and vigour, about he ranges to look for a man to grapple with. In his ramble he met with a yoke of oxen, and then with a horſe, ſaddled and bridled, and ſeverally aſked them if they were men; but they ſaying they were not, he goes after this to one that was cleaving of blocks: D'ye hear? ſays the Lion, you ſeem to be a man. And a man I am, ſays the fellow. That's well, quoth the Lion, and dare you fight with me? Yes, ſays the man, I dare: why, I can tear all theſe

theſe blocks to pieces, you ſee. Put your feet now into this gap, where you ſee an iron thing there, and try what you can do. The Lion preſently put his paws into the gaping of the wood, and with one luſty pluck, made it give way, and out drops the wedge; the wood immediately cloſing upon it, there was the Lion caught by the toes. The Wood-man preſently upon this raiſes the country, and the Lion finding what a ſtrait he was in, gave one hearty twitch, and got his feet out of the trap, but left his claws behind him. So away he goes back to his father, all lame and bloody, with this confeſſion in his mouth: Alas! my dear father, ſays he, *this had never been, if I had followed your advice.*

MORALS.

The vengeance of Heaven ſooner or later, treads upon the heels of wilful diſobedience to parents.

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When wayward children in the pride of youth,
Scorn wiſdom's precepts, and the curb of truth;
Laugh at experience, and her ſageſt rules,
And hold reſtraints the doting fits of fools;
They thoughtleſs ruſh, where folly leads the way,
Where evils throng, and vice holds lordly ſway.
Yet hoary age by long experience knows,
Where vices flouriſh, and where evil grows;
With cautious fondneſs for the budding mind,
Warns from the path, where ill with ill's combin'd;
Whilſt heedleſs youth, in all the pomp of pride,
Spurn at his prudence, and his laws deride.
A few ſhort years diſperſe the dazzling ſhade,
Which fame excited, and which tranſports made;

Weari'd, and pall'd with pleaſure's fleeting joys,
Which madneſs raves for, and which health deſtroys;
Too late they find, by ſage experience taught,
The rules of age are with true wiſdom fraught.

REFLECTION.

Children are not to reaſon upon obedience to parents, provided there be nothing in the command, or in the impoſition, that is ſimply evil; for head-ſtrong and undutiful children ſeldom eſcape a remarkable puniſhment, which gives them reaſon to ſay to their parents, *this had never been, if I had followed your advice.*

FABLE XXXVI.

The Countryman *and* Aſs.

AN old fellow was feeding an Aſs in a fine green meadow; and being alarmed with the ſudden approach of the enemy, was impatient with the Aſs to put himſelf forward, and fly with all the ſpeed that he was able. The Aſs aſked him, Whether or no he thought the enemy would clap two pair of panniers upon his back? The man

man ſaid, No, there was no fear of that. Why then, ſays the Aſs, I will not ſtir an inch; for what is it to me who my maſter is, ſince I ſhall but carry my panniers, as uſual.

MORALS.

Men in a fright, or alarmed with the apprehenſions of ſome imminent danger to themſelves, often fly for ſuccour to thoſe from whom they have not deſerved any. It is prudent ſo to behave in our proſperity, as that we may make every one our friend in times of adverſity: for no one is exempted from the mutability of fortune.

The man that is poor may be void of all care,
If there's nothing to hope, he has nothing to fear:
Whether ſtocks riſe or fall, or whate'er be the news,
He is ſure not to win, and has nothing to loſe.

REFLECTION.

This fable ſhews us, how much in the wrong the poorer ſort of people moſt commonly are, when they are under any concern about the revolutions of a government. All the alteration which they can feel, is, perhaps, in the name of their ſovereign, or ſome ſuch important trifle: But they cannot well be poorer, or made to work harder than they did before. And yet how are they ſometimes impoſed upon, and drawn in by the artifices of a few miſtaken or deſigning men, to foment factions, and raiſe rebellions, in caſes where they can get nothing by the ſucceſs; but, if they miſcarry, are in danger of ſuffering an ignominious, untimely death.

FABLE XXXVI.

Joy *and* Sorrow.

JOY and Sorrow, two twin-ſiſters, once quarrelled vehemently who ſhould have the preference; and being unable to decide the matter, left it to *Minos* to determine. He tried all means to make them agree, and go hand in hand together, as loving ſiſters ought; but finding his counſel had no effect upon them, he decreed that they ſhould be linked together in a chain; and each of them in turn ſhould be perpetually treading upon the heel of the other; and not a pin matter then, ſays he, which goes foremoſt.

MORALS.

No man is to preſume in proſperity, or deſpair in adverſity; for good and ill fortune do as naturally ſucceed one another, as day and night.

The Gods one time, as poets feign,
Would pleaſure *intermix with* pain;
And perfectly incorporate ſo,
As one from t'other none might know;
That mortals might alike partake,
The Good and Evil which they make.

In mighty bowl they put theſe twain,
And ſtirr'd and ſtirr'd, but all in vain:
Pleaſure *wou'd ſometimes float aloft,*
And pain *keep* pleaſure *down as oft:*
Yet ſtill from one another fly,
Deteſting either's company.

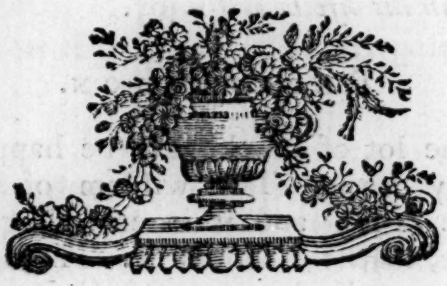
The Gods, who ſaw they ſooner might
Mix fire and water, day and night,
Unanimouſly then decreed
They ſhou'd alternately ſucceed;
Each other's motions ſtill purſue,
And a perpetual round renew:
Yet ſtill divided ſhould remain,
Tho' link'd together with a chain.

Thence comes it that we never ſee
A perfect bliſs or miſery;
Each happineſs has ſome alloy;
And grief *ſucceeded is by* joy.
The happieſt *mortal needs muſt own*
He has a time of ſorrow *known:*
Nor can the pooreſt *wretch deny,*
But in his life he felt a joy.

Reflection.

It is the lot of mankind to be happy and miſerable by turns. The wiſdom of Providence will have it ſo; and it is exceedingly for our advantage, that ſo it ſhould be. There is nothing pure and unmixed under the Heavens; and if there were, ſuch an abſtracted ſimplicity would be

be neither nouriſhing nor profitable to us. By the mediation of this mixture, we have the comfort of Hope to ſupport us in our diſtreſſes, and the apprehenſions of a change, to keep a check upon us in the very pride of our greatneſs: ſo that by this viciſſitude of *good* and *evil* we are kept ſteady in our philoſophy, and in our religion. The one minds us of God's omnipotence and juſtice; the other, of his goodneſs and mercy: the one tells us, there is no truſting to our own ſtrength; the other preaches faith and reſignation in the proſpect of an overruling Providence that takes care of us. What is it but ſickneſs that gives us a taſte of health? bondage, the reliſh of liberty? and what but the experience of want, that enhances the value of plenty? that which we call eaſe, is only an indolence, or a freedom from pain; and there is no ſuch thing as felicity or miſery, but by compariſon. It is very true, that hopes and fears are the ſnares of life in ſome reſpects, but they are the reliefs of it in others. Now for fear of the worſt however, on either hand every man has it in his power, by the force of natural reaſon, to avoid the danger of falling either into preſumption or deſpair.



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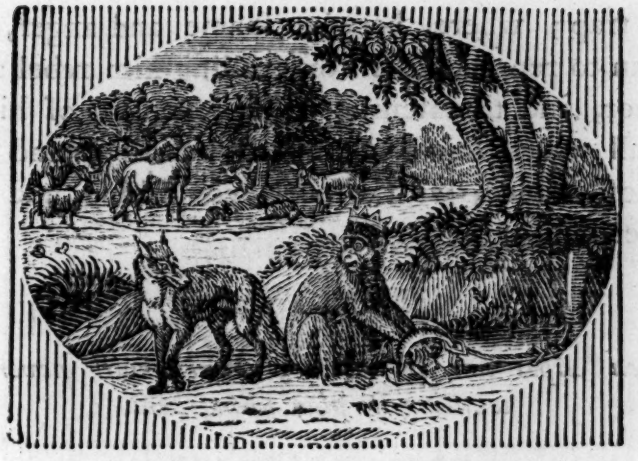

FABLE XXXVII.

The Fox *and the* Ape.

ONCE upon a time, the beaſts were ſo void of reaſon as to chooſe an Ape for their King. He had danced, and diverted them with playing antic tricks, and truly nothing would ſerve, but they muſt anoint him their ſovereign. Accordingly crowned he was, and affected to look very wiſe and politic. But the Fox, vexed at his heart to ſee his fellow brutes act ſo fooliſhly, was reſolved the firſt opportunity, to convince them of their ſorry choice, and puniſh their jackanapes of a king for his preſumption. Soon after, ſpying a trap in a ditch, which was baited with a piece of fleſh, he went and informed the Ape of it, as a treaſure, which, being found upon the waſte, belonged to his Majeſty only. The Ape, dreaming nothing of the matter, went very briſkly to take poſſeſſion, but had no ſooner laid his paws upon the bait, than he was caught in the

the trap; where, betwixt ſhame and anger, he began to reproach the Fox, calling him rebel and traitor, and threatening to be revenged of him: At all which *Reynard* laughed heartily; and going off, added, with a ſneer, you a king, and not underſtand trap!

Morals.

When Apes are in power, Foxes will never be wanting to play upon them.

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When nations raiſe an ideot to the throne,
He ſhews the people's weakneſs and his own.

Reflection.

A weak man ſhould not aſpire to be a king; for if he were, in the end, it would prove as inconvenient to himſelf, as diſadvantageous to the public. To be qualified for ſuch an office, an office of the laſt importance to mankind, the perſon ſhould be of a diſtinguiſhed prudence, and moſt unblemiſhed integrity; too honeſt to impoſe upon others, and too penetrating to be impoſed upon; thoroughly acquainted with the laws and genius of the realm he is to govern; brave, but not paſſionate; good-natured, but not ſoft; aſpiring at juſt eſteem; deſpiſing vain-glory; without ſuperſtition; without hypocriſy. When thrones have been filled by people of a different turn from this, hiſtories ſhew what a wretched figure they always made; what tools they were to particular perſons, and what plagues to their ſubjects in general. They who ſtudied their paſſions and entered into their foibles, led them by the noſe

noſe as they pleaſed; and took them off from the guardianſhip of the public, by ſome paltry amuſement, that themſelves might have the better opportunity to rifle and plunder it.

FABLE XXXVIII.

The Satyr *and the* Traveller.

A Satyr, as he was ranging the Foreſt in an exceeding cold, ſnowy ſeaſon, met with a Traveller half-ſtarved with the extremity of the weather. He took compaſſion on him, and kindly invited him home, to a warm comfortable cave he had in the hollow of a rock. As ſoon as they had entered and ſat down, notwithſtanding there was a good fire in the place, the chilly Traveller could not forbear blowing his fingers ends. Upon the Satyr's aſking him, why he did ſo; he anſwered: That he did it to warm his hands. The honeſt ſilvan having ſeen little of the world, admired a man who was maſter of ſo valuable a quality

quality as that of blowing heat, and therefore was reſolved to entertain him in the beſt manner he could. He ſpread the table before him with dried fruits of ſeveral ſorts; and produced a remnant of old cordial wine, which, as the rigour of the ſeaſon made very proper, he mulled with ſome warm ſpices, infuſed over the fire, and preſented to his ſhivering gueſt. But this the Traveller thought fit to blow likewiſe; and upon the Satyr's demanding a reaſon why he blowed again, he replied: To cool his diſh. This ſecond anſwer provoked the Satyr's indignation, as much as the firſt had kindled his ſurpriſe: So, taking the man by the ſhoulder, he thruſt him out of doors, ſaying: He would have nothing to do with a wretch who had ſo vile a quality as to blow hot and cold with the ſame mouth.

MORALS.

There is no converſing with any man that carries two faces under one hood.

With ſuch an inmate who would be perplext,
One hour all coldneſs, and all heat the next!
Who would his fev'riſh ſhiv'ring fits endure?
That ague of the heart, no drug can cure.

REFLECTION.

Though the poor Traveller in the Fable was not guilty of any real crime in what he did, yet one cannot help approving the honeſt ſimplicity of

of the Satyr, who could not be reconciled to ſuch double dealing. In the moral ſenſe of the Fable, nothing can be more offenſive to one of a ſincere heart, than he that blows with a different breath from the ſame mouth; who flatters a man to his face, and reviles him behind his back. Some again, juſt like this man, to ſerve a preſent view, will blow nothing but what is warm, benevolent, and cheriſhing; and when they have raiſed the expectations of a dependent to a degree which they think may prove troubleſome, can, with putting on a cold air, eaſily chill and blaſt all his blooming hopes. But ſuch a temper, whether it proceeds from a deſigned or natural levity, is deteſtable, and has been the cauſe of much trouble and mortification to many a brave deſerving man. Unleſs the tenor of a man's life be always true and conſiſtent with itſelf, the leſs one has to do with him the better.

FABLE XXXIX.

The Eagle, *the* Cat, *and the* Sow.

AN Eagle had built her neſt upon the top branches of an old oak. A wild Cat inhabited a hole in the middle; and in the hollow part at the bottom, was a Sow, with a whole litter of pigs. A happy neighbourhood; and might long have continued ſo, had it not been for the wicked inſinuations of the deſigning Cat. For, firſt of all, up ſhe crept to the Eagle; and, good neighbour, ſays ſhe, we ſhall be all undone: That filthy Sow yonder, does nothing but lie routing at the foot of the tree, and, as I ſuſpect, intends to grub it up, that ſhe may the more eaſily come at our young ones. For my part, I will take care of my own concerns; you may do as you pleaſe, but I will watch her motions, though I ſtay at home this month for it. When ſhe had ſaid this, which could not fail of putting

putting the Eagle into a great fright, down ſhe went, and made a viſit to the ſow at the bottom; and, putting on a ſorrowful face, I hope, ſays ſhe, you do not intend to go abroad to-day? Why not? ſays the Sow. Nay, replies the other, you may do as you pleaſe; but I overheard the Eagle tell her young ones, that ſhe would treat them with a pig, the firſt time ſhe ſaw you go out; and I am not ſure but ſhe may take up with a kitten in the mean time; ſo, good-morrow to you; you will excuſe me, I muſt go and take care of the little folks at home. Away ſhe went accordingly; and, by contriving to ſteal out ſoftly at nights for her prey, and to ſtand watching and peeping all day at her hole, as under great concern, ſhe made ſuch an impreſſion upon the Eagle and the Sow, that neither of them dared to venture abroad, for fear of the other. The conſequence of which was, that themſelves, and their young ones, in a little time were all ſtarved, and made prize of, by the treacherous cat and her kittens.

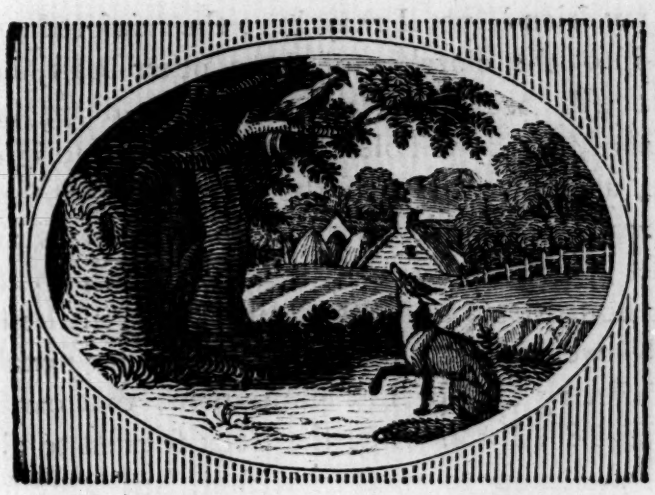
MORALS.

There can be no peace in any ſtate or family where whiſperers and tale-bearers are encouraged.

Ill fares that neighbourhood, where ſland'rers meet
With eaſy faith to back their baſe deceit:
From houſe to houſe the plague of diſcord ſpreads,
And brings down ruin on their hapleſs heads.

Reflection.

Buſy-bodies and intermeddlers are a dangerous ſort of people to have to do withal; for there is no miſchief that may not be wrought by the craft and management of a double tongue, with a fooliſh credulity to work upon. There is hardly a greater peſt to government, to converſation, to the peace of ſocieties, relations, and families, than officious tale-bearers, and buſy intermeddlers. Theſe pick-thanks are enough to ſet mankind together by the ears; they live upon calumny and ſlander, and cover themſelves too under the ſeal of ſecrecy and friendſhip; theſe are the people who *ſet their neighbours houſes on fire to roaſt their own eggs*. The ſin of traducing is diabolical, according to the very letter; and if the office be artificially managed, it is enough to put the whole world into a flame, and no body the wiſer which way it came. The miſchief may be promoted, by miſrepreſenting miſunderſtanding, or miſinterpreting our neighbour's thoughts, words, and deeds; and no wound ſo mortal, as that where the poiſon works under a pretence of kindneſs: nay, there are ways of commendation, and inſinuations of affection and eſteem, that kill a man as ſure as a bullet. This practice is the bane of truſt and confidence; and it is as frequent in the intrigues of courts and ſtates, as in the moſt ordinary accidents of life. It is enough to break the neck of all honeſt purpoſes, to ſtifle all generous and public-ſpirited motions, and to ſuppreſs all honourable inclinations in the very conception. But, next to the practice of theſe lewd offices, deliver all honeſt men, ſay I, from lying at the mercy of thoſe that encourage and entertain them.



FABLE XL.

The Cock *and the* Fox.

A COCK being perched among the branches of a lofty Tree, crowed aloud, ſo that the ſhrilneſs of his voice, echoed thro' the wood, and invited a Fox to the place, who was prowling in that neighbourhood, in queſt of his prey. But *Reynard*, finding the Cock was inacceſſible, by reaſon of the height of his ſituation, had recourſe to ſtratagem, in order to decoy him down; ſo, approaching the tree, Couſin, ſays he, I am heartily glad to ſee you; but at the ſame time, I cannot forbear expreſſing my uneaſineſs at the inconvenience of the place, which will not let me pay my reſpects to you in a handſomer manner; though I ſuppoſe you will come down preſently, and ſo that difficulty is eaſily removed. Indeed, Couſin, ſays the Cock, to tell you the truth, I don't think it ſafe to venture myſelf upon the ground, for though I am convinced how much you

are my friend, yet I may have the misfortune to fall into the clutches of ſome other beaſt, and what will become of me then? O dear, ſays *Reynard*, is it poſſible that you can be ſo ignorant, as not to know of the peace that has been lately proclaimed between all kinds of birds and beaſts; and that we are, for the future, to forbear hoſtilities on all ſides, and to live in the utmoſt love and harmony, and that, under penalty of ſuffering the ſevereſt puniſhment that can be inflicted? All this while the Cock ſeemed to give little attention to what was ſaid, but ſtretched out his neck, as if he ſaw ſomething at a diſtance: Couſin, ſays the Fox, what's that you look at ſo earneſtly? Why, ſays the Cock, I think I ſee a pack of hounds yonder a little way off. O then, ſays the Fox, your humble ſervant, I muſt be gone. Nay, pray Couſin, don't go, ſays the Cock, I am juſt coming down; ſure you are not afraid of dogs in theſe peaceable times. No, no, ſays he; but ten to one whether they have heard of the proclamation yet.

MORALS.

Perfidious people are naturally to be ſuſpected in reports that favour their own intereſt.

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Take courage, hence, ye wiſe, nor dread deceit;
Good ſenſe and craft, how ſeldom do they meet!
Tho' keen, yet feeble, are the ſharpers tools,
And cunning's the peculiar gift of fools.

REFLECTION.

It is a very agreeable thing to ſee craft repelled by cunning; more eſpecially to behold the ſnares of the wicked broken and defeated by the diſcreet management of the innocent. The moral of this fable principally puts us in mind, not to be too credulous towards the inſinuations of thoſe who are already diſtinguiſhed by their want of faith and honeſty. When therefore any ſuch would draw us into a compliance with their deſtructive meaſures, by a pretended civility and extraordinary concern for our intereſt, we ſhould conſider ſuch propoſals in their true light, as a bait artfully placed to conceal the fatal hook, which is intended to draw us into captivity and thraldom. An honeſt man, with a little plain ſenſe, may do a thouſand advantageous things for the public good; and without being maſter of much addreſs or rhetoric, as eaſily convince people that his deſigns are intended for their welfare: But a wicked deſigning politician, though he has a tongue as eloquent as ever ſpoke, may ſometimes be diſappointed in his projects, and be foiled in his ſchemes; eſpecially when their deſtructive texture is ſo coarſely ſpun, and the threads of miſchief are ſo large in them, as to be felt even by thoſe whoſe ſenſes are ſcarce perfect enough to ſee and underſtand them.

FABLE XLI.

Age *to be honoured.*

A Pert and inconſiderate young Man happened to meet an old Man, whoſe age and infirmity had brought his body almoſt to the ſhape of a bent bow. Pray, father, ſays he, will you ſell your bow? Save your money, you fool, ſays the other; for when you come to my years, you ſhall have ſuch a bow for nothing.

MORALS.

There cannot be a greater folly and impertinence, than that of young men ſcoffing at the infirmities of age, which cannot be avoided but by dying young; and ſuch may be ſaid, not to deſerve to live to long life.

How few with prudence, life's perfections ſcan!
See the pert youth ſtart into thoughtleſs man;

The

The giddy youth with taunts of ſcoffing rage,
Scorn the hoar head, and laugh at bended age.
Poor inconſid'rate! ſoon the ſweep of years
Shall bend thy ſtrength, and wet thy cheek with tears;
Shall realize in all the glare of truth,
Thoſe drooping nerves, which thou didſt ſcorn in youth.
Learn to be wiſe, and think in early days,
When paſtimes rattle, and when pleaſures blaze:
When mimic fancy flutters on the wing,
Chuſe this a good, and that a noxious thing.
That when old age ſweeps on with tardy pace,
Points to the goal, and ſhews thy leſſening race;
Thou may'ſt, exulting, mount thy glorious throne,
"For peace, O virtue! peace, is all thy own."

Reflection.

We are all born to die, and it is every jot as certain that we ſhall go out of the world, as that we are already come into it; we are helpleſs in infancy, ungovernable in youth; our ſtrength and vigour ſcarce outlaſt a morning ſun; our infirmities haſten upon us as our years advance, and we grow as helpleſs in our old age as in our infancy: What then have the beſt of us to boaſt of? Even time and human frailty alone will bring us to our end without the help of any accidents or diſtempers; ſo that our decays are as much the works of nature, as the firſt principles of our being; and the young Man's conceit of the crooked bow here, is no better than an irreverent way of making ſport with the courſe of Providence; beſides ſhewing the folly of ſcoffing at that in another, which he himſelf was ſure to come to at laſt, or worſe.

FABLE XLII.

The Splenetic Traveller.

A Splenetic and a facetious man were once upon a journey: the former went ſlugging on with a thouſand cares and troubles in his head, exclaiming over and over: "Lord, what ſhall I "do to live?" The other jogged merrily away, and left his matters to Providence and good fortune. Well, brother, ſays the ſorrowful wight, how can you be ſo frolickſome now? As I am a ſinner, my heart's e'en ready to break for fear I ſhould want bread. Come, come, ſays the other, fall back, fall edge, I have fixed my reſolution, and my mind's at reſt. Ay, but for all that, ſays the other, I have known the confidence of as reſolute people as yourſelf has deceived them in the concluſion; and ſo the poor man fell into another fit of doubting and muſing, till he ſtarted out of it all on a ſudden: Good Sir! ſays he, what if I ſhould fall blind? and ſo he walked a good way before

before his companion with his eyes ſhut, to try how it would be, if that misfortune ſhould befal him. In this interim, his fellow-traveller, who followed him, found a purſe of money upon the way, which rewarded his truſt in Providence; whereas the other miſſed that encounter as a puniſhment of his diſtruſt; for the purſe had been his, as he went firſt, if he had not put himſelf out of condition of ſeeing it.

Morals.

He that commits himſelf to Providence, is ſure of a friend in time of need; while an anxious diſtruſt of the divine goodneſs, makes a man more and more unworthy of it; and miſerable beforehand, for fear of being ſo afterwards.

Look round the circuit of the world,
Where mankind's in a buſtle hurl'd,
And ſee the frolick, and the gay,
Buz in the glare of folly's ray;
The ſullen and deſponding view,
How they the phantom good *purſue;*
Which dances e'er before their eyes,
Now in their graſp, and now it flies;
Whilſt they purſue with quicken'd pace,
And meaſure round their yearly race,
And if obtain'd, muſt be confeſs'd,
The good was center'd in their breaſt.
How many tread their little round,
Where happineſs is never found;
Where griefs, and fancied ſorrows flow,
To ſwell the tide of human woe;

And

And add unto thoſe pungent cares,
Which for himſelf, each man prepares.
What's happineſs? what's ſolid good?
What's peace, ſo little underſtood?
What is this phantom all purſue,
Tho' ne'er poſſeſs'd, yet ſtill in view?
Where's the miſtake? the ſage replies:
" *Not ſeeking where the treaſure lies.*
" *Would man, amidſt his wild career,*
" *Reflect on things as they appear;*
" *Weigh well the preſent, view the laſt,*
" *And judge the future by the paſt;*
" *He ſoon that knowledge would obtain*
" *Of juſtice, and her golden reign;*
" *Who holds an univerſal rule,*
" *And proves man to himſelf a fool.*
" *This offſpring of the mould'ring ſod,*
" *Would mount the ſkies, and be a God;*
" *Would queſtion every latent cauſe,*
" *Great nature's true unerring laws;*
" *And what he could not comprehend,*
" *Deny their being, and their end.*
" *Thus man, the bubble of an hour,*
" *Truſts not the great Almighty power,*
" *Whoſe ſimple fiat call'd to birth,*
" *The flaming ſun, and rolling earth;*
" *Demands the cauſe of each decree,*
" *To wing the air, in darkneſs ſee,*
" *Then brands, as incomplete the whole,*
" *Which finite ſenſe cannot controul.*
" *Would he ſurvey his turbid breaſt,*
" *Which raging paſſions have poſſeſs'd:*
" *Soon candid judgment would declare,*
" *He has of Good an equal ſhare.*"

REFLECTION.

The two oppoſite humours of a chearful truſt in providence, and a ſuſpicious diffidence of it, with

FABLE XLIII.

The Young Man *and the* Swallow.

A Prodigal young ſpendthriſt, who had waſted his whole patrimony in taverns and gaming houſes among lewd, idle company, was taking a melancholy walk near a brook. It was in the month of *January*, and happened to be one of thoſe warm ſunſhiny days which ſometimes ſmile upon us even in that wintry ſeaſon of the year; and to make it the more flattering, a ſwallow, which had made its appearance, by miſtake, too ſoon, flew ſkimming along upon the ſurface of the water. The giddy youth, obſerving this, without any farther conſideration, concluded that ſummer was now come, and that he ſhould have little or no occaſion for clothes, ſo went and pawned them at the broker's, and ventured the money for one ſtake more, among his ſharping companions. When this too was gone the ſame way with the

reſt, he took another ſolitary walk in the ſame place as before. But the weather, being ſevere and froſty, had made every thing look with an aſpect very different from what it did before; the brook was quite frozen over, and the poor ſwallow lay dead upon the bank of it: The very ſight of which cooled the young ſpark's brains, and coming to a kind of ſenſe of his miſery, he reproached the deceaſed bird, as the author of all his misfortunes: Ah, wretch that thou wert! ſays he, thou haſt undone both thyſelf and me, who was ſo credulous as to depend upon thee.

MORALS.

Some will liſten to no conviction but what they derive from fatal experience.

Still blind to reaſon, nature, and his God,
Youth *follows* pleaſure, *till he feels the rod*
Of ſad experience, *then bemoans his fate,*
Nor ſees his folly *till it is too late.*

REFLECTION.

They who frequent taverns and gaming-houſes, and keep bad company, ſhould not wonder if they are reduced, in a very ſmall time, to penury and want. The wretched young fellows, who once addict themſelves to ſuch a ſcandalous kind of life, ſcarce think of, or attend to any one thing beſides. They ſeem to have nothing elſe in their heads, but how they may ſquander what they have got,

and

and where they may get more when that is gone. They do not make the ſame uſe of their reaſon that other people do; but, like the jaundiced eye, view every thing in that falſe light in which their diſtemper and debauchery repreſent it. The young man in the Fable gives us a pretty example of this; he ſees a ſwallow in the midſt of winter, and inſtead of being ſurpriſed at it, as a very irregular and extraordinary thing, concludes from thence that it is ſummer, as if he had never thought before about the ſeaſon. Well, the reſult of this wiſe concluſion is of a piece with the concluſion itſelf; if it is ſummer, he ſhall not want ſo many cloaths, therefore he ſells them: For what? For more money to ſquander away; as if (had his obſervation been juſt) ſummer would have laſted all the year round. But the true reſult and concluſion of all this is: When both his money and cloaths are irrecoverably gone, he comes to his right ſenſes, is ready to periſh with hunger, to ſtarve with cold, and to tear his own fleſh with remorſe and vexation at his former ſtupidity.

FABLE XLIV.

The Brother *and* Siſter.

A Certain man had two children, a ſon and a daughter: The boy beautiful and handſome enough; the girl not quite ſo well. They were both very young, and happened, one day, to be playing near the looking-glaſs, which ſtood on their mother's toilet. The boy, pleaſed with the novelty of the thing, viewed himſelf for ſome time, and, in a wanton roguiſh manner, took notice to the girl, how handſome he was. She reſented it, and could not bear the inſolent manner in which he did it; for ſhe underſtood it (how could ſhe do otherwiſe) as intended for a direct affront to her. Therefore ſhe ran immediately to her father, and, with a great deal of aggravation, complained of her brother; particularly, for having acted ſo effeminate a part, as to look in a glaſs, and meddle with things which belonged to

to women only. The father, embracing them both with much tenderneſs and affection, told them, that he ſhould like to have them both look in the glaſs every day; to the intent that you, ſays he to the boy, if you think that face of yours handſome, you may not diſgrace and ſpoil it by an ugly temper, and a foul behaviour. You, ſays he, ſpeaking to the girl, that you may make up for the defects of your perſon, if there be any, by the ſweetneſs of your manners, and the agreeableneſs of your converſation.

MORALS.

We often make a falſe eſtimate in preferring our ornamental talents to our uſeful ones.

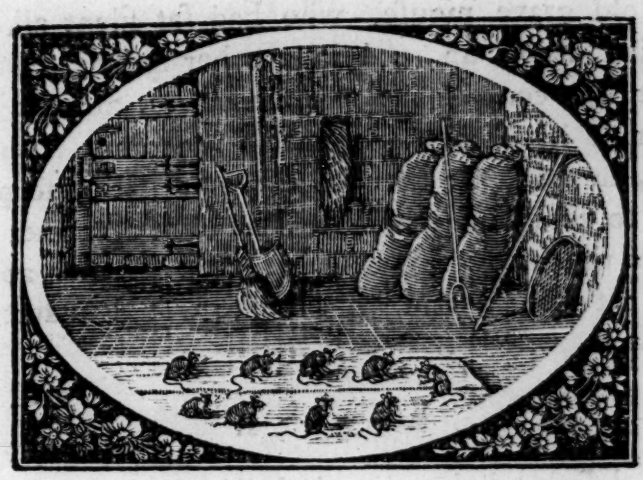
****

Ill manners may deform the faireſt face,
But gentleneſs gives uglineſs a grace:
Sure ſnarling Veny's *beauty leſs we prize,*
Than Pug's *black noſe with his good-natur'd eyes.*

REFLECTION.

There is ſcarce any thing we ſee in the world, eſpecially what belongs to and hangs about our own perſon, but is capable of affording us matter for ſome ſerious and uſeful conſideration. And this Fable, notwithſtanding the ſcene of it is laid at the very beginning and entrance of life, yet utters a doctrine worthy the attention of every ſtage and degree thereof, from the child to the old man. Let each of us take a glaſs, and view himſelf conſiderately. He, that is vain and ſelf-

conceited, will find beauties in every feature, and his whole ſhape will be without fault. Let it be ſo; yet, if he would be complete, he muſt take care that the inward man does not detract from and diſgrace the outward; that the depravity of his manners does not ſpoil his face, nor the wrongneſs of his behaviour diſtort his limbs; or, which is the ſame thing, make his whole perſon odious and deteſtable to the eye of his beholders. Is any one modeſt in this reſpect, and deficient of himſelf? Or has he indeed blemiſhes and imperfections, which may depreciate him in the ſight of mankind? Let him ſtrive to improve the faculties of the mind, where perhaps nature has not crampt him; and to excel in the beauties of a good temper and an agreeable converſation, the charms of which are ſo much more laſting and unalterably endearing, than thoſe of the other ſort. They who are beautiful in perſon have this peculiar advantage that, with a moderate regard to complaiſance and good-manners, they beſpeak every one's opinion in their favour. But then, be the outſide of a man ever ſo rough and uncouth, if his acquired accompliſhments are but ſweet and engaging, how eaſily do we overlook the reſt, and value him, like an oriental jewel, not by a glittering outſide, which is common to baſer ſtones, but by his true intrinſic worth, his bright imagination, his clear reaſon, and the tranſparent ſincerity of his honeſt heart.



FABLE XLV.

The Mice *in* Council.

THE Mice called a general council; and, having met, after the doors were locked, entered into a free conſultation about ways and means how to render their fortunes and eſtates more ſecure from the danger of the cat. Many things were offered, and much was debated, *pro* and *con*, upon the matter. At laſt a young mouſe, in a fine florid ſpeech, concluded upon an expedient, and that the only one, which was to put them, for the future, entirely out of the power of the enemy; and this was, that the cat ſhould wear a bell about her neck, which upon the leaſt motion would give the alarm, and be a ſignal for them to retire into their holes. This ſpeech was received with great applauſe, and it was even propoſed by ſome, that the mouſe who made it ſhould have the thanks of the aſſembly. Upon which,

an

an old grave mouſe, who had ſat ſilent all the while, ſtood up, and in another ſpeech, owned that the contrivance was admirable, and the author of it, without doubt, an ingenious mouſe; but, he ſaid, he thought it would not be ſo proper to vote him thanks, till he ſhould farther inform them how this bell was to be faſtened about the cat's neck, and what mouſe would undertake to do it.

MORALS.

The different lights, in which things appear to different judgments, recommend candor to the opinions of others, even at the time we retain our own.

****

Not urg'd by vain ambition's *airy dreams,*
Or ſpecious wit, *does* wiſdom *form her ſchemes,*
Poiſe well the ſcales, with due reflection *ſcan*
The means propos'd, *and then adopt a plan.*

REFLECTION.

Many things appear feaſible in ſpeculation, which are afterwards found to be impracticable. And ſince the execution of any thing is that which is to complete and finiſh its very exiſtence, what raw counſellors are thoſe who adviſe, what precipitate politicians thoſe who proceed, to the management of things in their nature incapable of anſwering their own expectations, or their promiſes to others. At the ſame time, the Fable teaches us not to expoſe ourſelves in any of our little politic coffee-houſe committees, by determining

ning what ſhould be done upon every occurrence of mal-adminiſtration, when we have neither commiſſion nor power to execute it. He that, upon ſuch occaſion, adjudges, as a preſervative for the ſtate, that this or that ſhould be applied to the neck of thoſe who have been enemies to it, will appear full as ridiculous as the mouſe in the Fable, when the queſtion is aſked, Who ſhall put it there? In reality, we do but expoſe ourſelves to the hatred of ſome, and the contempt of others, when we inadvertently utter our impracticable ſpeculations, in reſpect of the public, either in private company, or authorized aſſemblies.

FABLE XLVI.

The Old Man *and* Death.

A Poor feeble old man, who had crawled out into a neighbouring wood to gather a few ſticks, had made up his bundle, and, laying it over his ſhoulders, was trudging homeward with it; but, what with age, and the length of the way, and

and the weight of his burden, he grew ſo faint and weak that he ſunk under it; and, as he ſat on the ground, called upon death to come, once for all, and eaſe him of his troubles. Death no ſooner heard him, but he came and demanded of him what he wanted. The poor old creature, who little thought Death had been ſo near, and frighted almoſt out of his ſenſes with his terrible aſpect, anſwered him trembling: That having by chance let his bundle of ſticks fall, and being too infirm to get it up himſelf, he had made bold to call upon him to help him; that, indeed, this was all he wanted at preſent; and that he hoped his worſhip was not offended with him for the liberty he had taken in ſo doing.

Morals.

Men under calamity may ſeem to wiſh for death; but they ſeldom bid him welcome when he ſtares them in the face.

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"Oh with what joy would I reſign my breath!"
The wretch exclaims, and prays for inſtant death:
The fiend approaching, he inverts his pray'r,
"Oh grant me life, and double all my care!"

Reflection.

This Fable gives us a lively repreſentation of the general behaviour of mankind towards that grim king of terrors, death. Such liberties do they

they take with him behind his back, that upon every little croſs accident which happens in their way, Death is immediately called upon; and they even wiſh it might be lawful for them to finiſh by their own hands a life ſo odious, ſo perpetually tormenting and vexatious. When, let but Death only offer to make his appearance, and the very ſenſe of his near approach almoſt does the buſineſs: Oh then, all they want is a longer life; and they would be glad to come off ſo well, as to have their old burden laid upon their ſhoulders again. One may well conclude what an utter averſion they, who are in youth, health, and vigor of body, have to dying, when age, poverty, and wretchedneſs, are not ſufficient to reconcile us to the thought.

FABLE XLVII.

The Crow *and the* Pitcher.

A CROW, ready to die with thirſt, flew with joy to a pitcher which he beheld at ſome diſtance. When he came, he found water in it indeed, but ſo near the bottom, that with all his ſtooping and ſtraining, he was not able to reach it. Then he endeavoured to overturn the pitcher, that ſo at leaſt he might be able to get a little of it: But his ſtrength was not ſufficient for this. At laſt, ſeeing ſome pebbles lie near the place, he caſt them one by one into the pitcher; and thus, by degrees, raiſed the water up to the very brim, and ſatisfied his thirſt.

MORALS.

What we cannot compaſs by force, we may by invention and induſtry.

When

When frowning *fates thy ſanguine* hopes *defeat,*
And virtuous aims with diſappointment *meet,*
Submit not to deſpair, *th' attempt renew,*
And riſe ſuperior *to the* vulgar *crew.*

REFLECTION.

Many things which cannot be effected by ſtrength, or by the old vulgar way of enterpriſing, may yet be brought about by ſome new and untried means. A man of ſagacity and penetration, upon encountering a difficulty or two, does not immediately deſpair; but if he cannot ſucceed one way, employs his wit and ingenuity another; and, to avoid or get over an impediment, makes no ſcruple of ſtepping out of the path of his forefathers. Since our happineſs, next to the regulation of our minds, depends altogether upon our having and enjoying the conveniences of life, why ſhould we ſtand upon ceremony about the methods of obtaining them, or pay any deference to antiquity upon that ſcore? If almoſt every age had not exerted itſelf in ſome new improvements of its own, we ſhould want a thouſand arts; or, at leaſt, many degrees of perfection in every art, which at preſent we are in poſſeſſion of. The invention of any thing, which is more commodious for the mind or body, than what they had before, ought to be embraced readily, and the projector of it diſtinguiſhed with a ſuitable encouragement. Such as the uſe of the compaſs, for example, from which mankind reaps ſo much benefit and advantage, and which was not known to former ages. When we follow the ſteps of thoſe who have gone before us in the old beaten tract of life, how do we differ from horſes in a team, which are linked to each other by a chain of harneſs, and move on in a dull heavy pace to

the tune of their leader's bells? But the man who enriches the preſent fund of knowledge with ſome new and uſeful improvement, like a happy adventurer at ſea, diſcovers, as it were, an unknown land, and imports an additional trade into his own country.

FABLE XLVIII.

The Fox *and the* Grapes.

A Fox, very hungry, chanced to come into a Vineyard, where there hung bunches of charming ripe grapes; but nailed up to a trellis ſo high, that he leaped till he quite tired himſelf without being able to reach one of them. At laſt, Let who will take them! ſays he; they are but green and ſour; ſo I'll ev'n let them alone.

MORALS.

MORALS.

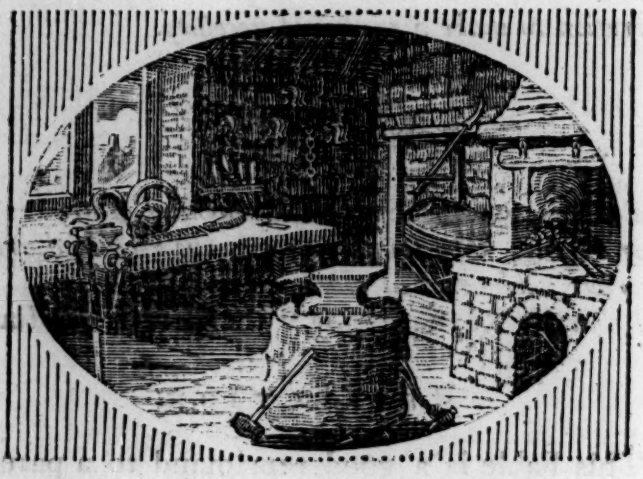
When a man finds it impoſſible to obtain the things he longs for, it is a mark of ſound wiſdom and diſcretion to make a virtue of neceſſity.

Old maids, who loath the matrimonial ſtate,
Poor rogues, who laugh to ſcorn the rich and great,
Patriots, who rail at placemen and at pow'r,
All, like ſly Reynard, *ſay* "the Grapes are ſour."

REFLECTION.

This Fable is a good reprimand to a parcel of vain coxcombs in the world, who, becauſe they would never be thought to be diſappointed in any of their purſuits, pretend a diſlike to every thing which they cannot obtain. There is a ſtrange propenſity in mankind to this temper, and there are numbers of grumbling malecontents in every different faculty and ſect in life. The diſcarded ſtateſman, conſidering the corruption of the times, would not have any hand in the adminiſtration of affairs for all the world. The country 'ſquire damns a court life, and would not go cringing and creeping to a drawing room for the beſt place the King has in his diſpoſal. A young fellow being aſked how he liked a celebrated beauty, by whom all the world knew he was deſpiſed, anſwered, She had a ſtinking breath. How inſufferable is the pride of this poor creature man! who would ſtoop to the baſeſt, vileſt actions, rather than be thought not able to do any thing.

For what is more baſe and vile than lying? And when do we lye more notoriouſly, than when we diſparage and find fault with a thing for no other reaſon but becauſe it is out of our power.



FABLE XLIX.

The Viper *and the* File.

A VIPER entering a ſmith's ſhop, looked up and down for ſomething to eat, and ſeeing a file, fell to gnawing it as greedily as could be. The file told him, very gruffly, that he had beſt be quiet and let him alone; for that he would get very little by nibbling at one, who, upon occaſion, could bite iron and ſteel.

MORALS.

It's the fate of envy to attack thoſe characters, that are ſuperior to its malice.

Wit-

Witlings! beware, nor wantonly provoke
Thoſe who with int'reſt may repay the joke;
Some claim our pity who fall preys to wit,
But all men triumph o'er the Biter Bit.

Reflection.

By this Fable we are cautioned to conſider what any perſon is, before we make an attack upon him after any manner whatſoever: Particularly how we let our tongues ſlip in cenſuring the actions of thoſe who are, in the opinion of the world, not only of an unqueſtioned reputation, ſo that nobody will believe what we inſinuate againſt them; but of ſuch an influence, upon account of their own veracity, that the leaſt word from them would ruin our credit to all intents and purpoſes. If wit be the caſe, and we have a ſatirical vein, which at certain periods muſt have a flow, let us be cautious at whom we level it; for if the perſon's underſtanding be of better proof than our own, all our ingenious ſallies, like liquor ſquirted againſt the wind, will recoil back upon our own faces, and make us the ridicule of every ſpectator. This Fable, beſides, is not an improper emblem of Envy; which, rather than not bite at all, will fall foul where it can hurt nothing but itſelf; and ſuch is its malignancy, that the greateſt wits, and brighteſt characters in all ages, have ever been the objects of its attack: Ought we not then to guard againſt the admiſſion of an inmate, that not only attempts to injure the virtuous part of mankind, but alſo effectually ruins the peace of its poſſeſſor?

FABLE L.

The Mountains *in* Labour.

THE Mountains were ſaid to be in labour, and uttered moſt dreadful groans. People came together, far and near, to ſee what birth would be produced; and after they had waited a conſiderable time in expectation, out crept a mouſe.

MORALS.

To raiſe uncommon expectations renders an ordinary event ridiculous.

Thus the vain Alchymiſt, in promiſe bold,
Beholds projection big with MINES *of* GOLD:
But now, his glaſſes burſt, he thinks him rich
To ſave a little oil to cure the itch.

RE-

Reflection.

Great cry and little wool, is the *Engliſh* proverb; the ſenſe of which bears an exact proportion to this Fable. By which are expoſed, all thoſe who promiſe ſomething exceeding great, but come off with a production ridiculouſly little. Projectors of all kinds, who endeavour by artificial rumours to raiſe the expectations of mankind, and then by their mean performances defeat and diſappoint them, have, time out of mind, been laſhed with the recital of this Fable. How agreeably ſurpriſing is it to ſee an unpromiſing favourite, whom the caprice of fortune has placed at the helm of ſtate, ſerving the commonwealth with juſtice and integrity, inſtead of ſmothering and embezzling the public treaſure to his own private and wicked ends! And on the contrary, how melancholy, how dreadful! or rather, how exaſperating and provoking a ſight is it to behold one, whoſe conſtant declarations for liberty and the public good have raiſed people's expectations of him to the higheſt pitch, as ſoon as he is got into power exerting his whole art and cunning to ruin and enſlave his country! The ſanguine hopes of all thoſe that wiſhed well to virtue, and flattered themſelves with a reformation of every thing that oppoſed the well-being of the community, vaniſh away in ſmoke, and are loſt in a dark, gloomy, uncomfortable proſpect.

FABLE LI.

The two Frogs.

ONE hot ſultry ſummer, the lakes and ponds being almoſt every where dried up, a couple of frogs agreed to travel together in ſearch of water. At laſt they came to a deep well, and ſitting upon the brink of it, began to conſult, whether they ſhould leap in or no. One of them was for it; urging, that there was plenty of clear ſpring water, and no danger of being diſturbed. Well, ſays t'other, all this may be true; and yet I can't come into your opinion for my life: For, if the water ſhould happen to dry up here too, how ſhould we get out again?

MORALS.

We ought never to change our ſituation in life, without duly conſidering the conſequences of ſuch a change.

On

On things of moment *with thyſelf debate,*
Nor, inconſiderate, change *thy preſent ſtate;*
Nor on the ſpecious good *lay too much ſtreſs,*
Leſt greater *Ills incur, in ſhunning* leſs.

Reflection.

The moral of this Fable is intended to put us in mind *to look before we leap.* That we ſhould not undertake any action of importance, without conſidering firſt, what the event of it is like to prove, and how we ſhall be able to come off, upon ſuch and ſuch proviſos. A good General does not think he diminiſhes any thing of his character when he looks forward, beyond the main action, and concerts meaſures, in caſe there ſhould be occaſion, for a ſafe retreat.

How many unfortunate matches are ſtruck up every day for want of this wholſome conſideration? Profuſe living, and extravagant gaming, both which terminate in the ruin of thoſe that follow them, are moſtly owing to a neglect of this precaution. Wicked counſellors adviſe, and ignorant princes execute thoſe things, which afterwards they often dearly repent. Wars are begun by this blind ſtupidity, from which a ſtate is not able to extricate itſelf with either honour or ſafety; and projects are encouraged by the raſh acceſſion of thoſe, who never conſidered how they were to get out, 'till they had plunged themſelves irrecoverably into them.

FABLE LII.

The Thief *and the* Dog.

A Thief coming to rob a certain houſe in the night, was diſturbed in his attempts by a fierce vigilant dog, who kept barking at him continually. Upon which the thief, thinking to ſtop his mouth, threw him a piece of bread: But the dog refuſed it with indignation; telling him, that before, he only ſuſpected him to be a bad man; but now, upon his offering to bribe him, he was confirmed in his opinion; and that, as he was intruſted with the guardianſhip of his maſter's houſe, he ſhould never ceaſe barking while ſuch a rogue as he lay lurking about it.

MORALS

MORALS.

Nothing can alter the honeſt purpoſes of the man, who deſpiſes an inſidious bribe; and whoſe mind is proof againſt temptation.

Faithful *to* man, *and to thy conſcience* juſt,
Spurn *him who* tempts *thee to* betray *thy truſt.*
An honeſt mind's *the choiceſt gift of* heav'n,
How bleſt *to whom th'* etherial ſpark *is giv'n!*

REFLECTION.

A man who is very free in his proteſtations of friendſhip, or offers of great civility, upon the firſt interview, may meet with applauſe and eſteem from fools, but contrives his ſchemes of that ſort to little or no purpoſe, in the company of men of ſenſe.

It is a common and known maxim, to ſuſpect an enemy, even the more, for his endeavouring to convince us of his benevolence; becauſe the oddneſs of the thing puts us upon our guard, and make us conclude, that ſome pernicious deſign muſt be couched under ſo ſudden and unexpected a turn of behaviour: But it is no unneceſſary caution to be upon the watch againſt even indifferent people, when we perceive them uncommonly forward in their approaches of civility and kindneſs. The man, who at firſt ſight makes us an offer, which is due only to particular and well-acquainted friends, muſt be either a knave, and intends by ſuch a bait to draw us into his net; or a fool, with whom we ought to avoid having any communication.

Thus

Thus far the conſideration of this Fable may be uſeful to us in private life; what it contains farther, in relation to the public, is, That a man, truly honeſt, will never let his mouth be ſtopped with a bribe; but the greater the offer is which is deſigned to buy his ſilence, the louder, and more conſtantly, will he open againſt the miſcreants who would practiſe it upon him.

FABLE LIII.

Hercules *and the* Carter.

AS a clowniſh fellow was driving his Cart along a deep miry lane, the wheels ſtuck ſo faſt in the clay, that the horſes could not draw them out. Upon this, he fell a bawling and praying to *Hercules* to come and help him. *Hercules* looking down from a cloud, bid him not lie there, like an idle raſcal as he was, but get up and whip his horſes ſtoutly, and clap his ſhoulder

der to the wheel, adding, That this was the only way for him to obtain his aſſiſtance.

Morals.

Prayers and wiſhes amount to nothing: We muſt put forth our own honeſt endeavours to obtain ſucceſs on the aſſiſtance of heaven.

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Inactive wiſhes are but waſte of time,
And, without efforts, pray'rs themſelves a crime:
Vain are their hopes, who miracles expect,
And aſk from heaven what themſelves neglect.

Reflection.

This Fable ſhews us how vain and ill-grounded the expectations of thoſe people are, who imagine they can obtain whatever they want by importuning heaven with their prayers; for it is ſo agreeable to the nature of the Divine Being, to be better pleaſed with virtuous actions and an honeſt induſtry, than idle Prayers, that it is a ſort of blaſphemy to ſay otherwiſe. Theſe were the ſentiments of honeſt good heathens, who were ſtrangers to all revealed religion: But it is not ſtrange that they ſhould embrace and propagate ſuch a notion, ſince it is no other than the dictate of common reaſon. What is both ſtrange in itſelf, and ſurpriſing how it could be made ſo faſhionable, is, that moſt of thoſe whoſe reaſon ſhould be enlightened by Revelation, are very apt

to be guilty of this ſtupidity, and, by praying often for the comforts of life, to neglect that buſineſs which is the proper means of procuring them. How ſuch a miſtaken devotion came to prevail, one cannot imagine, unleſs from one of theſe two motives; either that people, by ſuch a veil of hypocriſy, would paſs themſelves upon mankind for better than they really are; or are influenced by unſkilful preachers (which is ſometimes, indeed too often, the caſe) to mind the world as little as poſſible, even to the neglect of their neceſſary callings. No queſtion but it is a great ſin for a man to fail in his trade or occupation, by running often to prayers; it being a demonſtration in itſelf, though the ſcripture had never ſaid it, that we pleaſe God moſt, when we are doing the moſt good: And how can we do more good, than by a ſober honeſt induſtry, *to provide for thoſe of our own houſhold*, and to endeavour *to have to give to him that needeth*. The man, who is virtuouſly and honeſtly engaged, is actually ſerving God all the while, and is more likely to have his ſilent wiſhes, accompanied with ſtrenuous endeavours, complied with by the Supreme Being, than he who begs with a fruitleſs vehemence, and ſolicits with an empty hand: A hand which would be more religious were it uſefully employed, and more devout, were it ſtretched forth to do good to thoſe that want it.

FABLE LIV.

The Sick Kite.

A KITE had been ſick a long time; and finding there were no hopes of recovery, begged of his mother to go to all the churches and religious houſes in the country, to try what prayers and promiſes would effect in his behalf. The old Kite replied: Indeed, dear Son, I would willingly undertake any thing to ſave your life, but I have great reaſon to deſpair of doing you any ſervice in the way you propoſe: For, with what face can I aſk any thing of the Gods in favour of one, whoſe whole life has been a continued ſcene of rapine and injuſtice, and who has not ſcrupled upon occaſion, to rob the very altars themſelves?

MORALS.

After a long life ſpent in acts of impiety and wickedneſs, we may juſtly ſuſpect the ſincerity of a death-bed repentance.

Thus early ſinning, and repenting late,
The dying debauchee would bribe his fate;
Pray'rs, alms, and promiſes he tries in vain,
Not ſick of follies paſt, but preſent pain.

REFLECTION.

The rehearſal of this Fable almoſt unavoidably draws our attention to that very ſerious and important point, the conſideration of a death-bed repentance. And, to expoſe the abſurdity of relying upon ſuch a weak foundation, we need only aſk the ſame queſtion with the Kite in the Fable: How can he, that has offended the Gods all his life-time by doing acts of diſhonour and injuſtice, expect that they ſhould be pleaſed with him at laſt, for no other reaſon but becauſe he fears he ſhall not be able to offend them any longer; when, in truth, ſuch a repentance can ſignify nothing, but a confirmation of his former impudence and folly? For ſure no ſtupidity can exceed that of the man who expects a future judgment, and yet can bear to commit any piece of injuſtice, with a ſenſe and deliberation of the fact.

FABLE LV.

The Two Pots.

AN earthen pot and one of braſs, ſtanding together upon the river's brink, were both carried away by the flowing in of the tide. The earthen pot ſhewed ſome uneaſineſs, as fearing he ſhould be broken; but his companion of braſs bid him be under no apprehenſions, for that he would take care of him. O! replies the other, keep as far off as ever you can, I intreat you; it is you I am moſt afraid of: For, whether the ſtream daſhes you againſt me, or me againſt you, I am ſure to be the ſufferer; and therefore, I beg of you, do not let us come near one another.

MORALS.

Reciprocal pleaſure and advantage is the only rational foundation for real friendſhip.

Born to the comforts of an humble ſtate,
Fly their embrace, if courted by the great,
Happy to learn, how ill you can afford
The vaſt expence of how-d'yes from my lord.

Reflection.

A man of a moderate fortune, who is contented with what he has, and finds he can live happily upon it, ſhould take care not to hazard and expoſe his felicity by conſorting with the great and the powerful. People of equal conditions may float down the current of life without hurting each other; but it is a point of ſome difficulty to ſteer one's courſe in the company of the great, ſo as to eſcape without a bulge. One would not chooſe to have one's little country-box ſituated in the neighbourhood of a very great man; for whether I ignorantly treſpaſs upon him, or he knowingly incroaches upon me, I only am like to be the ſufferer. I can neither entertain nor play with him upon his own terms; for that which is moderation and diverſion to him, in me would be extravagance and ruin.

FABLE LVI.

The Sparrow *and the* Hare.

A Hare, being ſeized by an Eagle, ſqueaked out in a moſt woful manner. A Sparrow that ſat upon a tree juſt by and ſaw it, could not forbear being unſeaſonably witty, but called out and ſaid to the Hare: So ho! what! ſit there and be killed? Pr'ythee, up and away; I dare ſay, if you would but try, ſo ſwift a creature as you are would eaſily eſcape from the Eagle. As he was going on with his cruel raillery, down came a Hawk, and ſnapt him up; and, notwithſtanding his vain cries and lamentations, fell a devouring of him in an inſtant. The Hare, who was juſt expiring, yet received comfort from this accident, even in the agonies of death; and, addreſſing her laſt words to the Sparrow, ſaid: You, who juſt now inſulted my misfortune with ſo much ſecurity,

rity, as you thought, may pleaſe to ſhew us how well you can bear the like, now it has befallen you.

MORALS

The mutability of human affairs is ſuch, that no ſituation, however ſeemingly advantageous, ought to make us jeſt with the misfortunes of others.

Tradeſman, inſult not, if a neighbour fail,
Leſt, by and by, yourſelf ſhould go to jail:
Nor, if a damſel ſlip, Prude, ſhake your head,
Leſt you yourſelf next month be brought to bed.

REFLECTION.

Nothing is more impertinent than for people to be giving their opinion and advice in caſes, in which, were they to be their own, themſelves would be as much at a loſs what to do. But ſo great an itch have moſt men to be directors in the affairs of others, either to ſhew the ſuperiority of their underſtanding, or their own ſecurity and exemption from the ills they would have removed, that they forwardly and conceitedly obtrude their counſel, even at the hazard of their own ſafety and reputation. There have been inſtances of thoſe, who, either officiouſly, or for the jeſt's ſake, have ſpent much of their time in reading lectures of oeconomy to the reſt of the world, when at the ſame time their own ill huſbandry has been ſuch, that they were forced to quit their dwelling, and take lodgings, while their goods were

were ſold to make a compoſition for the debts which they owed to petty tradeſmen.

Without giving more examples of this kind, of which every one may furniſh himſelf with enough from his own obſervation, we cannot but conclude, that none are greater objects of ridicule than they, who thus merrily aſſume a character, which, at the ſame time, by ſome incidents of their life, they convince us of their being ſo unfit for.

FABLE LVII.

The Cat *and the* Fox.

AS the Cat and the Fox were talking politics together, on a time, in the middle of the foreſt, *Reynard* ſaid, Let things turn out ever ſo bad, he did not care, for he had a thouſand tricks for them yet, before they ſhould hurt him: But pray, ſays he, Mrs Puſs, ſuppoſe there ſhould be

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an invaſion, what courſe do you deſign to take? Nay, ſays the Cat, I have but one ſhift for it, and if that won't do I am undone. I am ſorry for you, replies *Reynard*, with all my heart, and would gladly furniſh you with one or two of mine, but indeed, neighbour, as times go, it is not good to truſt; we muſt even be every one for himſelf, as the ſaying is, and ſo your humble ſervant. Theſe words were ſcarce out of his mouth, when they were alarmed with a pack of hounds that came upon them full cry. The Cat, by the help of her ſingle ſhift, ran up a tree, and ſat ſecurely among the top branches; from whence ſhe beheld *Reynard*, who had not been able to get out of ſight, over-taken with his thouſand tricks, and torn in as many pieces by the dogs which had ſurrounded him.

MORALS.

Succeſsful cunning often makes an oſtentatious pretenſion to wiſdom.

The ſly politician may boaſt of his arts,
How his budget is full, and by cunning he's guided;
But the wiſe and the wary, leſs proud of his parts,
With a ſingle expedient is better provided.

REFLECTION.

A man that ſets up for more cunning than the reſt of his neighbours, is generally a ſilly fellow at the bottom. Whoever is maſter of a little judgment and inſight into things, let him keep them to himſelf and make uſe of them as he ſees occaſion; but he ſhould not be teizing others with an idle and impertinent oſtentation of them. One good diſcreet expedient made uſe of upon an emergency, will do a man more real ſervice, and make others think better of him, than to have paſſed all along for a ſhrewd crafty knave, and be bubbled at laſt. When any one has been ſuch a coxcomb as to inſult his acquaintance, by pretending to more policy and ſtratagem than the reſt of mankind, they are apt to wiſh for ſome difficulty for him to ſhew his ſkill in; where, if he ſhould miſcarry, (as ten to one but he does) his misfortune, inſtead of pity, is ſure to be attended with laughter. He that ſets up for a biter, as the phraſe is, being generally intent upon his prey, or vain of ſhewing his art, frequently expoſes himſelf to the traps of one ſharper than himſelf, and incurs the ridicule of thoſe whom he deſigned to make ridiculous.

FABLE LVIII.

The Old Hound.

AN old Hound, who had been an excellent good one in his time, and given his maſter great ſport and ſatisfaction in many a chace, at laſt, by the effect of years, became feeble and unſerviceable. However, being in the field one day, when the Stag was almoſt run down, he happened to be the firſt that came in with him, and ſeized him by one of his haunches; but, his decayed and broken teeth not being able to keep their hold, the Deer eſcaped, and threw him quite out. Upon which, his maſter, being in a great paſſion, was going to ſtrike him, when the honeſt old creature is ſaid to have barked out his apology: Ah! do not ſtrike your poor old ſervant; it is not my heart and inclination, but my ſtrength and ſpeed that fail me. If what I now am diſpleaſes, pray don't forget what I have been.

MORALS.

MORALS.

Useful services, performed in youth, ought not to be cancelled by old age and infirmities.

O let not those, whom honest servants bless,
With cruel hand their age infirm oppress;
Forget their service past, their former truth,
And all the cares and labours of their youth.

REFLECTION.

This Fable may serve to give us a general view of the ingratitude of the greatest part of mankind. Notwithstanding all the civility and complaisance that is used among people where there is a common intercourse of business, yet, let the main spring, the probability of their being serviceable to each other, either in point of pleasure or profit, be but once broken, and farewel courtesy: So far from continuing any regard in behalf of past favours, that it is very well if they forbear doing any thing that is injurious. If the master had only ceased to caress and make much of the old hound when he was past doing any service, it had not been very strange; but to treat a poor creature ill, not for a failure of inclination, but merely a defect of nature, must, notwithstanding the crowd of examples there are to countenance it, be pronounced inhuman and unreasonable.

There are two accounts upon which people that have been useful are frequently neglected. One, when they are so decayed, either through age or some accident, that they are no longer

equal to the ſervices they have formerly done; the other, when the occaſion or emergency, which required ſuch talents, no longer exiſts. *Phædrus*, who more than once complains of the bad conſequences of age, makes no other application to this Fable, than by telling his friend *Philetus*, with ſome regret, that he wrote it with ſuch a view; having, it ſeems, been repaid with neglect, or worſe uſage, for ſervices done in his youth to thoſe, who were then able to afford him a better recompence.

FABLE LIX.

Two young Men *and the* Cook.

TWO young men went into a cook's ſhop, under pretence of buying meat; and while the cook's back was turned, one of them ſnatched up a piece of beef, and gave it to his companion, who preſently clapt it under his cloke. The cook turning

turning about again, and miſſing his beef, began to charge them with it; upon which, he that firſt took it ſwore bitterly he had none of it. He that had it ſwore as heartily, that he had taken up none of his meat. Why look ye, gentlemen, ſays the cook, I ſee your equivocation; and though I can't tell which of you has taken my meat, I am ſure, between you both, there's a thief, and a couple of raſcals.

Morals.

Evading the truth is juſt as blameable as denying it.

Thus quibbling thieves evade the charge,
Offend the laws, and go at large:
But though 'tis hard the crime to fix,
We know they're guilty by their tricks.

Reflection.

An honeſt man's word is as good as his oath; and ſo is a rogue's too; for he that will cheat and lye, why ſhould he ſcruple to forſwear himſelf? Is the latter more criminal than either of the former? An honeſt man needs no oath to oblige him; and a rogue only deceives you the more certainly by it, becauſe you think you have tied him up, and he is ſure you have not. In truth, it is not eaſy, with the eye of reaſon, to diſcern, that there is any good in ſwearing at all. We need not ſcruple to take an honeſt man's bare aſſeveration; and we ſhall do wrong if we believe a

rogue, though he ſwears by the moſt ſolemn oaths that can be invented.

There are, beſides, a ſort of people who are rogues, and yet don't know that they are ſuch; who, when they have taken an oath, make a ſcruple of breaking it, but rack their invention to evade it by ſome equivocation or other; by which, if they can but ſatisfy their acquaintance, and ſerve their own ſcheme, they think all is well, and never once conſider the black and heinous guilt which muſt attend ſuch a behaviour. They ſolemnly call the ſupreme Being to witneſs; to what? to a ſham, an evaſion, a lye. Thus theſe unthinking, prevaricating wretches, at the ſame time that they believe there is a God; act as if there were none; or, which is worſe, dare affront him in the higheſt degree. They who by ſwearing would clear themſelves of a crime, of which they are really guilty, need not be at much pains about wording their oath; for, expreſs themſelves how they will, they are ſure to be forſworn.

FABLE LX.

The Dog *and the* Sheep.

THE Dog ſued the ſheep for a debt, of which the Kite and the Wolf were to be judges. They, without debating long upon the matter, or making any ſcruple for want of evidence, gave ſentence for the plaintiff; who immediately tore the poor ſheep in pieces, and divided the ſpoil with the unjuſt judges.

MORALS.

We cannot reaſonably hope for juſtice in a court, where the judges are intereſted in the deciſion.

Whoſe life is ſafe, if try'd before a judge,
That to the hapleſs priſ'ner bears a grudge?
Whoſe property ſecur'd from lawleſs fury,
If any private int'reſt warps the jury?

Reflection.

Deplorable are the times, when open bare-faced villainy is protected and encouraged, when innocence is obnoxious, honeſty contemptible, and it is reckoned criminal to eſpouſe the cauſe of virtue. Men originally entered into covenants and ſimple compacts with each other for the promotion of their happineſs and well-being, for the eſtabliſhment of juſtice and public peace. How comes it then that they look ſtupidly on, and tamely acquieſce when wicked men pervert this end, and eſtabliſh an arbitrary tyranny of their own upon the foundation of fraud and oppreſſion? Among beaſts, who are incapable of being civiliſed by ſocial laws, it is no ſtrange thing to ſee innocent helpleſs ſheep fall a prey to dogs, wolves, and kites: But it is amazing how mankind could ever ſink down to ſuch a low degree of baſe cowardice, as to ſuffer ſome of the worſt of their ſpecies to uſurp a power over them, to ſuperſede the righteous laws of good government, and to exerciſe all kinds of injuſtice and hardſhip in gratifying their own vicious luſts. Wherever ſuch enormities are practiſed, it is when a few rapacious ſtateſmen combine together, to get and ſecure the power in their own hands, and agree to divide the ſpoils among themſelves. For as long as the cauſe is to be tried only among themſelves, no queſtion but they will always vouch for each other. But, at the ſame time, it is hard to deter-

determine which reſemble brutes moſt, they in acting, or the people in ſuffering them to act their vile ſelfiſh ſchemes.

FABLE LXI.

The Proud Frog.

AN Ox, grazing in a meadow, chanced to ſet his foot among a parcel of young frogs, and trod one of them to death. The reſt informed their mother, when ſhe came home, what had happened; telling her, that the beaſt which did it was the hugeſt creature that ever they ſaw in their lives. What, was it ſo big? ſays the old Frog, ſwelling and blowing up her ſpeckled belly to a great degree. Oh, bigger by a vaſt deal, ſay they. And ſo big? ſays ſhe, ſtraining herſelf yet more. Indeed, Mamma, ſay they, if you were to burſt yourſelf, you would never be

ſo

ſo big. She ſtrove yet again, and burſt herſelf indeed.

MORALS.

The ſilly ambition of vying with our ſuperiors, in ſtation and fortune, is the direct road to ruin.

Ye cits! of narrow means and ſmall eſtate,
View not with envy the luxurious great:
Think that from riot bankruptcies will come,
And mark your prudent neighbour worth a plumb.

REFLECTION.

Whenever a man endeavours to live equal with one of a greater fortune than himſelf, he is ſure to ſhare a like fate with the frog in the Fable. How many vain people, of moderate eaſy circumſtances, burſt and come to nothing, by vying with thoſe, whoſe eſtates are more ample than their own! Sir *Changeling Plumbſtock* was poſſeſſed of a very conſiderable demeſne, devolved to him by the death of an old uncle of the city, who had adopted him his heir. He had a falſe taſte of happineſs; and, without the leaſt oeconomy, truſting to the ſufficiency of his vaſt revenue, was reſolved to be out-done by no body, in ſhewiſh grandeur, and expenſive living. He gave five thouſand pounds for a piece of ground in the country, to ſet a houſe upon, the building and furniture of which coſt fifty thouſand more; and his gardens were proportionably magnificent: Beſides which, he thought himſelf under a neceſſity

ceſſity of buying out two or three tenements which ſtood in his neighbourhood, that he might have elbow room enough. All this he could very well bear; and ſtill might have been happy, had it not been for an unfortunate view which he one day happened to take of my Lord *Caſtlebuilder*'s gardens, which conſiſt of twenty acres, whereas his own were not above twelve. For from that time he grew penſive; and, before the enſuing winter, gave five and thirty years purchaſe for a dozen acres more to enlarge his gardens, built a couple of exorbitant green houſes, and a large pavilion at the farther end of a terraſs walk, the bare repairs and ſuperintendencies of all which call for the remaining part of his income. He is mortgaged pretty deep, and pays no body: But, being a privileged perſon, reſides altogether at a private cheap lodging in the city of *Weſtminſter*.

FABLE LXII.

The Dove *and the* Bee.

THE Bee, compelled by thirſt, went to drink in a clear purling rivulet; but the current, with its circling eddy, ſnatched her away, and carried her down the ſtream. A Dove, pitying her diſtreſſed condition, cropt a branch from a neighbouring tree, and let it fall into the water, by means of which the Bee ſaved herſelf, and got aſhore. Not long after, a Fowler, having a deſign upon the Dove, planted his nets and all his little artillery in due order, without the Bird's obſerving what he was about; which the Bee perceiving, juſt as he was going to put his deſign in execution ſhe bit him by the heel, and made him give ſo ſudden a ſtart, that the Dove took the alarm, and flew away.

MORALS.

MORALS.

Charity will have its rewards one time or other; for certain in the promiſed recompence hereafter, perhaps in a grateful return here.

Hail gratitude! the ſpark whence virtue ſprings,
And adoration to the king of kings;
The greateſt bliſs the feeling boſom knows,
The ſource whence every gen'rous action flows.

REFLECTION.

One good turn deſerves another; and gratitude is excited by ſo noble and natural a ſpirit, that he ought to be looked upon as the vileſt of creatures, who has no ſenſe of it. It is, indeed, ſo very juſt and equitable a thing, and ſo much every man's duty, that to ſpeak of it properly one ſhould not mention it as any thing meritorious, or that may claim praiſe and admiration, any more than we ſhould ſay a man ought to be rewarded or commended for not killing his father, or forbearing to ſet fire to his neighbour's houſe. The bright and ſhining piece of morality, therefore, which is recommended to us in this Fable, is ſet forth in this example of the dove, who, without any obligation or expectation, does a voluntary office of charity to its fellow-creature in diſtreſs. The conſtant uninterrupted practice of this virtue, is the only thing in which we are capable of imitating the great author of our Being; whoſe *beloved ſon*, beſides the many precepts he has given to inforce this duty, uſed this expreſſion as a common ſaying, *It is more bleſſed to give, than to receive.*

FABLE LXIII.

The Collier *and the* Fuller.

THE Collier and the Fuller, being old acquaintance, happened upon a time to meet together; and the latter, being but ill provided with a habitation, was invited by the former to come and live in the ſame houſe with him. I thank you, my dear friend, replies the Fuller, for your kind offer, but it cannot be; for if I were to dwell with you, whatever I ſhould take pains to ſcour and make clean in the morning, the duſt of you and your coals would blacken and defile, as bad as ever, before night.

MORALS.

MORALS.

We commonly imbibe the principles and manners of thoſe with whom we aſſociate.

With vice allied, however pure,
No virtue can be long ſecure:
Shun then the traitreſs and her wiles,
Whate'er ſhe touches ſhe defiles.

REFLECTION.

It is of no ſmall importance in life, to be cautious what company we keep, and with whom we enter into friendſhips: For though we are ever ſo well diſpoſed ourſelves, and happen to be ever ſo free from vice and debauchery, yet, if thoſe with whom we frequently converſe are engaged in a lewd wicked courſe, it will be almoſt impoſſible for us to eſcape being drawn in with them.

If we are truly wiſe, and would ſhun thoſe *ſiren* rocks of pleaſure, upon which ſo many have ſplit before us, we ſhould forbid ourſelves all manner of commerce and correſpondence with thoſe, who are ſteering a courſe, which, reaſon tells us, is not only not for our advantage, but muſt end in our deſtruction.

All the virtue we can boaſt of will not be ſufficient to inſure us, if we embark in bad company: For though our philoſophy were ſuch, as that we could preſerve ourſelves from being tainted and infected with their manners, yet their character would twiſt and entwine itſelf along with ours in ſo intricate a fold, that the world would not take the trouble to unravel and ſeparate them.

Reputations are of a ſubtle inſinuating texture like water; that which is derived from the cleareſt ſpring, if it chances to mix with a foul current, runs on, undiſtinguiſhed, in one muddy ſtream for the future, and muſt for ever partake of the colour and condition of its aſſociate.

FABLE LXIV.

The Boy *and his* Mother.

A Little Boy, who went to ſchool, ſtole one of his ſchool-fellow's horn-books, and brought it home to his mother; who was ſo far from correcting and diſcouraging him upon account of the theft, that ſhe commended and gave him an apple for his pains. In proceſs of time, as the child grew up to be a man, he accuſtomed himſelf to greater robberies; and at laſt, being apprehended and committed to gaol, he was tried and condemned for a felony. On the day of his execution, as the officers

officers were conducting him to the gallows, he was attended by a vaſt crowd of people, and among the reſt by his mother, who came ſighing and ſobbing along, and deploring extremely her ſon's unhappy fate; which the criminal obſerving, he called to the ſheriff, and begged the favour of him, that he would give him leave to ſpeak a word or two to his poor afflicted mother. The ſheriff (as who would deny a dying man ſo reaſonable a requeſt) gave him permiſſion; and the felon, while every one thought he was whiſpering ſomething of importance to his mother, bit off her ear, to the great offence and ſurprize of the whole aſſembly. What, ſay they, was not this villain contented with the impious facts which he has already committed, but he muſt increaſe the number of them, by doing this violence to his mother? Good people, replied he, I would not have you be under a miſtake; that wicked woman deſerves this, and even worſe at my hands; for if ſhe had chaſtiſed and chid, inſtead of rewarding and careſſing me, when in my infancy I ſtole the horn-book from the ſchool, I had not come to this ignominious untimely end.

MORALS.

Youthful minds, like the pliant wax, are ſuſceptible of the moſt laſting impreſſions, and the good or evil bias they then receive is ſeldom or ever eradicated.

Fathers and mothers! train your childrens' youth
To virtue, honour, honeſty, and truth;
Dreadful! to bring about your child's damnation,
And give your ſons a Tyburn *education.*

Reflection.

Notwithſtanding the great innate depravity of mankind, one need not ſcruple to affirm, that moſt of the wickedneſs, which is ſo frequent and ſo pernicious in the world, ariſes from a bad education; and that the child is obliged either to the example or connivance of its parents, for moſt of the vicious habits which it wears through the courſe of its future life. The mind of one that is young, is like wax, ſoft, and capable of any impreſſion which is given it: but it is hardened by time, and the firſt ſignature grows ſo firm and durable, that ſcarce any pains or application can eraſe it. It is a miſtaken notion in people, when they imagine that there is no occaſion for regulating or reſtraining the actions of very young children, which tho' allowed to be ſometimes very naughty in thoſe of a more advanced age, are in them, they ſuppoſe, altogether innocent and inoffenſive. But, however innocent they may be, as to their intention then, yet, as the practice may grow upon them unobſerved, and root itſelf into a habit, they ought to be checked and diſcountenanced in their firſt efforts towards any thing that is injurious or diſhoneſt; that the love of virtue and the abhorrence of wrong and oppreſſion may be let into their minds, at the ſame time that they receive the very firſt dawn of underſtanding, and glimmering of reaſon. Whatever guilt ariſes from the actions of one, whoſe education has been deficient

deficient as to this point, no queſtion but a juſt ſhare of it will be laid, by the great judge of the world, to the charge of thoſe who were, or ſhould have been, his inſtructors.

FABLE LXV.

The Wanton Calf.

A Calf, full of play and wantonneſs, ſeeing the Ox at plough, could not forbear inſulting him. What a ſorry poor drudge art thou, ſays he, to bear that heavy yoke upon your neck, and go all day drawing a plough at your tail, to turn up the ground for your maſter! But you are a wretched dull ſlave, and know no better, or elſe you would not do it. See what a happy life I lead; I go juſt where I pleaſe; ſometimes I lie down under the cool ſhade; ſometimes friſk about in the open ſhunſhine; and, when I pleaſe, ſlake

my thirſt in the clear ſweet brook: But you, if you were to periſh, have not ſo much as a little dirty water to refreſh you. The Ox, not at all moved with what he ſaid, went quietly and calmly on with his work; and, in the evening, was unyoked and turned looſe. Soon after which he ſaw the Calf taken out of the field, and delivered into the hands of a prieſt, who immediately led him to the altar, and prepared to ſacrifice him. His head was hung round with fillets of flowers, and the fatal knife was juſt a going to be applied to his throat, when the Ox drew near and whiſpered him to this purpoſe: Behold the end of your inſolence and arrogance; it was for this only you were ſuffered to live at all; and pray now, friend, whoſe condition is beſt, yours or mine?

MORALS.

To inſult people in diſtreſs is the property of a cruel, indiſcreet, and giddy temper; for, on the next turn of fortune's wheel, we may be thrown down to their condition, and they exalted to ours.

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Thus oft th' induſtrious poor endures reproach
From rogues in lace, and ſharpers in a coach;
But ſoon to Tyburn *ſees the villains led,*
While he ſtill earns in peace his daily bread.

REFLECTION.

We may learn by this Fable the conſequence of an idle life, and how well ſatisfied laborious diligent

diligent men are, in the end, when they come quietly to enjoy the fruits of their induſtry. They, who by little tricks and ſharpings, or by open violence and robbery, live in a high extenſive way, often, in their hearts at leaſt, deſpiſe the poor honeſt man, who is contented with the virtuous product of his daily labour, and patiently ſubmits to his deſtiny. But how often is the poor man comforted, by ſeeing theſe wanton villains led in triumph to the altar of juſtice, while he has many a chearful ſummer's morning to enjoy abroad, and many a long winter's evening to indulge himſelf in at home, by a quiet hearth, and under an unenvied roof: Bleſſings, which often attend a ſober, induſtrious man, though the idle and the profligate are utter ſtrangers to them.

Luxury and intemperance, beſides their being certain to ſhorten a man's days, are very apt not only to engage people with their ſeeming charms into a debauched life, utterly prejudicial to their health, but to make them have a contempt for others, whoſe good ſenſe and true taſte of happineſs inſpire them with an averſion to idleneſs and effeminacy, and put them upon hardening their conſtitution by innocent exerciſe and laudable employment. How many do gluttony and ſloth tumble into an untimely grave! while the temperate and the active drink ſober draughts of life, and ſpin out their thread to the moſt deſirable length.

FA-

FABLE LXVI.

Jupiter *and the* Herdſman.

A Herdſman, miſſing a young heifer that belonged to his herd, went up and down the foreſt to ſeek it. And having walked a great deal of ground to no purpoſe, he fell a praying to *Jupiter* for relief; promiſing to ſacrifice a Kid to him, if he would help him to a diſcovery of the thief. After this, he went on a little farther, and came near a grove of oaks, where he found the carcaſe of his heifer, and a lion grumbling over it, and feeding upon it. This ſight almoſt ſcared him out of his wits; ſo down he fell upon his knees once more, and addreſſing himſelf to *Jupiter*; O *Jupiter!* ſays he, I promiſed thee a kid to ſhew me the thief, but now I promiſe thee a bull, if thou wilt be ſo merciful as to deliver me out of his clutches.

MORALS.

MORALS.

We ought never to ſupplicate the divine power, but through motives of religion and virtue; prayers, dictated by paſſion or intereſt, are unacceptable to the Deity.

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Short-ſighted wretch! endure thy care,
Nor heave th' impatient ſigh:
Heav'n hears thee, but perhaps thy pray'r
'Tis mercy to deny.

REFLECTION.

How ignorant and ſtupid are ſome people, who form their notions of the ſupreme Being from their own poor ſhallow conceptions; and then, like froward children with their nurſes, think it conſiſtent with infinite wiſdom, and unerring juſtice, to comply with all their whimſical petitions. Let men but live as juſtly as they can, and juſt Providence will give them what they ought to have. Of all the involuntary ſins which men commit, ſcarce any are more frequent, than that of their praying abſurdly and improperly, as well as unſeaſonably, when their time might have been employed ſo much better. The many private collections, fold up and down the nation, do not a little contribute to this injudicious practice: Which is the more to be condemned, in that we have ſo incomparable a public liturgy; one ſingle addreſs whereof (except the Lord's prayer) may be pronounced to be the beſt that ever was compiled; and alone preferable to all the various manuals of occaſional devotion, which are vend-

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ed by hawkers and pedlars about our ſtreets. It is as follows:

Almighty God, the fountain of all wiſdom, who knoweſt our neceſſities before we aſk, and our ignorance in aſking; we beſeech thee to have compaſſion upon our infirmities; and thoſe things, which for our unworthineſs we dare not, and for our blindneſs we cannot aſk, vouchſafe to give us, for the worthineſs of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt *our Lord.*

FABLE LXVII.

There's no To-morrow.

A Man, who had lived a very profligate life, at length being awakened by the lively repreſentations of a ſober friend on the apprehenſions of a feveriſh indiſpoſition, promiſed, That he would heartily ſet about his reformation, and that To-morrow he would ſeriouſly begin it. But the ſymptoms going off, and that To-morrow coming,

coming, he ſtill put it off till the next, and ſo he went on from one To-morrow to another; but ſtill he continued his reprobate life. This his friend obſerving ſaid to him, I am very much concerned to find how little effect my diſintereſted advice has upon you: But, my friend, let me tell you, that ſince your To-morrow never comes, nor do you ſeem to intend it ſhall, I will believe you no more, except you ſet about your repentance and amendment this very moment: for, to ſay nothing of your repeated broken promiſes, you muſt conſider, that the time that is paſt is no more; that To-morrow is *not* OURS; and the *preſent* NOW is all we have to boaſt of.

MORALS.

That compunction of heart cannot be ſincere, which takes not immediate effect, and can be put of till To-morrow. The friend's cloſing obſervation in the Fable is ſo good a moral, that we need add nothing to it.

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Eager *to mend, and* brookleſs *of delay,*
Sincere *repentance waits no* future *day;*
The preſent *moment only* is *allow'd;*
Uncertain *hopes and fears* to-morrow *ſhroud.*

REFLECTION.

Whoever conſiders this emblem, will find it to be his own caſe; we promiſe, and we put off, and

and we ſin, and go on ſinning: but ſtill, as our conſcience checks us for it, we take up faint purpoſes, and half reſolutions, to do ſo no more, and to lead a new life for the future. Thus, with the young fellow here, we indulge ourſelves in our pleaſures from time to time; and when we have trifled away our lives, day after day, from one To-morrow to another, that ſame To-morrow never comes. This is the ſluggard's plea and practice; the libertine's, the miſer's; and in ſhort, whoſe is it not? Now, if we would but conſider the vanity and vexation of lewd courſe of life; the impiety firſt of entering into vows, which we intend beforehand not to perform, and afterward of breaking them; the folly and the preſumption of undertaking any thing that is wholly out of our power; the neceſſity of improving every moment of our lives; the deſperate and the irreparable hazard of looſing opportunities; we ſhould not venture body and ſoul upon the neceſſity of a procraſtinated repentance, and poſtpone the moſt certain duties of a man, and of a chriſtian; for there is no To-morrow, nor any thing, in truth, but the preſent inſtant, that we can call our own.

PART III.

FABLES in VERSE.

FABLE I.

The Cuckoo Traveller.

A Cuckoo once, as Cuckoos uſe,
Who'd been upon a winter's cruiſe,
Return'd with the returning ſpring—
Some hundred brothers of the wing,
Curious to hear from foreign realms,
Got round him in a tuft of elms.
He ſhook his pinions, ſtruck his beak,
Attempted twice or thrice to ſpeak;

At length, up-riſing on his ſtand,

" Old England! Well, the land's a land!
" But rat me, gentlemen, ſays he,
" We paſſage-fowl that croſs the ſea
" Have vaſt advantages o'er you;
" Whoſe native woods are all you view.
" The ſeaſon paſt, I took a jaunt
" Among the iſles of the Levant;
" Where, by the way, I ſtuff'd my guts,
" With almonds and piſtachio nuts.
" 'Twas then my whim ſome weeks to be
" In that choice garden, Italy:
" But, underneath the ſky's expanſe,
" No climate like the ſouth of France!
" You've often heard, I dare to ſwear,
" How plenty ortolans are there;
" 'Tis true, and more delicious meat,
" Upon my honour, I ne'er eat;
" The eggs are good; it was ill luck,
" What day I had not ten to ſuck;
" Yet notwithſtanding, to my *goût*,
" The bird's the ſweeter of the two."

He went on, talking pert and loud,
When an old Raven, 'mongſt the crowd,
Stopp'd ſhort his inſolent career—
" Why, what a monſt'rous buſtle's here!
" You travell'd Sir! I ſpeak to you,
" Who've paſs'd ſo many countries thro';
" Say, to what purpoſe is't you roam,
" And what improvements bring you home?
" Has Italy, on which you doat,
" Supply'd you with another note?

" Or

" Or France, which you extol ſo high,
" Taught you with better grace to fly?
" I cannot ſee that both together
" Have alter'd you a ſingle feather:
" Then tell not us of where you've been,
" Of what you've done, or what you've ſeen;
" While you, and all your rambling pack,
" Cuckoos go out, Cuckoos come back."

FABLE II.

The Ant *and the* Graſshopper.

'TWAS that bleak ſeaſon of the year,
In which no ſmiles, no charms appear;
Bare were the trees; the rivers froze;
The hills and mountains capt with ſnows;
When, lodging ſcarce, and victuals ſcant,
A Graſshopper addreſs'd an Ant:

And, in a ſupplicating tone,
Begg'd he would make her caſe his own.

" It was, indeed, a bitter taſk,
" To thoſe who were unus'd to aſk ;
" Yet ſhe was forc'd the truth to ſay,
" She had not broke her faſt that day ;
" His worſhip, tho' with plenty bleſs'd,
" Knew how to pity the diſtreſs'd ;
" A grain of corn to her was gold,
" And Heav'n would yield him fifty-fold."

The Ant beheld her wretched plight,
Nor ſeem'd unfeeling at the ſight ;
Yet, ſtill inquiſitive to know,
How ſhe became reduc'd ſo low,
Aſk'd her, we'll e'en ſuppoſe in rhime,
What ſhe did all the ſummer time ?

" In ſummer time, good Sir," ſaid ſhe,
" Ah ! theſe were merry months with me !
" I thought of nothing but delight,
" And ſung, Lord help me ! day and night :
" Through yonder meadows did you paſs,
" You muſt have heard me in the graſs."

" Ah ! cry'd the Ant, and knit his brow—
" But 'tis enough I hear you now ;
" And, Madam-ſongſtreſs, to be plain,
" You ſeek my charity in vain :
" What, ſhall th' induſtrious yield his due,
" To thriftleſs vagabonds like you !

" Some

" Some corn I have, but none to ſpare,
" Next ſummer learn to take more care;
" And in your frolic moods remember,
" July is follow'd by December."

FABLE III.

The Wolf *and the* Dog.

A Prowling Wolf, that ſcour'd the plains,
To eaſe his hunger's griping pains,
Ragged as courtier in diſgrace,
Hide-bound, and lean, and out of caſe,
By chance a well-fed Dog eſpy'd,
And being kin, and near ally'd,
He civilly ſalutes the cur;
How do you, Cuz? " Your ſervant, ſir!
" O happy friend! how gay thy mien!
" How plump thy ſides, how ſleek thy ſkin!

" Triumphant plenty ſhines all o'er,
" And the fat melts at ev'ry pore !
" While I, alas ! decay'd, and old,
" With hunger pin'd and ſtiff with cold,
" With many a howl, and hideous groan,
" Tell the relentleſs woods my moan.
" Pr'ythee (my happy friend !) impart
" Thy wond'rous, cunning, thriving art.
" Why, faith, I'll tell thee as a friend,
" But firſt thy ſurly manners mend;
" Be complaiſant, obliging, kind,
" And leave the wolf for once behind."
The Wolf, whoſe mouth begun to water,
With joy and rapture gallop'd after,
When thus the dog; " at bed and board,
" I ſhare the plenty of my lord;
" From ev'ry gueſt I claim a fee,
" Who court my lord by bribing me:
" In mirth I revel all the day,
" And many a game at romps I play:
" I fetch and carry, leap o'er ſticks,
" With twenty ſuch diverting tricks."
" 'Tis pretty, faith," the Wolf reply'd,
And on his neck the collar ſpy'd:
He ſtarts, and without more ado,
He bids the abject wretch adieu:
" Enjoy your dainties, friend, to me
" The nobleſt feaſt is liberty,
" The famiſh'd Wolf, upon theſe deſart plains,
" Is happier than a fawning cur in chains."

FABLE IV.

The Nightingale.

HOW few with patience can endure
The evils they themſelves procure.
A Nightingale, with ſnares beſet,
At laſt was taken in a net:
When firſt ſhe found her wings confin'd,
She beat and flutter'd in the wind,
Still thinking ſhe could fly away;
Still hoping to regain the ſpray:
But, finding there was no retreat,
Her little heart with anger beat;
Nor did it aught abate her rage,
To be tranſmitted to a cage.
The wire apartment, tho' commodious,
To her appear'd exceſſive odious;
And tho' it furniſh'd drink and meat,
She car'd not, for ſhe could not eat;

'Twas

'Twas not ſupplying her with food;
She lik'd to gather it from the wood:
And water clear, her thirſt to ſlake,
She choſe to ſip from the cool lake:
And, when ſhe ſung herſelf to reſt,
'Twas in what hedge ſhe lik'd the beſt:
And thus, becauſe ſhe was not free,
Hating the chain of ſlavery,
She rather added link to link:
—Juſt ſo men reach misfortune's brink.
At length, revolving on her ſtate,
She cries, "I might have met worſe fate,
"Been ſeiz'd by kites or prowling cat,
"Or ſtifled in a ſchool boy's hat;
"Or been the firſt unlucky mark,
"Sure hit by ſome fantaſtic ſpark."
Then conſcience told her, want of care
Had made her fall into the ſnare;
That men were free their nets to throw;
And birds were free to come or go:
And all the evils ſhe lamented,
By caution, might have been prevented.
So, on her perch more pleas'd ſhe ſtood,
And peck'd the kindly offer'd food;
Reſolved, with patience, to endure
Ills ſhe had brought, but could not cure.

FABLE V.

The two Foxes.

TWO hungry Foxes once agreed
To execute a bloody deed,
And make the farmers poultry bleed.
Thus, as their rage was very hot,
Cocks, hens, and chickens went to pot.
The one (the ſlaughter being o'er)
Young, and a perfect epicure,
Propos'd on all the ſpoil to ſup,
And at one meal to eat it up.
The other old, at heart a miſer,
Refus'd his ſcheme, and thought it wiſer
To lay aſide ſome of the prey,
And ſo provide for a bad day.
"Liſten, my child, ſays he, to age;
"Experience has made me ſage:

"I know

" I know the various turns of fate:
" How changeable is ev'ry ſtate!
" A mighty treaſure we have found;
" Succeſs has all our wiſhes crown'd;
" See! the vaſt havock all around!
" O let us not be laviſh, ſon,
" Nor throw away what we have won!
" O let us not conſume our ſtore,
" But, being frugal, make it more!
" Your fine harangue, replies the other,
" Might take, were I a griping brother:
" But, as I'm generous and free,
" It ne'er ſhall have effect on me.
" I'll live, old daddy, while I may
" Indulge my noble ſelf with prey,
" And feaſt—in ſpite of all you ſay.
" But ſhou'd I not—why, to our ſorrow,
" The fowls will ſtink before to-morrow.
" If we return—the clown will watch us;
" And, hang the dog, he'll ſurely catch us:
" In ambuſh he will watch our waters,
" Or elſe with dogs beat up our quarters."
This ſaid, each fox, himſelf obey'd,
Purſu'd the ſcheme that he had laid.
The younger one fell to the meat;—
And dy'd o'ercharg'd with what he eat.
The old one, as with joy next morning,
To his hid ſpoil he was returning,
Ta'en by the farmer in ſurprize,
Fell by his hand a ſacrifice.
Thus each man has his ruling paſſion,
And ev'ry age its inclination:

The young are heedleſs in their meaſures,
And boundleſs in purſuit of pleaſures:
The old are all perſuaſion paſt,
Poſitive, and griping to the laſt.

FABLE VI.

The Butterfly *and* Boy.

'TWAS on a day ſerene and fair,
The ſun was bright and æther clear,
The rocking winds were lull'd to reſt,
And ev'ry murmuring gale ſuppreſt;
When, tempted by th' alluring heat,
A Fly forſook her dark retreat
To taſte the ſweetneſs of the ſkies,
And tinge her wings with various dyes;
Reſtleſs ſhe rov'd her narrow tour,
And borrow'd paint from ev'ry flow'r;
Till, deck'd with all the inſect grace,
She ſparkled faireſt of her race.

In

In all her ſplendor, pomp, and pride,
The winged-gem a Boy eſpy'd;
Who, pleas'd to ſee how bright it ſhone,
Reſolv'd to make the prize his own;
And ſtraight with ſpeed began to trace
The gilded Fly from place to place:
But, conſcious of ſome danger near,
The Butterfly her courſe would ſteer
Now high, then low, now here, then there,
To balk the aim, or ſhun the blow
She juſtly dreaded from her foe.
The Lad, ſtill eager to purſue
The Fly that always kept in view,
Thro' many a lane and meadow went,
His ſoul ſo on the prize was bent,
Undaunted ran from morn to noon,
To gain the heart-enchanting boon.
At length, when ſweat bedew'd his face,
And almoſt weary of the chace,
The Fly in evil hour is caught,
And homewards by the conqueror brought;
Who vainly hop'd, the glorious ſpoil
Would more than recompence his toil:
But while, with pleaſure and ſurprize,
Her form and beauty feaſt his eyes,
The Fly eſcapes, and mounts the ſkies,
With rallied force augments her flight,
And quick evades his keeneſt ſight;
Then he, deluded youth! gave o'er
All hope to find the booty more.
Enrag'd condemns his cruel fate,
And wept his folly—but too late.

Thus

Thus fooliſh mortals waſte their days,
In ſeeking pleaſures, wealth and praiſe;
They hunt for honours, titles, fame,
And riſk their ſouls to gain a—name:
Chaſe every glitt'ring toy they ſpy,
Juſt as the Lad purſu'd the Fly,
And e'er they graſp the bauble—die.

FABLE VII.

The Hounds *in* Couples.

WEdlock, a name not much in faſhion,
Subſervient oft times is to paſſion.
How oft we ſee a thoughtleſs pair,
Brought up by nature's foſt'ring care,
When love firſt fires their youthful breaſt,
Pant with impatience to be bleſt:
Tempers unſtudied! thoughts untried!
Yet ſigh alas!—to be allied.
Becauſe their hours of courtſhip run
Sweet, under loves meridian ſun,

They think to breathe a tranquil life,
And be the happy man and wife.
Vain thought !—the flatt'ring phantom flies,
And opes at length their purblind eyes.
Then——but attend my ſimple ſtory,
The ſequel will appear before ye.
The morning dawns, with orient ſky,
Clad with its purple royalty,
Once more's the throne of infant day,
And all th' horizon round looks gay.
The horn deep-ton'd the huntſman fills,
The ſtrains re-echo from the hills;
Unkennell'd for the bloody chace,
Impatient ruſh the babbling race:
Some, widely ſtretching o'er the plain,
Vocif'rous chaunt the heedleſs train;
Theſe ſtretch their limbs, while others bound
In wanton circles o'er the ground.
The ſquire ſurvey'd with ſecret pride
The mottled pack on either ſide:
The puppies did not 'ſcape his view;
Their youthful tricks were pleaſing too.
But leaſt a part unſkill'd, and young,
Should lead the reſt with laviſh tongue,
It was decreed they ſhould be tied,
And trudge in couples, ſide by ſide.
To Ringwood, Sweetlips was aſſign'd:
Theſe two with patience jogg'd behind.
To Trueman, ſo 'twas doom'd by fate,
Maiden was yok'd as trav'ling mate:
In theſe an early fondneſs grew,
If he did this, ſhe'd do ſo too;

From

From Maiden Trueman ſcarce would ſtray,
But ſpent with her the livelong day;
For her the half pick'd bone he'd ſpare,
And guard her with a lover's care.
If he in playful frolick run,
Or baſk'd beneath th' enliv'ning ſun,
As ſure ſhe would his ſteps attend,
Or near his ſide her length extend.
From one calm mind their actions grew;
But now, alas! they ſpring from two.
Divided cares invade each breaſt;
Divided thoughts and intereſt;
Now 'tis they feel the galling chain,
And howl for liberty again.
To join the pack if he's inclin'd,
She with ſlow pace will drag behind:
He this way draws, ſhe tugs another,
They prove tormentors to each other.
Now boldly they exert their might,
Snarl anſwers ſnarl—bite follows bite;
With double ire their fury burns,
And gains them maſterſhip by turns.
But ſtrength victorious rules the field,
To force ſuperiour all muſt yield:
At length ſubdued the fair one lies
And calls aſſiſtance by her cries;
But ah! in vain, no ſuccour's near,
The hunt purſue the tim'rous hare.
Too late ſhe ſees, from whence aroſe
The ſource of all her bleeding woes:
Secluded now from every friend,
Her ſorrows but with life can end,

What's to be done—reflection's vain,
And ſerves but to encreaſe her pain;
Quite ſpent ſhe howling yields her life,
A prey to diſcontent and ſtrife.

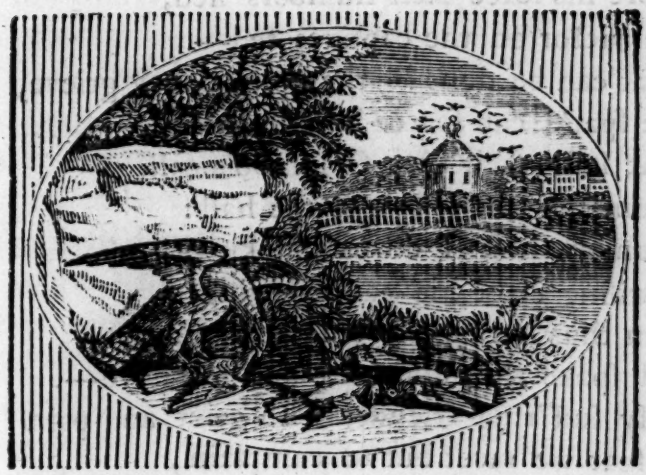
FABLE VIII.

The Sow *and the* Peacock.

IN days of yore, as authors tell,
When beaſts and birds cou'd read and ſpell,
No matter where, in town or city,
There liv'd a Swine exceeding witty;
And, for the beauties of her mind,
Excelling all her briſtl'd kind:
But yet, to mortify her pride,
She found at laſt her failing ſide.
Philoſophy ſhe had good ſtore,
Had ponder'd Seneca all o'er;
Yet all precautions uſeleſs prove
Againſt the pow'r of mighty love.
It happen'd on a ſultry day,
Upon her fav'rite couch ſhe lay, 'Twas

'Twas a round dunghill ſoft and warm,
O'er-ſhadow'd by a neighb'ring barn;
When lo, her winking eyes behold
A creature with a neck of gold,
With painted wings and gorgeous train,
That ſparkled like the ſtarry plain:
His neck and breaſt all brilliant ſhine
Againſt the ſun: the dazzl'd ſwine,
Who never ſaw the like before,
Began to wonder and adore;
But ſeeing him ſo fair and nice,
She left her dunghill in a trice;
And, fond to pleaſe, the grunting elf
Began to waſh and trim herſelf;
And from the ſtinking pool ſhe run
To dry her carcaſe in the ſun;
And rubb'd her ſides againſt a tree:
And now, as clean as hogs can be,
With cautious air and doubtful breaſt,
The glitt'ring Peacock thus addreſt:
" Sir, I, a homely rural Swine,
" Can boaſt of nothing fair nor fine,
" No dainties in our troughs appear,
" But, as you ſeem a ſtranger here,
" Be pleas'd to walk into my ſty,
" A little hut as plain as I;
" Pray venture through the humble door;
" And tho' your entertainment's poor,
" With me you ſhall be ſure to find
" An open heart and honeſt mind;
" And that's a dainty ſeldom found
" On cedar floors and city ground."

Thus far the Sow had preach'd by rule,
She preach'd, alas! but to a fool;
For this ſame Peacock, you muſt know,
Had he been man, had been a beau:
And ſpoke, like them, but mighty little,
That to the point could tend a tittle:
And, with an air that teſtify'd
He'd got at leaſt his ſhare of pride,
He thus began: "Why, truly now,
"You're very civil, Mrs Sow:
"But I am very clean, d'ye ſee;
"Your ſty is not a place for me.
"Shou'd I go through that narrow door,
"My feathers might be ſoil'd or tore;
"Or ſcented with unſav'ry fumes:
"And what am I without my plumes?"
The much offended Sow replies,
And turns a-ſquint her narrow eyes,
"Sir, you're incorrigibly vain,
"To value thus a ſhining train;
"For when the northern wind ſhall blow,
"And ſend us hail, and ſleet, and ſnow;
"How will you ſave from ſuch keen weathers
"Your merit?—ſir, I mean your feathers:
"As for myſelf,—to think that I
"Shou'd lead an idiot to my ſty,
"Or ſtrive to make an oaf my friend,
"Makes all my briſtles ſtand an end:
"But for the future, when I ſee
"A bird that much reſembles thee,
"I'll ever make it as a rule,
"The ſhining caſe contains a fool."



FABLE IX.

The King-Dove.

THouſands, who ſtart at Nero's name,
With Nero's power would act the ſame;
And few in humble ſpheres can know
How much to want of pow'r they owe—
The paſſions ſleep unrous'd by might,
As objects lye forgot in night;
Tho' unregarded till they're ſeen,
They both exiſt beneath the ſcreen,
And Sol returning, grandeur near,
The paſſions riſe, and ſhapes appear:
And e'en a dove, the Fable tells,
Begirt with pow'r a tyrant ſwells—
Thus runs the tale—between the Kite
And Doves there chanc'd a fatal fight,

Before

Before his force their numbers fled,
The victor on the captives fed—
What can be done?—they pine, they grieve,
The ſpar'd can ſcarce be ſaid to live.—
At laſt, their king Columbo's call
Commands the ſenate to the hall:
Columbo, beſt of doves and kings,
Up-riſing clapt his painted wings,
Then thus harangu'd 'em from above,
And ſpake the monarch, and the dove—
" My ſuff'ring friends, with grief and pain
" I fear we meet but to complain;
" Yet my fond boſom fain would know
" Your thoughts of our relentleſs foe—
" If any, bleſt with ſkill to ſave,
" Have plann'd the proud oppreſſor's grave,
" Whatever perils ſhall attend
" A ſcheme to ſave one bleeding friend,
" I'll meet, I'll vanquiſh, or no more
" Return to this opprobrious ſhore:
" For oh! to ſteal the tyrant's breath,
" I'd perch upon the dart of death."
He ceas'd, and ſoft applauſes ſprung
From ev'ry heart to ev'ry tongue:
Then one aroſe among the reſt,
And mov'd,—That Jove might be addreſt,
Arms on their monarch to beſtow,
Like thoſe ſo dreadful on their foe.
The reſt conſent, the pray'r is made,
Jove will'd, and nature ſtraight obey'd.
Columbo feels his form diſtend,
His beak grow crooked, claws extend;

On

On his encreaſing ſtrength preſumes,
And pleas'd he ſhakes his alter'd plumes,
To ſingle combat dares the foe,
And deep imprints the fatal blow.
The Kite expires,—and peace again
Reviv'd to bleſs Columbo's reign.
But fluſh'd with conqueſt, proud in arms,
He longs, he pants, for freſh alarms,
And to himſelf elated thought—
" Had I theſe gifts of Jove for nought ?"
Now ſwelling high with proud diſdain,
He ſcorns his meek, his peaceful train ;
A thouſand wives the monarch claims,
And ſeizes all their faireſt dames ;
A thouſand ſlaves attend his will,
A thouſand neſts his treaſures fill ;
None for themſelves eat, ſleep or love,
'Tis all the King's—imperial Dove !
Too noble grown for common food,
He longs to taſte of pidgeon's blood ;
Nor long the appetite withſtood.
With treble anguiſh now they moan
A wide deſtroyer on their throne,
Deſpairing drag the galling chain,
And vainly curſe Columbo's reign.
This fatal change let man inform'd purſue,
Catch riſing truths from every fabled view,
And learn from hence no dang'rous pow'r to truſt,
E'en with the wiſe, the gentle, and the juſt.
Since e'en that pow'r leſs prompts to good than ill,
And bends to vice vain man's unequal will—

Wrongs

Wrongs to redreſs ne'er arm alone your friend,
But, cloath'd in equal might, his ſteps attend;
Let equal arms your injur'd rights maintain,
Divide the ſtrength, the labours, honours, gain:
Still on a level, tho' with conqueſt bright,
No traytor thoughts ſhall riſe from matchleſs might:
Peace with her genuine charms ſhall either bleſs,
And juſt dependencies prevent exceſs.

The Camelion.

FABLE X.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking ſpark,
With eyes, that hardly ſerv'd at moſt
To guard their maſter 'gainſt a poſt,
Yet round the world the blade has been
To ſee whatever cou'd be ſeen.
Returning from his finiſh'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before,

Whatever

Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will ſtop;
" Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
" I've ſeen—and ſure I ought to know—
So begs you'd pay a due ſubmiſſion,
And acquieſce in his deciſion.
Two travellers of ſuch a caſt,
As o'er Arabia's wild they paſt,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Diſcours'd a while 'mongſt other matter,
Of the Camelion's form and nature.
" A ſtranger animal, cries one,
" Sure never liv'd beneath the ſun:
" A lizard's body lean and long,
" A fiſh's head, a ſerpent's tongue;
" Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
" And what a length of tail behind!
" How ſlow its pace, and then its hue—
" Who ever ſaw ſo fine a blue?"
" Hold there, the other quick replies,
" 'Tis green—I ſaw it with theſe eyes,
" As late with open mouth it lay,
" And warm'd itſelf in ſunny ray;
" Stretch'd at its eaſe the beaſt I view'd,
" And ſaw it eat the air for food."
" I've ſeen it, ſir, as well as you,
" And muſt again affirm it blue:
" At leiſure I the beaſt ſurvey'd
" Extended in the cooling ſhade.
" 'Tis green, 'tis green, ſir, I aſſure ye."—
" Green! cries the other in a fury—

" Why

" Why, ſir—d'ye think I've loſt my eyes ?"
" 'Twere no great loſs, the friend replies ;
" For, if they always ſerve you thus,
" You'll find 'em but of little uſe."
So high at laſt the conteſt roſe,
From words they almoſt came to blows :
When luckily came by a third—
To him the queſtion they refer'd ;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
" Sirs, cries the umpire, ceaſe your pother—
" The creature's neither one nor t'other.
" I caught the animal laſt night,
" And view'd it o'er by candle light :
" I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
" You ſtare—but ſirs, I've got it yet,
" And can produce it." Pray, ſir, do :
" I'll lay my life, the thing is blue."
" And I'll be ſworn, that when you've ſeen
" The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
" Well then, at once to eaſe the doubt,
" Replies the man, I'll turn him out :
" And when before your eyes I've ſet him,
" If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He ſaid ; then full before their ſight
Produc'd the beaſt, and lo ! 'twas white.—
Both ſtar'd, the man look'd wond'rous wiſe—
" My children," the Camelion cries,
Then firſt the creature found a tongue,
" You all are right, and all are wrong :
" When next you talk of what you view,
" Think others ſee, as well as you :

" Nor

" Nor wonder, if you find that none
" Prefers your eye-ſight to his own."

FABLE XI.

The Three Warnings.

THE tree of deepeſt root is found
Leaſt willing ſtill to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore ſaid by ancient ſages,
That love of life increas'd with years:
So much, that in our latter ſtages,
When pains grow ſharp, and ſickneſs rages,
The greateſt love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,
Which all confeſs, but few perceive,
If old aſſertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When ſports went round, and all were gay
On neighbour Dobſon's wedding day,

Death call'd aſide the jocund groom
With him into another room :
And looking grave,—" you muſt," ſays he,
" Quit your ſweet bride, and come with me."
" With you ! and quit my Suſan's ſide !
" With you !" the hapleſs huſband cry'd :
" Young as I am ; 'tis monſtrous hard ;
" Beſides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd :
" My thoughts on other matters go,
" This is my wedding night, you know."
What more he urg'd I have not heard :
His reaſons could not well be ſtronger ;
For Death the poor delinquent ſpar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a ſerious look,
His hour-glaſs trembling while he ſpoke,
" Neighbour," he ſaid, " Farewell : No more
" Shall death diſturb your mirthful hour ;
" And further to avoid all blame
" Of cruelty upon my name,
" To give you time for preparation,
" And fit you for your future ſtation,
" Three ſeveral warnings you ſhall have
" Before you're ſummon'd to the grave,
" Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
" And grant a kind reprieve :
" In hopes you'll have no more to ſay,
" But when I call again this way
" Well pleas'd the world will leave."
To theſe conditions both conſented,
And parted, perfectly contented.

What

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he liv'd, how wiſe, how well,
How roundly he purſu'd his courſe,—
And ſmok'd his pipe, and ſtrok'd his horſe,—
The willing muſe ſhall tell:
He chaffer'd on, he bought, he ſold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of death as near;
His friends not falſe, his wife no ſhrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He paſs'd his hours in peace;
But while he view'd his wealth increaſe,
While thus along life's duſty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old time, whoſe haſte no mortal ſpares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in muſing mood,
As all alone he ſat,
Th'unwelcome meſſenger of fate,
Once more before him ſtood.
Half kill'd with anger and ſurprize,
"So, ſoon return'd!" old Dobſon cries:
"So ſoon, d'ye call it!" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jeſt;
"Since I was here before,
"'Tis ſix and forty or fifty years at leaſt,
"And you are now fourſcore.
"So much the worſe," the clown rejoin'd:
"To ſpare the aged would be kind:
"However, ſee your ſearch be legal;
"And your authority—Is't regal?

" Elſe you are come on a fool's errand,
" With but a ſecretary's warrant.
" Beſides, you promis'd me three warnings,
" Which I have look'd for nights and mornings.
" But, for that loſs of time and eaſe,
" I can recover damages."
" I know," cries Death, " that at the beſt,
" I ſeldom am a welcome gueſt;
" But don't be captious, friend, at leaſt:
" I little thought you'd ſtill be able
" To ſtump about your farm and ſtable;
" Your years have run to a great length,
" I wiſh you joy tho' of your ſtrength."
" Hold," ſays the farmer, " not ſo faſt,
" I have been lame theſe fours years paſt."
" And no great wonder," Death replies,
" However, you ſtill keep your eyes,
" And ſure, to ſee one's loves and friends
" For legs and arms would make amends."
" Perhaps," ſays Dobſon, " ſo it might,
" But latterly I've loſt my ſight."
" This is a ſhocking ſtory, faith,
" Yet there's ſome comfort ſtill," ſays Death;
" Each ſtrives your ſadneſs to amuſe,
" I warrant you hear all the news."
" There's none," cries he, " and if there were,
" I'm grown ſo deaf I could not hear.
" Nay then, the ſpectre ſtern rejoin'd,
" Theſe are unjuſtifi'ble yearnings;
" If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
" You've had your three ſufficient Warnings.

So

" So come along, no more we'll part,
" He ſaid, and touch'd him with his dart;
" And now old Dobſon, turning pale,
" Yields to his fate—ſo ends my tale."

FABLE XII.

The Catterpillar *and* Butterfly.

THE morning bluſh'd with vivid red,
And night in ſudden ſilence fled;
Sad Philomel no more complains,
The lark begins his ſprightly ſtrains;
Light paints the flow'rs of various hue,
And ſparkles in the pendent dew;
Life moves o'er all the quicken'd green,
And beauty reigns, unrival'd queen.

Green as the leaf, on which he lay,
A Catterpillar wak'd to day:
And look'd around, and chanc'd to 'ſpy
A leaf of more inviting die;
From where he lay he crawl'd, and found
The verdant ſpot's indented bound;
Stretch'd from the verge, he ſtrove to gain
The neighb'ring leaf, but ſtrove in vain.
In that nice moment, prompt to ſave,
A brother worm this warning gave.
"O! turn, advent'rous as thou art,
" Nor hence, deceiv'd by hope, depart;
" What though the leaf, that tempts thee, ſhews
" More taſteful food, more ſoft repoſe;
" What, though with brighter ſpangles gay,
" Its dew reflects an earlier ray?
" O! think what dangers guard the prize;
" O! think what dangers; and be wiſe!
" The paſs from leaf to leaf forbear;
" Behold how high they wave in air!
" And ſhould'ſt thou fall, tremendous thought!
" What ruin would avenge thy fault?
" Thy mangled carcaſe, writh'd with pain,
" Shall mark with blood the duſty plain:
" Then death, the dread of all below,
" Thy wiſh—will ſurely end thy woe;
" Untimely death, for now to die,
" Is ne'er to riſe a butterfly."
" A Butterfly!" th' Advent'rer cry'd
" What's that?" " A bird," his friend reply'd,

" To

" To which this reptile form ſhall riſe,
" And gorgeous mount the lofty ſkies;
" The joyful ſeaſon time ſhall bring,
" He bears it on his rapid wing.
" An age there is, when all our kind,
" Diſdain the ground, and mount the wind:
" And ſhould thy friend this age attain—"
With haſte the worm reply'd again,
" Say what aſſurance canſt thou give,
" That I with birds a bird ſhall live?
" For could I truſt thy pleaſing tale,
" No wanton wiſh ſhou'd e'er prevail;
" For what, that worms obtain, can vie
" With bliſs of birds that wing the ſky?"
—" Believe my words, th' Adviſer ſaid,
" Since not of private int'reſt bred;
" Not on thy life or death depend
" My pleaſure or my pain——Attend!
" Like thee, to all the future blind,
" I knew not wings for worms deſign'd,
" Till yon laſt ſun's aſcending light
" Remov'd the duſky ſhades of night.
" Soon as his rays, from heav'n ſublime,
" Shone on that leaf you wiſh to climb;
" That leaf, which ſhades, in earlieſt hours,
" This leſs conſpicuous ſpot of ours:
" Surpriz'd, a lovely form I ſaw,
" That touch'd me with delight and awe;
" 'Twas near, and while my looks betray'd
" My wonder, thus the ſtranger ſaid:
" If view'd by thee with wond'rous eyes
" My graceful ſhape and vary'd dies,

" New

" New wonder ſtill prepare to feel,
" Amazing truths my words reveal:
" For know, like thine my humble birth;
" Like thee, I crawl'd a worm on earth."
" Ah! mock me not, ſaid I, nor ſeek
" A worthleſs triumph o'er the weak;
" Canſt thou, thy form with down o'erſpread,
" By nature crown'd thy regal head,
" Canſt thou my reptile ſhape have worn?
" My reptile ſhape, of all the ſcorn!
" Haſt thou! whoſe gorgeous wings diſplay
" Each vary'd tint that drinks the day,
" More bright than drops of orient dew,
" More gay than flow'rs of gaudieſt hue,
" With purple edg'd, and fring'd with gold,
" Like light, too ſplendid to behold!
" Haſt thou, an abject worm like me,
" Crawl'd prone on earth! it cannot be."
" O! ceaſe the doubts, the Stranger cry'd,
" To faith thy happineſs ally'd—
" Not thrice the morn theſe eyes have view'd,
" Since genial ſpring my life renew'd;
" From death-like ſlumbers wak'd, I found
" A guardian ſhell inveſt me round;
" The circling ſhield I broke, nor knew
" How long my ſafety hence I drew;
" But ſoon perceiv'd, and knew the ſpot,
" Where once, a worm, I fix'd my lot;
" The *paſt* with wonder touch'd my breaſt,
" More wonder ſtill the *now* impreſt,
" With pleaſure mixt—the pleaſure grew,
" At ev'ry thought, at ev'ry view;

Trans-

" Transform'd, my unknown pow'r I try,
" I wave my wings, I riſe! I fly!
" Enraptur'd with the bliſsful change,
" From field to field I wanton range;
" From flow'r to flow'r, from tree to tree,
" And ſee whate'er I wiſh to ſee;
" Now glide along the daiſy'd ground,
" Now wheel in wanton circles round;
" Now mount aloft, and ſport in air,
" Tranſported, when I will, and where,
" Still preſent to whate'er invites,
" Each moment brings me new delights;
" Nor fear allays the joys I know,
" The dangers ſcorn'd that lurk below;
" No trampling hoof, my former dread,
" Can cruſh me, mangled, to the dead.
" Ev'n man himſelf purſues, in vain,
" My ſportive circuit o'er the plain."
" He ſaid, and raptur'd with the thought,
" New charms his bright'ning plumage caught,
" He clapt his wings, his rapid flight
" I trac'd with fond deſiring ſight,
" O! glorious ſtate—reſerv'd to this,
" I riſk not life for reptile bliſs;
" O! catch the glowing wiſh from me,
" The ſame the bliſs reſerv'd for thee;
" Deſiſt from ev'ry raſh deſign,
" And beauty, plumes, and wings are thine."
He ceas'd—th'Advent'rer thus reply'd:
" By thee the fancy'd change be try'd,
" The *now* is *mine*, the *now* alone,
" The *future* fate's—a dark unknown!

" To

" To nature's voice my ears incline;
" All lovely, loving, all divine!
" To joy ſhe courts, ſhe points the way,
" And chides this cold, this dull delay.
" Farewel—let hope thy bliſs ſupply,
" And count thy gains with fancy's eye;
" Be thine the wings that time ſhall ſend,
" Believing and obliging friend.—"
He ſaid, and ſneering fly diſdain,
The neighb'ring leaf attempts to gain;
He falls—all bruis'd on earth he lies;
Too late repents, and groans, and dies.
His friendly monitor, with care,
Avoids each pleaſure-baited ſnare,
Falſe pleaſure, falſe, and fatal too!
Superior joys he keeps in view:
They come—the genial ſpring ſupplies
The wings he hop'd, and lo! he flies;
Taſtes all that ſummer ſuns prepare,
And all the joys of earth and air!

FABLE XIII.

The two Doves.

TWO Turtles once, of gentleſt kind,
In ſofteſt bands by love were join'd;
'Till tir'd of home Columbo grew,
And penſive ſigh'd for ſomething new;
For diſtant realms prepar'd to part,—
When ſpoke the partner of his heart;
" Why ſhould my dear Columbo rove,
" And leave me widow'd in the grove—
" What ill can worſe than abſence prove?
" Yet let the toils, the perils, cares,
" Which fate for travellers prepares,
" Retard thy ſpeed—attend the ſpring,
" And wait the zephyrs' aiding wing;

" What

" What haſte ?—this hour, ill omen'd found !
" The raven's croak was heard around ;
" Hawks, nets, and ills of ev'ry kind
" Henceforth ſhall haunt my boding mind ;
" And what does heav'n at home deny
" That thou can'ſt wiſh, or heav'n ſupply ?"
  Theſe words in doubt Columbo hold
Still weakly vain, and raſhly bold ;
At length his reſtleſs wiſh prevails,
And love, and fear, and prudence fails :
When thus he ſpoke with chearful air—
" From Turturella far be care,
" No more let tears thoſe eyes diſtain,
" Whate'er I ſeek three days ſhall gain ;
" Returning then, to thee I'll tell
" Whate'er I ſaw, or me befel :
" Amuſing thus the penſive day,
" Who little ſee, can little ſay,
" Of rich deſcription full, my tale
" Shall oft thy liſtening ear regale ;
" The ſcenes I'll paint ſo ſtrong, ſo true,
" In fancy thou ſhalt travel too."
  This ſaid, Farewel diſſolves his heart,
And wet with mutual tears they part.
  As Turturella penſive ſate,
In fancy wand'ring with her mate,
Far as her utmoſt ken ſhe ſees
A bird approach by ſlow degrees ;
Not form'd for flight he ſeem'd, nor ſong,
But ſtop'd by turns, and limp'd along :
Her pains who feels can tell alone,
The bird for chang'd Columbo known ;

Her

Her mate, with pearly tears to greet,
Down from her neſt ſhe flew to meet.
A while with ſilent grief oppreſt,
At length ſhe ſoftly him addreſt:
" O! tell me, dear Columbo, tell
" What ſcenes you ſaw, what woes befel;
" Why wounded thus Columbo mourns,
" And ere th' appointed day returns?
With fault'ring voice Columbo cry'd,
" From thee no more my heart I hide—
" Scarce from this peaceful grove I paſt,
" When ſudden clouds the ſkies o'ercaſt;
" I ſaw the ſtorm, for ſhelter ſought,
" A ſingle tree that ſhelter brought,
" Thin leav'd, and pervious to the ſhow'r,
" I felt the rig'rous ſeaſon's power.
" The cloud diſſolv'd, benumb'd with cold,
" Again my dripping wings unfold;
" In neighb'ring fields ſome corn I view,
" And, hov'ring near, a turtle too;
" By flatt'ring hopes deluded there,
" I ſtruggled in the fowler's ſnare:
" The turtle tutor'd to betray,
" Beneath the bait a net there lay.
" Unwonted ſtrength deſpair ſupply'd,
" I broke the ſnare my feet that ty'd;
" With leſs than half my tail I fled,
" And trail'd behind a broken thread,
" A remnant of the ſnare, when lo!
" A vulture ſees me, dreadful foe!
" Juſt as he ſtoop'd to ſnatch the prey,
" From heav'n an eagle wing'd his way;

" I, while the ſons of rapine fight,
" Improv'd the lucky hour in flight;
" The ruins of a cot were near,
" I thought my dangers ended here;
" Deceitful thought! a playful boy,
" (The cruel race in ſport deſtroy)
" Whirl'd round the ſling, the rapid ſtone
" Laid bare my pinion to the bone;
" Yet reach I living this abode,
" What ſignal mercies heav'n beſtow'd!
" Left in this grove to ſigh alone
" What fate has Turturella known?"
" More ſignal yet, by far," ſaid ſhe,
" The mercies heav'n beſtow'd on me:"
" Alas! what woes," Columbo cry'd,
" In this ſhort abſence haſt thou try'd?
" What near eſcapes to equal mine?
" Amazing marks of love divine!—
" The woes averted from my head
" Are thoſe which thou haſt felt," ſhe ſaid;
" No near eſcapes 'twas mine to prove,
" What more amazing mark of love!
" In *eaſe* and *ſafety* more I gain
" Than *life* to thee, preſerv'd with pain,
" See then the mercies that I meant,
" Which heav'n to give me, gave Content!
" Learn hence the gifts of Jove to prize,
" And, ere misfortunes teach, be wiſe.

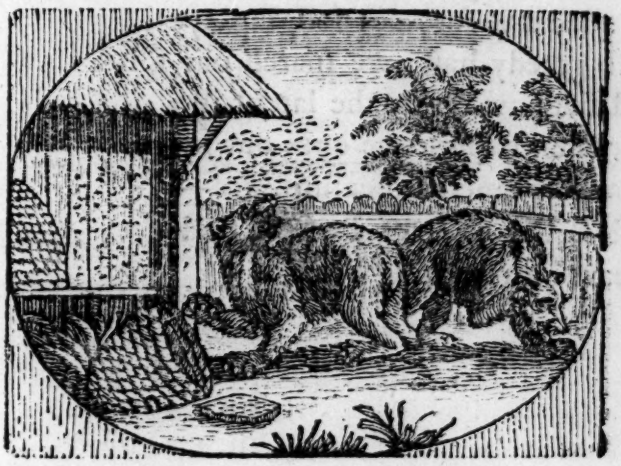
FABLE XIV.

The Beau *and* Butterfly.

WHEN ſummer deckt each ſylvan ſcene,
And ſunſhine ſmil'd along the green,
When groves allur'd with noon-tide ſhade,
And purling brooks refreſh'd the glade;
An empty form of empty ſhow,
A flutt'ring inſect, call'd a Beau,
In gaudy colours rich and gay,
A meer papilio of the day,
Was ſeen around the fields to rove,
And haunt, by turns, the ſtream and grove:
A ſilver zone entwin'd his head,
His belly ſhone with lively red,
His wings were green, but ſtudded o'er
With gold-embroider'd ſpots before.

Around him various inſects came,
Of diff'rent colour, diff'rent name;
And, ting'd with every gorgeous die,
Among the reſt a Butterfly;
His wings are ſpread with wanton pride,
And beauty fades from all beſide.
The Beau beholds, with envious eyes,
The living radiance as it flies:
" And ſhall," ſaid he, " this worthleſs thing,
" That lives but on a ſummer's wing,
" This flying worm, more gaudy ſhine,
" And wear a dreſs more gay than mine?
" Is this wiſe nature's equal care
" To deck a Butterfly ſo fair,
" While man, her worthieſt, greateſt part,
" Muſt wear the homely rags of art?"
Thus reaſon'd he, as reaſon beaux,
The ſubject of their logic cloaths;
When thus the Butterfly reply'd,
With deeper tints by anger dy'd:
" Vain, trifling mortal! cou'd'ſt thou boaſt
" To prize, what nature prizes moſt
" On man beſtow'd, thou wou'd'ſt not ſee
" With envy aught ſhe gives to me.
" This painted veſtment, all my ſtore,
" She gives, and I can claim no more—
" But man, for greater ends deſign'd,
" Shou'd boaſt the beauties of the mind.
" More bright than gold with wiſdom ſhine,
" And virtue's ſacred charms be thine:
" To rule the world by reaſon taught,
" On dreſs diſdain to waſte a thought;

" For he, whom folly bends ſo low,
" Ambitious to be thought a beau,
" Is ſtudious only to be gay,
" In toilet-arts conſumes the day;
" And, the long trifling labours o'er,
" Takes wing, and bids the world adore;
" Looks down with ſcorn on rival flies,
" Himſelf leſs ſplendid, and leſs wiſe;
" With ſcorn, his ſcorn return'd again,
" Proud inſect! impotently vain!
" The fool, who thus by ſelf is priz'd,
" By others juſtly is deſpis'd.
She ſaid, and flutter'd round on high,
Nor ſtaid to hear the Beau's reply.

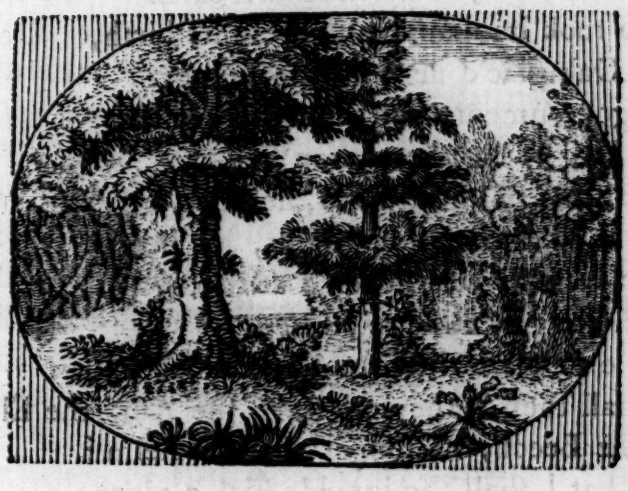


FABLE XV.

The Bears *and* Bees.

AS two young Bears in wanton mood,
Forth-iſſuing from a neighb'ring wood,

Came where th'induſtrious Bees had ſtor'd
In artful cells their luſcious hoard ;
O'erjoy'd they ſeiz'd with eager haſte
Luxurious on the rich repaſt.
Alarm'd at this, the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.
The beaſts, unable to ſuſtain
Th' unequal combat, quit the plain:
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native ſhelter they regain ;
There ſit, and now diſcreeter grown,
Too late their raſhneſs they bemoan ;
And this by dear experience gain,
" That pleaſure's ever bought with pain."
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
With greedy haſte we ſnatch our fill,
And ſwallow down the latent ill ;
But when experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancied pleaſure flies—
It flies, but oh! too late we find
It leaves a real ſting behind.



FABLE XVI.

The Trees.

ONCE on a time, when great Sir Oak
Held all the trees beneath his yoke,
The monarch, anxious to maintain,
In peaceful ſtate, his ſylvan reign,
Saw, to his ſorrow and diſtraction,
His ſubject trees take root in faction,
And, tho' late join'd in union hearty,
Now branching into ſhoots of party,
Each ſturdy ſtick of factious wood
Stood ſtiff and ſtout for public good:
For patriots ever, 'tis well known,
Seek others welfare, nor their own,
And all they undertake, you know,
Is meant *pro bono publico*.

The

The hardy Fir, from northern earth
Who took its name, and drew its birth,
The Oak plac'd next him to ſupport
His government, and grace his court.
The Fir, of an uncommon ſize,
Rear'd his tall head unto the ſkies,
O'er topp'd his fellow-plants, his height
Who view'd, and ſicken'd at the ſight:
With envy ev'ry fibre ſwell'd,
While in them the proud Sap rebell'd;
" Shall then," they cry'd, " the Aſh, the Elm,
" The Beech, no longer rule the helm?
" What! ſhall the ignoble Fir, a plant,
" In tempeſt born, and nurs'd in want,
" Far from black regions of the north,
" And native famine, iſſue forth;
" In this our happier ſoil take root,
" And dare our birth-right to diſpute?"
On this the fatal ſtorm began,
Confuſion thro' the foreſt ran;
Miſchief in each dark ſhade was brewing,
And all betoken'd gen'ral ruin:
While each, to make their party good,
Brib'd the vile ſhrubs and underwood:
And now the Bramble and the Thiſtle
Sent forth eſſay, ode, epiſtle;
To which anon, with equal mettle,
Reply'd the Thorn and ſtinging Nettle.
" What's to be done, or how oppoſe
" The ſtorm which in the foreſt roſe?"
Grief ſhook the mighty monarch's mind,
And his ſighs labour'd in the wind.
At length, the tumult, ſtrife, and quarrel,
Alarming the ſagacious laurel, His

His mind unto the King he broke,
And thus addreſt him : " Heart of Oak!
" Sedition is on foot, make ready ;
" And fix your empire firm and ſteady.
" Faction in vain ſhall ſhake the wood,
" While you purſue the gen'ral good.
" Fear not a foe, truſt not a friend,
" Upon yourſelf alone depend.
" If not too partially ally'd,
" By fear or love to either ſide,
" In vain ſhall jarring factions ſtrive,
" Cabals in vain dark plots contrive.
" Slave to no foe, dupe to no minion,
" Maintain an equal juſt dominion:
" So ſhall you ſtand by ſtorms unbroke,
" And all revere the ROYAL OAK.

FABLE XVII.

The Philoſopher *and* Glow-Worm.

WHEN toilſome hours of day were ſpent,
The world ſeem'd wrapt in calm content,
Each anxious care forſook the breaſt,
Sleep gently clos'd each eye to reſt,
Cynthia her brighteſt aſpect wore,
And Heav'n's expanſe was ſtudded o'er,
A ſage, by meditation drawn,
Forſook his cot, and ſought the lawn;
In contemplation deep he ſtray'd,
And nature's dozing charms ſurvey'd;
On either hand new beauties view'd,
As he his tranquil walk purſu'd.
By chance, a Glow-Worm, in his way,
Shone forth his little glitt'ring ray,
Proudly unfolding ev'ry grace,
As trailing round from place to place;

Illu-

Illumining the moſs-fring'd plain,
On other worms he look'd diſdain.
The ſage, with philoſophic eye,
Survey'd the wand'rer crawling by;
Then ſtooping low, with gentle hand,
High lifts him from the dew-fraught land.
The grub, tho' not diſmay'd thro' fear,
Conſcious he was not in his ſphere,
Withdrew his beam of light away,
To hear what man—vain man wou'd ſay.
The learn'd Philoſopher, amaz'd,
Paus'd for ſome time, and anxious gaz'd;
Aſtoniſh'd, that the worm ſhou'd die
So ſoon, then careleſs threw it by;
But firſt, this application made:—
" This creeping reptile, lo! is dead,
" And with his life, his glory's fled.
" So is't with all *ambition*'s race,
" Who fill up each exalted place:
" Brilliant they ſhine with borrow'd ray,
" And wanton in the blaze of day,
" 'Till fortune's ſecond wheel turns round,
" And leaves them where they firſt were found."
The Glow Worm with attention heard,
And weigh'd with prudence, ev'ry word,
Trim'd bright his little lamp again,
And ſhone more beauteous o'er the plain;
Then thus addreſs'd the wond'ring ſage,
The known Philos'pher of the age:
" Know thou, the happy pow'r to ſhine
" Is truly man's as well as mine;

" I know my ſphere, did he the ſame,
" He'd tread *that* path that leads to fame;
" Did he in dang'rous times retire,
" And check with care *ambition*'s fire,
" Like me he might new luſtre ſpread,
" And deck with laurels freſh his head.
" But, coxcomb like, he's led aſtray
" To ſhine, and ſhines but for a day."

FABLE XVIII.

The Angler *and the* Philoſopher.

BESIDE a gentle murm'ring brook
An Angler took his patient ſtand;
He ey'd the ſtream with anxious look,
And wav'd his rod with cautious hand.

The

The bait with niceſt art was dreſt,
The fiſhes left their ſafe retreat;
And one more eager than the reſt,
Look'd, long'd, and ſwallow'd the deceit.

Too late ſhe felt the poignant ſmart,
Her pitying friends her fate deplore;
The Angler with well-practic'd art,
Play'd, hook'd, and drew her to the ſhore.

Lur'd by the beauty of the day,
The ſun now ſinking in the ſky,
A ſage purſu'd his walk that way,
And ſaw the bleeding victim lie.

Far in the vale of years declin'd,
He watch'd the courſe of nature's law;
And thus with philoſophic mind,
He moraliz'd on what he ſaw:

" Indulge, a while, the penſive vein,
" And fix this image in your mind;
" You've hook'd a fiſh; obſerve its pain,
" And view the ſtate of human kind.

" Fate gives us line, we ſhift the ſcene,
" And jocund traverſe to and fro;
" Pain, ſickneſs ſtill will intervene,
" We feel the hook where'er we go.

" If, proudly, we our ſchemes extend,
" And look beyond the preſent hour,
" We find our ſtraiten'd proſpects end,
" And own an over-ruling pow'r.

" Awhile we ſport, awhile lament,
" Fate checks the line, and we are gone;
" Dragg'd from our wonted element,
" To diſtant climes, untry'd, unknown."

FABLE XIX.

The Lion and other Beaſts *in* Council.

THE * kingly ruler of the plain,
Juſt ent'ring on his ſavage reign,
To grace his coronation feaſt,
Sent and invited every beaſt;
And ſoon the royal cave beheld
With all his various ſubjects fill'd:
For leagues of peace were lately made,
And lambs and wolves together play'd;
Foxes and tim'rous hares agree
With dogs, their common enemy:

And

* The Lion.

And now a ſumptuous table ſpread,
Friendly they altogether fed;
And having din'd, ſit ſtill and prate
Familiarly of this and that:
Till with a kind, yet ſerious look,
The King, deſiring audience, ſpoke.

" My friends, and loving ſubjects all,
" Who've kindly thus obey'd my call,
" I give you thanks, and now I crave
" Your further kindneſs to receive:
" I'm ſeated on the throne you ſee
" In peaceable tranquillity;
" No cares of war diſturb my breaſt;
" With taxes you are not oppreſt;
" This life I'll therefore ſpend in joy;
" None ſhall be happier than I.
" But leſt I ſhou'd purſue falſe bliſs,
" What I would aſk of you, is this,
" To tell me—What true pleaſure is?"

The beaſts ſeem'd pleas'd with this requeſt;
Each thought he could adviſe him beſt,
And ſtriving who ſhould ſilence break,
They all at once roſe up to ſpeak:
Till by his majeſty's command,
Their forward zeal was ſoon reſtrain'd;
Who calmly bidding them ſit down,
And let him hear them one by one,
Th' impatient Monkey thus begun:

" Pleaſure, my liege, is free from ſtrife,
" To lead a thoughtleſs eaſy life;
" Airy and wild, and briſk, and gay,
" To ſing, and dance, and laugh, and play;

" Now following this, now that, and that,
" And ſo't be new, no matter what;
" Free from all rules of juſt and fit,
" Do miſchief firſt, then laugh at it:
" This is diverſion, pleaſure, wit."
The Aſs was here provok'd to riſe,
And gravely thus bray'd his advice:
" If, ſaid he, real pleaſure is
" In ſuch buffoonery as this,
" Then beaus and ſmarts, amongſt mankind,
" Are in their notions moſt refin'd;
" But well we know, by men of ſenſe,
" They're tax'd with vain impertinence.
" I therefore think, true pleaſure lies
" (If I may be thought fit t'adviſe)
" In careleſs indolence and eaſe,
" Not ſuff'ring any thing to teaze,
" Regardleſs what th' ambitious fly at,
" So we're but undiſturb'd and quiet;
" Well knowing 'tis but to attain
" More eaſe, that they're at ſo much pain.
" And he's more happy, none can doubt it,
" Who's eaſy without taking pains about it."
Now roſe the Hog, and with a grunt,
" Pleaſure, cry'd he, they know nought on't.
" A life trail'd on in lazineſs
" Can only ſuit a ſtupid aſs,
" And fool'd away in monkey mirth,
" It's really full as little worth;
" For doing nothing worthy fame,
" And doing nothing's much the ſame.
" But if you'd real pleaſure know
" Let generous liquor ſmiling flow;

" In

" In jovial crews ſpend every hour,
" And drink, and ſing, and rant, and roar:
" Thus every care will ſink and drown,
" Whilſt mirth and joy run laughing round.
" I ſeem a monarch while I drink ſo,
" And you'll be a God do you but think ſo "

Here burſts the Goat into a laugh,
And thus beginning with a ſcoff:
" Doubtleſs, ſaid he, it muſt be fine,
" T'exalt a naſty dirty ſwine,
" To ſuch a height in fancying,
" As to believe himſelf a King.
" But that which thus perverts our ſenſes,
" Can have, I think, but ſmall pretences
" To recommend it to our favour,
" As pleaſure of the trueſt flavour.
" Nature methinks ſhou'd guide in this,
" Who ſeems t'have ſhewn the higheſt bliſs,
" In having plac'd the ſweeteſt guſt,
" In gratifying natural luſt.
" And that 'tis the ſublimeſt joy,
" I think's ſo plain none can deny.
" Witneſs the mad tormenting pain,
" When diſappointed, we ſuſtain.
" Witneſs how eagerly we preſs on,
" Witneſs our raptures in poſſeſſion."

But here the Leopard, riſing ſlow,
Expos'd his beauteous ſpots to ſhow,
And with a grave majeſtic face,
Thus gave his verdict in the caſe:
" Pleaſure conſiſts not in ſuch ſhort
" Imperfect tranſitory ſport.

" Of which the pains we're at to get it,
" O'er pays the bliſs when we come at it;
" Nor can it e're be call'd true joy,
" With ſuch a mixture of alloy.
" No, that mūſt be the moſt refin'd,
" Which moſt exalts and charms the mind;
" And nothing ſure more charming is,
" Than honour, pomp, and dignities,
" Than grandeur and magnificence,
" Than ſumptuous trains and vaſt expence,
" Than place, diſtinction, and preferment,
" And, when we die, a grand interment."

At this the Horſe, with noble look,
Raiſing his creſted neck, thus ſpoke:
" That merit ſhould be rais'd on high,
" I think's ſo juſt none can deny;
" But he who places all his bliſs
" In the external pomp of this,
" Knows not what greatneſs, nor what pleaſure is;
" His judgment errs as much at leaſt,
" As his who thinks that painting beſt
" Which is in gaudieſt colours dreſt.
" Of both we may affirm the ſame,
" Their taſte lies only in the gilded frame.
" I grant preferment, honour, place,
" Are riſing ſteps to happineſs;
" But whilſt we're upwards thus aſpiring,
" We're anxious ſtill, and ſtill deſiring.
" To act with an unbounded will,
" Can only our deſires fulfil;
" Whence, the higheſt bliſs, in my opinion,
" Muſt be in power and dominion."

Thus

Thus all their various ſenſe expreſt,
And each adviſ'd what he thought beſt;
But ſtill what each as beſt eſteem'd,
Was by the next that ſpoke, condemn'd:
Mean while the ſavage monarch ſate,
Attentive to the warm debate;
The nature ſaw, without diſguiſe,
Of every beaſt in his advice.
But ſoon the diſputants grew rude,
Confuſion, noiſe, tumultuous feud
Enrage the jarring multitude.
Till weary'd out, the royal beaſt
Thus ſpoke, and ſilenc'd all the reſt:

" Ceaſe, ceaſe your vain contention, ceaſe
" Your ſhallow ſchemes of happineſs;
" Which only have confirm'd me more,
" 'Tis where I thought it was before.
" Greatneſs is no eſtabliſhment
" Of real bliſs, or true content;
" Luxurious banquets ſoon diſguſt;
" We're quickly pall'd with ſenſual luſt:
" Virtue alone can give true joy;
" The ſweets of virtue never cloy.
" To take delight in doing good,
" In juſtice, truth, and gratitude,
" In aiding thoſe whom cares oppreſs,
" Adminiſt'ring comfort to diſtreſs:
" Theſe, theſe are joys which all who prove,
" Anticipate the bliſs above.
" Theſe are the joys, and theſe alone
" We ne'er repent or wiſh undone."

He

He ſpoke; the beaſts without delay
Roſe from their ſeats, and ſneak'd away.

FABLE XX.

The Goat *and* Fox.

STUDIOUS from diff'ring tales to ſhow
That virtue makes our bliſs below,
My warning voice to ev'ry heart,
May ev'ry faithful ear impart;
This one important truth believ'd,
Who can by vice be ſtill deceiv'd?
Bliſs is our aim, and bliſs our end,
And he who points the path, a friend.
A Goat and Fox, by joint conſent,
Together once a journey went;
With patient ſteps from morning's dawn,
They meaſur'd hill, and vale, and lawn;
When Phœbus in the zenith rode,
A chearleſs, pathleſs waſte they trod;

The

The fainting wand'rers wide around,
With ſighs ſurvey'd the burning ground;
Again, and yet again they look,
To find the welcome cooling brook;
The welcome cooling brook in vain
They ſought around the ſun-burnt plain.
Onward they ſlowly paſs, when lo!
A pit—and water—deep below;
Urg'd by a ſtrong deſire to drink,
They both leap headlong from the brink.
For appetite ſtill foremoſt goes,
Quite blind to all beyond its noſe;
And reaſon, impotently kind,
A tardy friend, limps far behind.
Now when our pair had drank amain,
They thought of getting out again;
And long with aching hearts they try'd,
But this the ſteep aſcent deny'd.
Reynard at length the goat addreſt,
And thus his wily thought expreſt:
" Courage, my friend,—be rul'd by me,
" We'll ſoon from this miſchance be free;
" Here—of the pit the ſhalloweſt place,
" On your hind legs your body raiſe,
" And while thy horns my weight ſuſtain,
" At one light bound the ſhore I'll gain;
" And thence effectual aid can lend
" To ſave thee too, my deareſt friend?"—
The Goat conſents—and by his aid
The Fox his leap ſucceſsful made;
His friend look'd up, well pleas'd no doubt,
And deem'd himſelf as good as out;

But

But the falſe Fox with barb'rous ſneer,
Cry'd, " Pox! how came you ſcrambling here?"
The Goat reply'd, " Forbear to flout,
" Leſt I ſhould aſk how you got out."
Said he, " Of that no doubt remains,
" You'd horns, my friend,—and I had brains.
" You wear that wiſdom on your chin,
" Which I, more modeſt, hide within.
" We beaſts of ſprightly thought deſpiſe
" All who like thee look gravely wiſe—
" Improve theſe uſeful hints aright,
" You'll profit much—and ſo good night."
This ſaid, he titt'ring ſlunk away,
The Goat remain'd to death a prey.
In wonder loſt, with horror chill'd,
With anguiſh, indignation fill'd,
The traitor-friend's enormous guile,
Engroſs'd his ſhudd'ring ſoul awhile;
Awhile the wretched beaſt forgot
His pity'd, helpleſs, hopeleſs lot;
But after ſhort ſuſpence his woes
Return'd—as the ſtem'd torrent flows,
With trebled force—he ſcarce ſuſtain'd
The ſhock—and thus at length profan'd:
" For ever let that maxim ceaſe,
" That virtue's paths are paths of peace."
" Where's that reward which learned pride
" Boaſts none from virtue can divide?
" Where the ſure woes of various kinds,
" Which fate to vice for ever binds?
" Life, joy, (or what cou'd make him ſmile)
" The Fox obtains thro' horrid guile;

" My

" My life, my humble guiltleſs joys,
" At once a gen'rous truſt deſtroys;
" Jove's ſlumb'ring vengeance lets him fly,
" His goodneſs ſlumbers while I die."
A ſylvan god who paſs'd that way,
(Of old none wander'd more than they)
By chance the raſh impeachment heard,
And inſtant on the brink appear'd.
" Look up," he cries, " no more deſpair,
" The help you wiſh prevents your prayer;
" Safe on the wiſh'd ſubſtantial plain,
" I'll ſet thy dying feet again.
" The Fox with envy didſt thou ſee?
" Henceforth thyſelf a Fox ſhalt be.—
" Thou ſhalt his proſp'rous vice poſſeſs,
" And taſte a Fox's happineſs."
The thing was done as ſoon as ſaid,
A Fox, the Goat enfranchiz'd, fled;
But feels within his alter'd mind,
His narrow'd love to ſelf confin'd.
No more from others good his breaſt
The ſocial joy ſerene poſſeſs'd;
No more by kind compaſſion mov'd,
His mercy is by foes approv'd.
Now mutual wants, love's band below,
No means to fix a friend beſtow;
Unlov'd, unloving, deep in earth
He gives his ſchemes of plunder birth.
From injur'd man, his friend ſo late,
He fears the ſtroke of potent hate;
With grief looks back on periods paſt,
His bloodleſs food, a bleſt repaſt!

Which

Which late he cropt in peace profound,
With flocks, and herds, and men around;
Yet now abhors that guiltleſs food,
To rapine doom'd, and thirſt of blood;
And mourns the days (to this a ſlave)
When heav'n a happier nature gave:
" By dear experience now I know,
" That virtue's only bliſs below,"
He, ſighing, ſaid, inſtead deſpair,
And thus prefers a fault'ring pray'r:
" Ye gracious pow'rs who rule above!
" Who virtue, and its vot'ries love!
" I ſee my fault, my fault repent,
" And own I aſk'd the pains you ſent.
" I now th'unrighteous thought foregoe,
" That vice is bliſs, and virtue woe:
" Oh! make me what I was again,
" Tho' faint I tread the ſcorching plain;
" Tho' with a faithleſs Fox I ſtray,
" Me tho' again his wiles betray,
" Make me a goat, tho' void of wit,
" You leave me dying in the pit:
" 'Tis better far than thus alone
" To live without one joy my own;
" For while the paſt my mind retains,
" My preſent pleaſures are but pains."
He pray'd, to Jove the pray'r aſcends;
His ear to pray'rs like theſe he lends.
" I (ſaid the god) thy wiſh fulfil,
" Henceforth, be virtuous—if you will
" Be man—to him that pow'r I give;
" Go, and by paſt experience live."

Transform'd

Transform'd again, with lifted eyes,
The man his ſtory thus applies.—
" From what appears, how little do we know
" What others feel of happineſs or woe!
" Is vice your envy when of health poſſeſs'd,
" With pow'r, and pelf, and all externals bleſt?
" Know that amidſt that health, and power and pelf,
" The thriving villain muſt abhor himſelf;
" For who can bear, tho' deſperately brave,
" The voice of conſcience when it calls him knave?
" Or who ſo dull, without regret to miſs
" Of conſcious goodneſs the ſubſtantial bliſs?
" Ask your own heart, and ſearch thro' all you
" know,
" Conſult each various ſcene of life below,
" All, all this univerſal truth atteſt,
" The virtuous are, and can alone be bleſt."

FABLE XXI.

The Kite *and* Nightingale.

I'LL try to mimic honeſt *Gay*,
Who had a very decent way;
A pleaſant wight of ſimple ſort,
For ever filliping the court.
Let courts be quiet, if they know
The happy knack of being ſo.
The peſtilence flies every where,
Almoſt indefinite as air:
All places need the fanning breeze,
To diſſipate the rank diſeaſe.
Vice—(not like beaſts for ſhow—confin'd)
Runs mad at large, and bites mankind:
Alike the taint infects the brain
Of thoſe that dwell in court and plain:
The ſame wild fury acts the will
In different ways, with different ſkill.

A ſtarving Kite, upon a bar,
(Worn out with long fatigues of war)
Whoſe pointed claws, and hooked bill,
Shew'd his profeſſion was to kill,
Thus grieving ſpoke in doleful ſtrain:—
(Your heart will pity and diſdain)

" How blind is every thing on earth!
" And how injurious to my worth!
" Tho' all the cote my ſorrow ſee,
" No dove will help me with a pea:
" *Hob*'s field they robb'd a month together,
" I never hurt a ſingle feather;
" The lark, whom I ſecure to reſt,
" (I ſlew the ſnake that robb'd her neſt)
" Will not a little worm ſupply;
" But would rejoice to ſee me die.
" No crow invites me to a treat,
" Tho' what I kill'd he often eat.
" Man, were he grateful, would determine
" My merit in deſtroying vermin;
" And make me happy to the laſt,
" In juſtice to my ſervice paſt.
" But man, that thankleſs wretch is he,
" Prefers yon Nightingale to me."

" Alas! (the Nightingale replies)
" I own, my little merit lies
" In innocence and tender cares
" About my family affairs;
" Or chaunting ſoft a pretty tale,
" To pleaſe my neighbours of the vale;
" Perhaps we gratitude may want,
" Becauſe you are too arrogant:

" Your worth, diſplay'd with all your ſkill,
" Lies chiefly in omitting ill;
" And only then for want of pow'r
" To ſeize the dove you would devour.
" There's not a lark that flies, but knows
" You long to graſp her in your claws.
" The crow you never meant to treat;
" You left him what you could not eat;
" And man, who moſt a villain needs,
" Deteſts you for your wicked deeds.
" You pilfer duckling, game, and chicken,
" Which furniſh man with dainty picking.
" There's not a poacher roams the wood,
" But who would ſhoot you, if he could."

Juſt had he ſaid; forth pops a ſpark,
With gun and ſpaniel from the park;
The Kite he kens, with levell'd gun,
And brings the bloody boaſter down.

Thus juſtly villains are repaid,
Who follow miſchief as a trade;
Who merit can pretend alone,
When cruel work is to be done,
To cruſh their kindred ſort of men
With ſword, with halter, or with pen;
Whoſe hollow merit is, at beſt,
To ſeem the moſt, and be the leaſt;
Who own no right, purſue no guide,
But only intereſt or pride;
Or both together do prefer,
To run moſt certainly to err.
Such always claim beyond their due,
And always think you wrong them too;

Do all the wrong, yet moſt complain,
Whene'er they ſpread the net in vain;
Or bait a hook, that fails to catch
The ſimple trout, for which they watch;
And innocence, with ſquint and frown,
Condemn *for vices all their own.*

FABLE XXII.

The Four Bulls.

FRIENDSHIP! ſource of bliſs ſedate,
Beſt balm for all the wounds of fate!
'Tis thine the ſinking heart to raiſe,
When love retires, and health decays;
Unmix'd with thy ſublimer fire,
Love's but a fev'riſh low deſire,
And ill the ſelf-deſtroying flame
Deſerves that ſoft angelic name:

 Oh!

Oh! cou'd this verſe, this fabling lay,
Extend, or but confirm thy ſway!
Or, warn'd by this, if only one
Thy foes deſtructive arts ſhall ſhun!

Since dangers riſe with every ſun,
With ev'ry ſand united run;
Four Bulls, by mutual vows ally'd,
The morrow's unknown ills defy'd;
As one they mov'd, they fought, they fed,
And ſafety roſe by union bred,
Nor this alone the good they found,
The private bliſs of each went round;
Hence doubly bleſs'd the gen'rous heart,
Which ſcorns the bliſs it can't impart.
From day to day the Lion came,
But matters ſtill appear'd the ſame:
This ſmote his inmoſt ſoul with grief,
For much he long'd for fav'rite beef;
What can he do? he fears to wage
Unequal war, and four engage.
Thought follows thought——he finds in vain:
Yet thought to thought ſucceeds again.
Half-form'd reſolves, and embrio ſchemes,
And all the train of ſtateſmens dreams,
With conflict rude diſturb his mind,
To this nor that ſucceſs inclin'd.
Suſpenſe preſides with fluttering wings,
From which ſhe ſhakes a thouſand ſtings.

In this diſaſtrous doubting caſe,
The Fox appears——with thinking face;

On

On him his royal maſter laid
His load of care, ſecure of aid;
Who paus'd a while with ſober grace,
Then thus refin'd upon the caſe——

Not things of moment moſt I find,
Have broke the union of the mind;
Ev'n mere miſtakes, that pet, or pride
Have made, the ſacred band divide,
And deepeſt enmities ariſe,
From trifling things among the wiſe.
In friendſhip, ſlight's the deepeſt wound,
And that is fancy'd more than found——
Theſe hints improv'd our ends may gain,
The Bulls divided, count 'em ſlain;
The Lion, pleas'd, reply'd, he knew
The Fox cou'd forge a lie——or two;
Which he opin'd, in points like this,
Wou'd not be very much amiſs——

Here wiſer Reynard ſhook his head,
And this wou'd never do he ſaid——
"Tis ours to make theſe fooliſh elves,
My lord, be liars to themſelves:
Suſpicion rais'd, the very eye
Will unſuſpected gravely lie,
And, when a friend it ſhall ſurvey,
Th' idea of a foe diſplay,
As you ſhall ſee——Away he flew,
And, to the friends as near he drew,
He ſmooth'd his brow, he coin'd a ſmile,
And put on all the maſks of guile.
Then whiſpers one with friendly nod,
" Mark, is not yon behaviour odd?

" The

" The Bull muſt ſurely mean affront,
" His tail is next you——fie upon't!
" How ſlighting that! and there's another
" Can ſcarce ſome high reſentment ſmother;
" He ſnorts, he paws, and fain wou'd ſhew,
" By vengeance whence his troubles flow.
" The third, how dull! regardleſs ſtill,
" What fate you prove, or good or ill."
Appearance (treach'rous witneſs) here
Confirms the ſounds that cheat his ear;
Suſpicion ſoon alarm'd, and pride,
At once, to ſelf the whole apply'd.
The Bull withdraws, reſolv'd as due,
They firſt for his return ſhould ſue.

The Fox returns and boaſts his arts,
And to his liege the truth imparts;
" The Bull who turn'd his tail ſo rude,
" Meant only not his ear t'intrude;
" And he that ſpurn'd ſo fierce the ground
" With anguiſh felt a hornet wound.
" The third, the downy turf who preſt,
" Sought but the ſweets of peaceful reſt.
" But come, to his remote retreat
" I'll guide my royal maſter's feet."
They go, the victim mourns too late,
His abſent friends and helpleſs ſtate.
And ſlain, the Fox exulting cries,
" Not one but all ſhall be our prize."
Away he goes, and thus again
Infus'd ſoft flatt'ry, deadly bane!
" Great Sir, (ſays he to one) I ſwear
" Your friends are rude, indeed they are;

" Friend-

" Friendſhip a decent due reſpect
" Shou'd, rather than deſtroy, protect.
" Superior far to theſe you riſe,
" The wiſe affirm, we truſt the wiſe;
" Your nobler port, your finer wit,
" All with united voice admit;
" And yet no juſt diſtinction's made
" No deference ſhewn, no homage paid.
" I wonder at your choice, but here
" 'Tis ſilence beſt becomes my ſphere,
" Tho' might your ſlave preſume to tell
" What all the foreſt thinks as well,
" Theſe are perhaps the only Two
" With whom your worth wou'd loſe its due."

The Bull (how eaſy praiſe deceives!)
With pleaſure hears, with pride believes;
Puts on the lofty looks and airs
Which humble merit never wears.
To treat him as an equal now
Inflames his heart, contracts his brow;
'Tis Envy, or, 'tis worſe, 'tis hate,
Denies due honour to his ſtate;
He could not bear th' affronts they gave,
They break his peace, they make him rave;
They lov'd, and they rever'd, he thought,
Leſs than the wretches knew they ought;
And (as is uſual) ſtorm'd and ſwore
That they might love and rev'rence more.
His friends alarm'd in deep amaze
On him, and on each other, gaze,
Diſguſt, in either's boſom bred,
Was ſhewn as diff'ring tempers led,

One bold and warm the taunts returns,
And with contagious anger burns,
Than this, not plagues are ſooner caught,
Nor with more dreadful evils fraught.
The other, meek, in ſecret pines,
And friends, he cou'd not keep, reſigns;
Reſigns, tho' late, with yearning heart,
And mourns perſuaſion's uſeleſs art.
Retiring now he leaves the fray,
The Fox ſtill mark'd his penſive way,
The Lion found and ſeiz'd his prize,
And like the firſt the ſecond dies.

The two, who yet alive remain,
In dreadful conflict ſhake the plain;
The Fox obſerves the doubtful fight,
One drops—he ſmiles with fell delight;
Flies with the joyful news, and brings
The King to take what's now the King's.
Faint, breathleſs, bleeding on the ground,
The hapleſs victor ſoon they found;
He falls an unreſiſting prey,
And crowns the triumphs of the day.

This tale a ſage once told his ſon,
And thus apply'd it when he'd done:
" Do you, my child, with unſuſpecting eye,
" O'erlook what others labour to deſcry;
" Kind to all faults, and to all failings blind,
" Be you the laſt to think affronts deſign'd.
" Cold ſeems thy friend?—by the ſevereſt laws
" Thy conduct try, to find the latent cauſe.
" Let thy heart pant for univerſal praiſe,
" Such as, unbrib'd, to virtue, virtue pays.

" Is

" Is this with-held? try ev'ry winning art,
" To melt the hard, to ſooth the froward heart.
" Sue for eſteem—to all but fawning bend,
" Whom this will purchaſe is a worthleſs friend;
" But ſcorn the thought as vaineſt of the vain,
" That what good nature loſes, pride will gain.
" Leſs than your merit does your friend approve?
" Still merit more—his love conſtrain with love.
" This conduct try'd remains he ſtill the ſame?
" Learn you to pity what the world will blame.
" The gen'ral cenſure, his neglect enſures,
" Thy honour brightens and thy praiſe ſecures."

FABLE XXIII.

The Pepper-box *and* Salt-ſeller.

THE 'ſquire had din'd alone one day,
And *Tom* was call'd to *take away:*
Tom clear'd the board with dextrous art:
But, willing to ſecure a tart,

The

The liquoriſh youth had made an halt,
And left the pepper-box and ſalt
Alone, upon the marble table:
Who thus, like men, were heard to ſquabble.

Pepper began, " Pray, ſir, ſays he,
" What buſineſs have you here with me?
" Is't fit that ſpices of my birth
" Should rank with thee, thou ſcum of earth?
" I'd have you know, ſir, I've a ſpirit
" Suited to my ſuperior merit—
" Tho' now, confin'd within this caſtre,
" I ſerve a northern Gothic maſter;
" Yet born in *Java*'s fragrant wood,
" To warm an Eaſtern monarch's blood,
" The ſun thoſe rich perfections gave me,
" Which tempted *Dutchmen* to enſlave me.

" Nor are my virtues here unknown,
" Tho' old and wrinkled now I'm grown.
" Black as I am, the faireſt maid
" Invokes my ſtimulating aid,
" To give her food the poignant flavour,
" And, to each ſauce, its proper ſavour.
" Paſties, ragouts, and fricaſſees,
" Without my ſeaſoning, fail to pleaſe:
" 'Tis I, like wit, muſt give a zeſt,
" And ſprightlineſs to ev'ry feaſt.
" Phyſicians too my uſe confeſs;
" My influence ſageſt matrons bleſs:
" When drams prove vain, and cholics teaze,
" To me they fly for certain eaſe.
" Nay, I freſh vigour can diſpenſe,
" And cure ev'n age and impotence:

" And,

" And, when of dulneſs, wits complain,
" I brace the nerves, and clear the brain.
" But to the 'ſquire here, I appeal—
" He knows my real value well :
" Who, with one pepper-corn content,
" Remits the vaſſal's annual rent—
" Hence then, Sir Brine, and keep your diſtance,
" Go lend the ſcullion your aſſiſtance ;
" For culinary uſes fit,
" To ſalt the meat upon the ſpit ;
" Or juſt to keep our meat from ſtinking—
" And then—a ſpecial friend to drinking !"
" Your folly moves me with ſurprize,"
The ſilver tripod thus replies,
" Pray, maſter Pepper, why ſo hot ?
" Firſt couſin to the muſtard-pot !
" What boots it how our life began ?
" 'Tis breeding makes the Gentleman ;
" Yet would you ſearch my pedigree,
" I roſe like Venus from the ſea :
" The ſun, whoſe influence you boaſt,
" Nurs'd me upon the Britiſh coaſt.

" The chymiſts know my rank and place,
" When nature's principles they trace :
" And wiſeſt moderns yield to me
" The elemental monarchy.
" By me all nature is ſupply'd
" With all her beauty, all her pride !
" In vegetation I aſcend ;
" To animals their vigour lend ;
" Corruption's foe, I life preſerve,
" And ſtimulate each ſlacken'd nerve.

" I give jonquils their high perfume;
" The peach its flavour, roſe its bloom:
" Nay, I'm the cauſe, when rightly trac'd,
" Of Pepper's aromatic taſte.

" Such claims you teach me to produce;
" But need I plead my obvious uſe,
" In ſeaſoning all terreſtrial food;
" When heaven declares, that Salt is good.

" Grant then, ſome few thy virtues find;
" Yet Salt gives health to all mankind:
" Phyſicians ſure will ſide with me,
" While cooks alone ſhall plead for thee:
" In ſhort, with all thine airs about thee,
" The world were happier far without thee."

The 'ſquire, who all this time ſat mute,
Now put an end to their diſpute:
He rung the bell—bade Tom convey
The doughty diſputants away—
The Salt, refreſh'd by ſhaking up,
At night did with his maſter ſup:
The Pepper, Tom aſſign'd his lot
With vinegar, and muſtard pot:
A fop with bites and ſharpers join'd,
And, to the ſide-board, well confin'd.

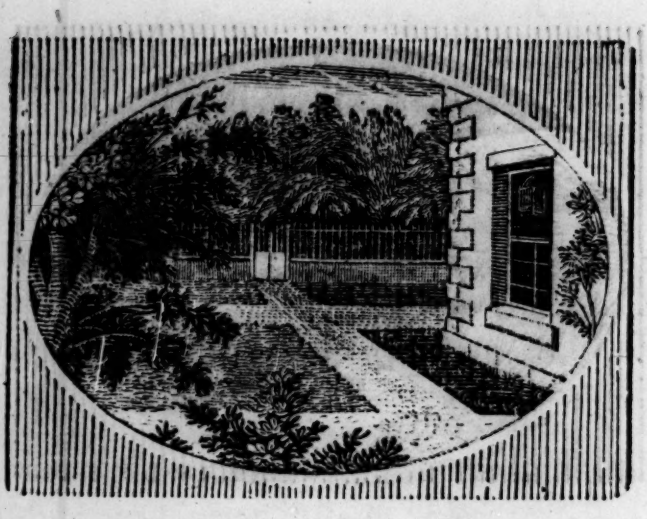
FABLE XXIV.

The Sheep *and the* Bramble-Buſh.

A Thick-twiſted brake in the time of a ſtorm,
Seem'd kindly to cover a ſheep:
So ſnug, for a while, he lay ſhelter'd and warm,
It quietly ſooth'd him aſleep.

The clouds are now ſcatter'd—the winds are at peace,
The ſheep's to his paſture inclin'd;
But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,
Conſider before you get in;
Tho' judgment and ſentence are paſs'd on your ſide,
By Jove, you'll be fleec'd to your ſkin.



FABLE XXV.

The Blackbird *and* Bullfinch.

PERCH'D on a poplar's verdant ſpray,
A Blackbird ſung the hours away;
Charm'd all around, and ſeem'd to call
On echo from his Lordſhip's hall.
Confin'd in ſtate a Bullfinch there,
The melting muſic chanc'd to hear—
Burſting with envy, ſilence broke,
And thus from gilded cage he ſpoke:
" Ceaſe, bungler, thy diſcordant noiſe,
" Untun'd thy throat, and harſh thy voice;
" How dar'ſt thou, vagrant, as thou art,
" To me thy diſſonance impart?
" Know'ſt thou I ſing by ſtudied rules,
" And brag the learning of the ſchools?
" Soft rapture to the heart convey,
" And charm the liſt'ning ſoul away?

" To

" To pleaſe my Lord, and ſoothe his cares,
" I warble ſoft Italian airs;
" Which he in gratitude repays
" With coſtly food, and gen'rous praiſe:
" Whilſt thou, condemn'd through air to rove,
" Or hide thee in the gloomy grove,
" To feebly ſuck thy beverage ſcant,
" And pine in endleſs care and want;
" To rocks and woods thy tale belongs,
" Fit audience for thy ſtupid ſongs!
" Away! no more my palace dun,
" Or Dick, or Tom, ſhall fetch the gun."

He ceas'd—The ſable bird returns,
(With riſing ſcorn his boſom burns)
" Thou little lordling, void of ſenſe,
" Dar'ſt thou, imperious, warn me hence?
" Know, paraſite, thy threats are nought,
" Nor boaſt thy cage too dearly bought:
" Above the frigid rules of art,
" 'Tis nature's dictates I impart;
" Nor ever proſtitute my lays,
" But grateful ſing my Maker's praiſe;
" Whilſt echoing o'er the hills and plains,
" I chear the nymphs and lab'ring ſwains;
" Whether the riſing notes I ſwell,
" Or lightly load the paſſing gale;
" With bolder muſic fill the grove,
" Or gently call my mate to love;
" Whether the joys of ſummer ſing,
" Or chaunt the beauties of the ſpring;
" The varied notes ſtill new appear,
" And ſweet tranſition charms the ear:

" Whilſt

" Whilſt thou, puff'd up with ſelf conceit,
" And idle thoughts of being great,
" Nor freedom canſt thyſelf allow,
" Nor give to others what is due;
" But pedant-like, in pride, elate,
" (With notions, as thy priſon, ſtrait,)
" Think'ſt thou alone can urge the ſtrain,
" Thy boaſted learning then, how vain!
" Attend this truth, and know for once,
" That *learning ne'er unmade the dunce.*"

FABLE XXVI.

The conceited Fly.

'TWAS in the charming month of May,
(No matter critics for the day)
When PHOEBUS had his noon attain'd,
And in his blaze of glory reign'd;
A FLY as gay as e'er was ſeen,
Clad o'er in azure, jet, and green;

Gay,

Gay, for his part, as birth-day beau,
Whoſe ſoul is vaniſh'd into ſhow;
On PAULS fam'd temple chanc'd to light,
To eaſe his long laborious flight:
There, as his optics gaz'd around,
(An inch or two their utmoſt bound:)
He thus began:—" Men vainly tell
" How they in works of ſkill excel:
" This edifice they proudly ſhow
" To prove what human art can do;
" 'Tis all a cheat—before my eyes
" What infinite diſorders riſe!
" HERE hideous cavities appear,
" And broken precipices THERE:
" They never us'd the plane or line,
" But jumbled heaps without deſign."
He ceas'd contemptuous;—and as FLIES
Diſcern with microſcopic eyes,
From what he ſaw he reaſon'd right,
But how inadequate the ſight!
To mark the building from its baſe,
The pillar'd pomp, the ſculptur'd grace,
The dome, the croſs, the golden ball,
Much leſs the grand reſult of all!
So impious WITS, with proud diſdain,
REDEMPTION's hidden ways arraign,
Deem it beneath a BEING wiſe,
And, judging with their inſect eyes,
View but a part, and then deny
'Th ETERNAL WISDOM of the ſky.
But can thy ken, preſumptuous man,
Unfold this deep and wondrous plan?

As well might inſect organs ſee,
Th' harmonious ſtructure rais'd by thee,
As thine imperfect tube explore
This wiſe and gracious ſyſtem o'er.

F I N I S.

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